

NOVEMBER
1939

Esquire

• **THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

ARTICLES

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
JIM TULLY
GEORGE ANTHEIL
PAUL W. KEARNEY
COMMANDER R. R. SMITH
HARRY SALPETER
KAYE DUNN
STEWART H. HOLBROOK
THEODORE E. OBRIG

FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
PAUL ANNIXTER
LYON MEARSON
EDWIN LANHAM
JOHN D. WEAVER

ART

FREDE VIDAR

SATIRE

PARKE CUMMINGS
ROGER TREAT
ERNST BEHRENDT
ALISON AYLESWORTH

POETRY

WILBERT SNOW

SPORTS

HERB GRAFFIS
ILES BRODY
TRACY PERKINS
BERNIE BIERMAN
FRANK MAYER

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
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INDEX ON PAGE 5



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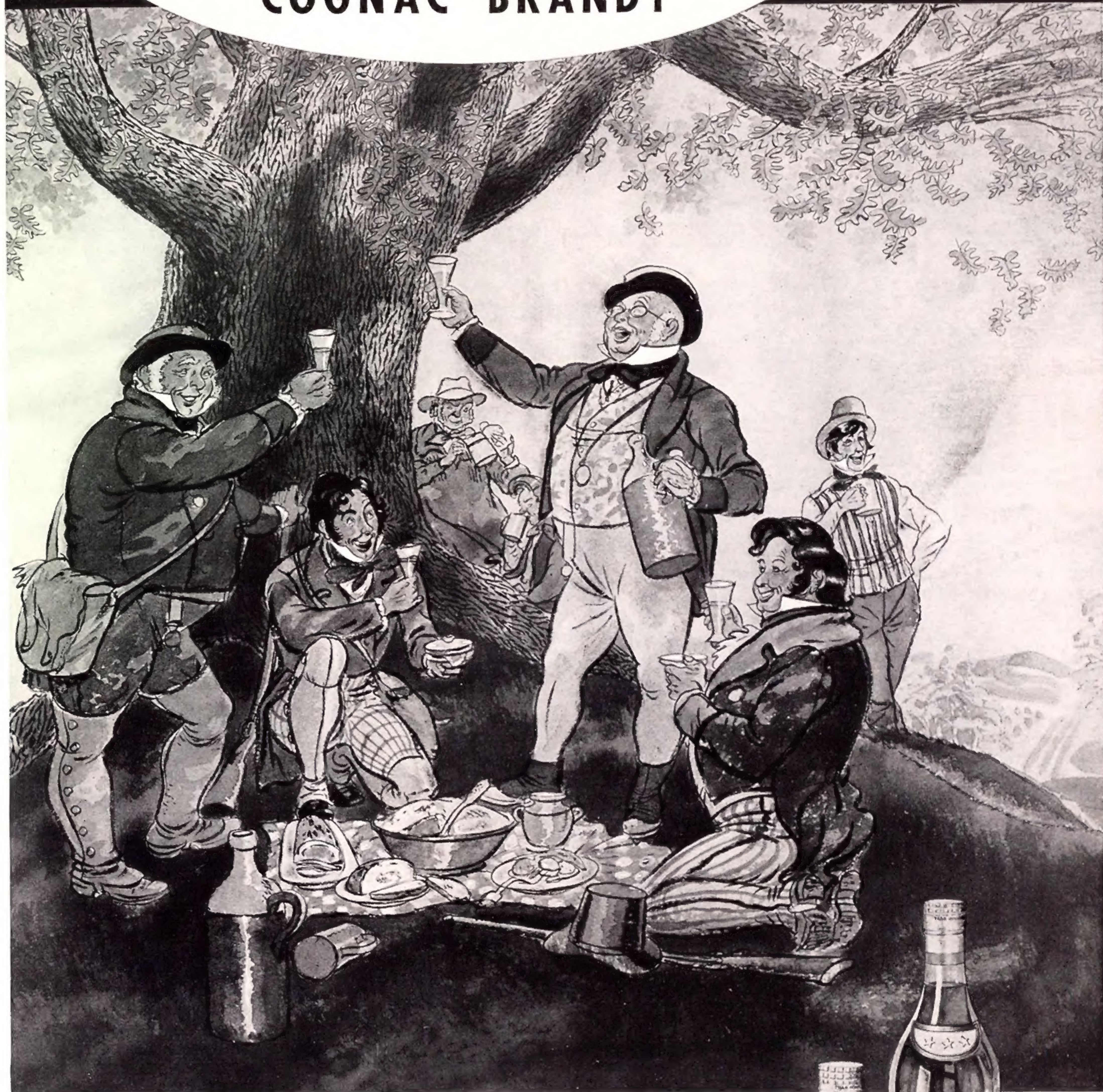


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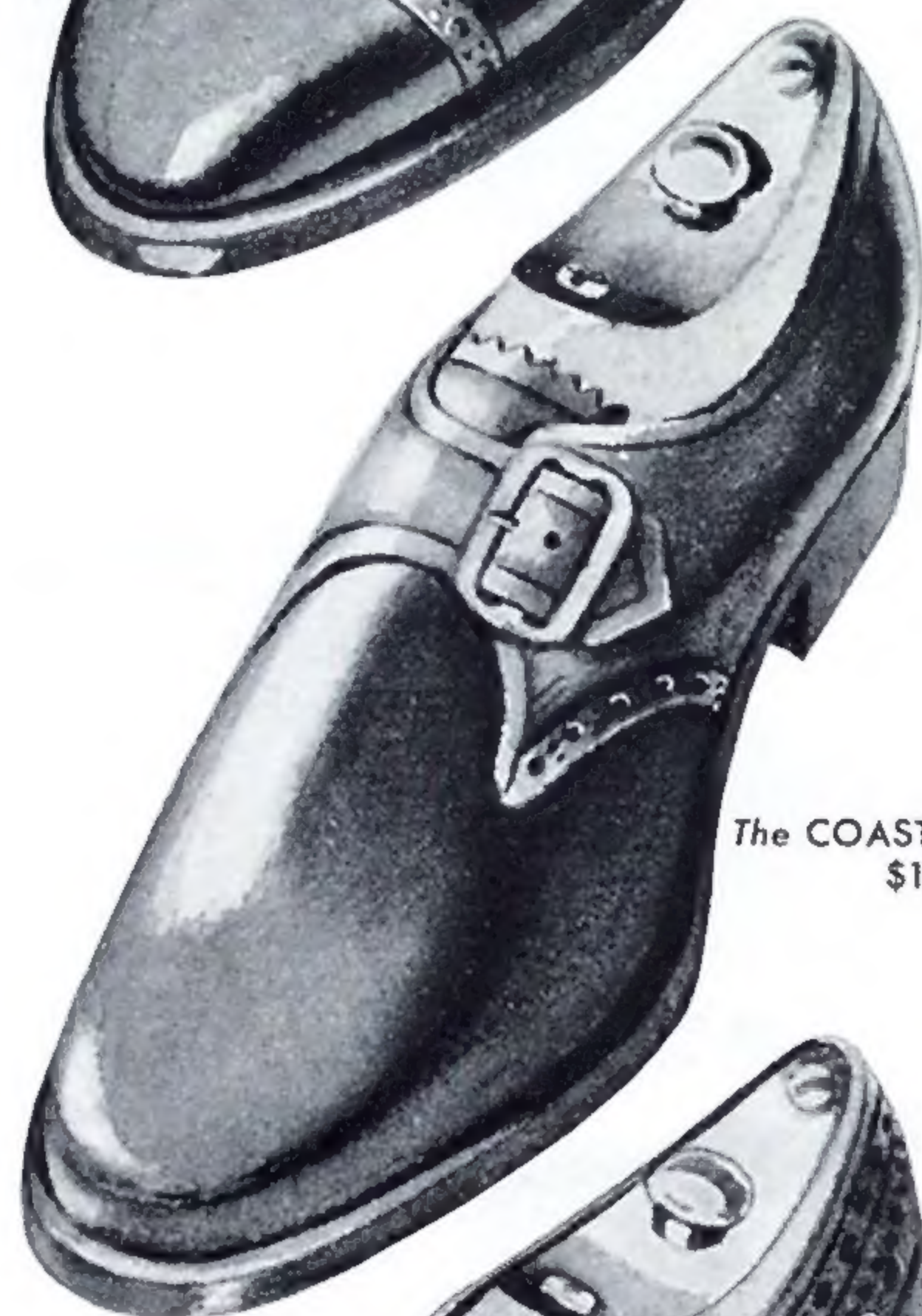
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Contents for November, 1939

ARTICLES

Page

Six-Gun Jurisprudence.....	Paul W. Kearney	39
Life of a Pullman Porter.....	Stewart H. Holbrook	45
Germany Never Had a Chance.....	George Antheil	52
Let's Have an Annual "Dog's Day".....	Arthur Davison Ficke	67
Commence Firing!.....	Commander R. R. Smith	78
L'Ag'ya of Martinique.....	Kaye Dunn	84
The Glasses You Can't See.....	Theodore E. Obrig	89

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury.....	12
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire.....	36
The Lively Arts: Could Those Boys Write?.....	Gilbert Seldes 75
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments.....	George Jean Nathan 82
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf.....	Charles Rutherford 92
Potables: Reason Regained.....	Lawton Mackall 94
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas.....	Carleton Smith 97
Movies: The Candid Cameraman.....	Patterson Murphy 98
Records: On the Record.....	Carleton Smith 104
Wearables: Be Kind to Your Shoes.....	Fashion Staff 119

FICTION

Story of a Gun Dog.....	Paul Annixter	41
"E" Is for Elephant.....	Edwin Lanham	46
Design in Plaster.....	F. Scott Fitzgerald	51
The Red Giant.....	Manuel Komroff	57
The Gravy Run.....	John D. Weaver	58
The Play Is Not the Thing.....	Sándor Hunyady	65
Evening in Paris.....	Lyon Mearson	80

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

PERSONALITIES

Page

Vidar: The Wandering Dane.....	Harry Salpeter	61
Portrait of My Father.....	Jim Tully	90

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design.....	by A. von Frankenberg (Direct color process by Rosenow)	
A Selection of Paintings.....	by Frede Vidar	62
"L'Ag'ya of Martinique".....	Painted by E. Simms Campbell	85
Zorina.....	Photographs by Hurrell	99
Esquire's Shoe, Hose and Suit Wardrobe.....		116

POETRY

Cooting.....	Wilbert Snow	40
(Etching by Walter E. Bohl)		

SATIRE

What Men Don't Like About Women.....	Alison Aylesworth	42
Szczepanski Passes to Szczytkowize.....	Roger Treat	54
Memos in a Television Agency.....	Parke Cummings	70
Automatomania.....	Ernst Behrendt	87

SPORTS

Sideline Director.....	Bernie Bierman as told to Frank Mayer	48
Horses, Riders and Circuses.....	Iles Brody	68
The Bat and the Bird.....	Tracy Perkins	72
Eleven Boys Play Football.....	Herb Graffis	77

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.....		
by Saalburg, Fellows, Hughes, beginning on page 116		

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Note on "Germany Never Had a Chance" Every year for the past five we have tried to find some one feature for our November issue that would observe the passing of another Armistice Day with another argument against war. And every year it has been harder. By next year it will probably be impossible.

Most of the pages in this issue went to press before the actual outbreak of European hostilities and before the English and French declarations of war against Hitler-Germany. Before the actual press run began, however, we could have caught practically all pages in the early forms of this number with any changes and corrections we wanted to make. That includes George Antheil's fantasy beginning on page 52 entitled *Germany Never Had a Chance*. But, even though the war changed some parts of Antheil's fantasy over to the category of fact, and a few others to that of error, we thought it would hardly be sporting to make second-guess changes in the text to conform to events that occurred after it was set in type.

Reference to our records shows that this ms. went to the printer on August 18, that it had been purchased on July 12, and had been received from the author on June 28. Note, then, that this piece, written well over two months before the start of the present European war, called the time of its outbreak almost to the very day. Note, too, that it revealed what few people suspected (during the protracted negotiations for the tri-partite Anglo-Franco-Russian pact, which were in mid-course at the time it was written) and that is that the Russians were playing a neutral game. Note also that it revealed what nobody would have guessed from Musso's loud-mouthing at the time it was written, and that is that Italy would again welsh on Germany as she did last time. On the other hand you will see that the piece was written in the expectation that Russia would come in at the last minute on the side of the Allies, and that Italy would at least start out at the side of its axis partner.

Thus, while time has overtaken some of Mr. Antheil's musings, to prove some of his calculations wrong, it has so far only served to show that his answers were rightly arrived at though wrongly reached. In other words, his truths were all in order although some of his facts were askew. May that

continue to hold true, as time catches up to the rest of it!

The piece has point, though, wherever its incidental facts may fall, for it neatly shows the anatomy of war's futility. This is not to say that France and England should not have engaged in this futile war. Their record in attempting to avoid it (not to say evade it) over the last few years speaks very well for itself. But a war may be both futile and inevitable, as we over here, with all our honest hatred of war, may yet find out to our pain. Meanwhile it is neither unpatriotic nor unneutral to pray that America may avert the omen.

Hello and good-bye to Charles Trenet

The foregoing is not at all what we intended to say in this space this month. We had intended to put into this space this time a gay little appreciation written in the key of puff, admiring the art of Charles Trenet the French singing-songwriter, whose first American tour had been scheduled to begin about the time these lines achieve print. We don't know now whether Trenet's tour is on or off, but we assume it's off. The chances are that by now Trenet has turned singing-soldier, for he is a youngster of twenty-three, which is precisely the right age.

We wish you'd been with us, last year at Juan Les Pins, to see and hear Charles Trenet for the first time. Seeing was as important as hearing. We'd heard his first few phonograph records before that, and they were good enough to make us go out of our way to hear him but not enough to prepare us for the joyous jag of both watching and hearing.

He was still billed at that time (and very unwisely, we thought) as *The Singing Fool*. That wasn't quite as inadequate a characterization for him in French as it would be in English, for this *fou* had the knack of turning everybody within sight and sound of him *fou* with enjoyment. And when you're *fou* that way you're not a fool, though you're transported out of your normal senses to a point of being so pleasure-drunk that you wouldn't know your quondam stodgy grumpy self if you caught sight of him in a mirror, but would embrace your worst enemy as a long-lost pal.

That's what the sight and sound of Trenet, acting out and singing out his joyous songs, could do to

you and us and even the grouch we both detest. After we'd heard him we went around behind a beatific grin for weeks. We meant to try to tell you about him, away back then, but he was still too new, and you couldn't get his records in this country up to that time, and besides they were all in French and if you couldn't understand it you'd have thought we were *fou* for raving about him. (If you see him, it doesn't matter a damn whether you understand French or not, you and he are buddies, fully sharing his second smile. That's why we told Gilbert Seldes that Trenet would be a natural for television when Gilbert gets those programs going full stride.) And then Trenet made a movie but we haven't seen it so we couldn't very well tell you about that. But when we heard he was coming over here we thought the time had come to try to tell you how he made us feel, confident that he'd make you feel the same. So that's what we were going to write about in this space this month.

Funny thing, we had a dream about Trenet just the other night. (Excuse us for stepping right up and telling you about our dreams, but that's the way Trenet gets you talking to the stranger at the next table.) We dreamed this, you know, so maybe it's on the soppy side but you know how dreams are. Anyway there was a great circle of radiance, like a cosmic spotlight, and in the center of it was Trenet singing and shaking that bushy-blond head of his in a frenzy of joy. And out of the dark, all around him, fellows in uniforms began coming into the light, Poles and Germans and Russians and Italians and Frenchmen and Englishmen. Not generals or kings or even captains, just fellows like you and us, fellows in uniforms. And after they got out of the darkness into the light they stood watching him awhile and then they all burst out singing, and all their heads were going up and down in time with his.

And then, you know how crazily dreams change, all of a sudden it was all different. And where Trenet had been singing there was a funny little man with a funny little mustache, shouting and sputtering and holding his arm up high. And quick as a flash, all those fellows in uniforms stopped singing and began pell-melling out of there—out of that circle of radiance, out of the light, into the dark.

It was a bad dream, then. It woke us up, feeling lousy.

ESQUIRE
Nov., 1939

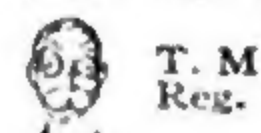


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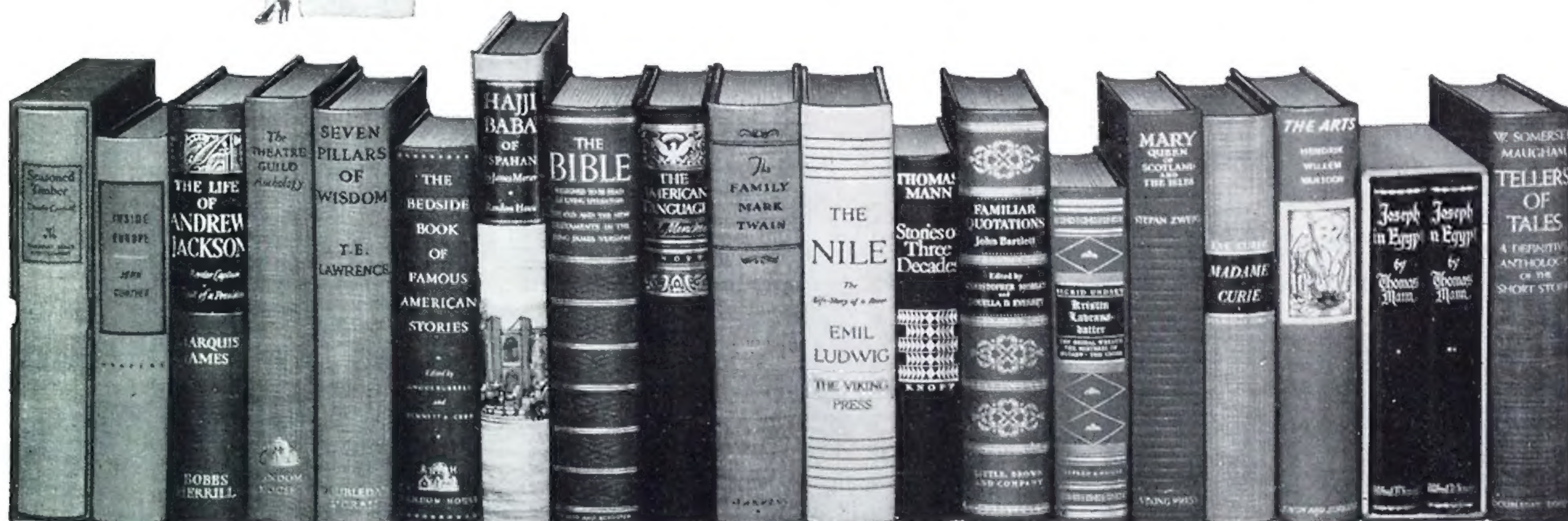
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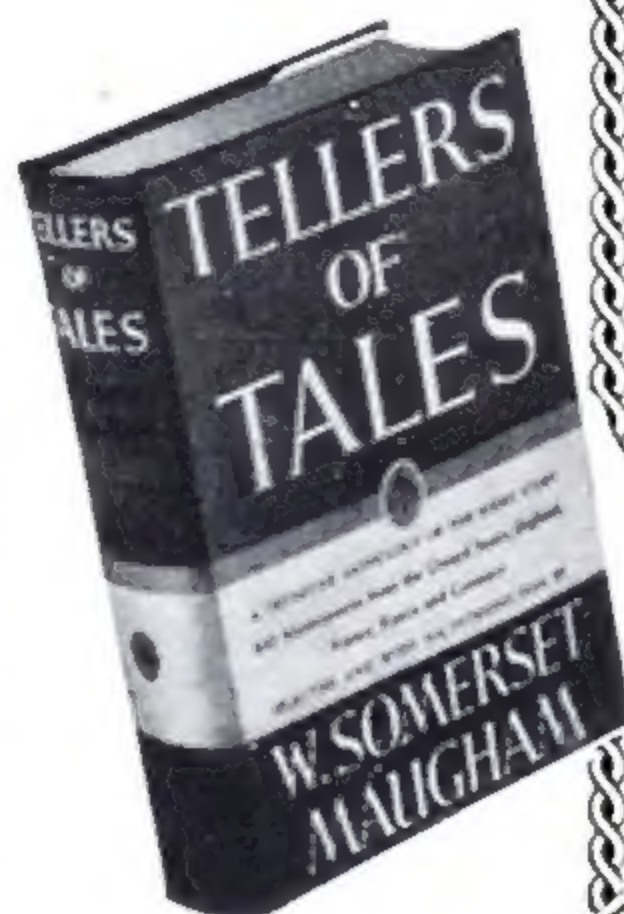
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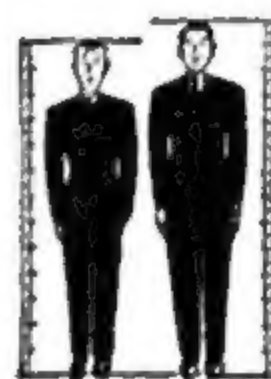
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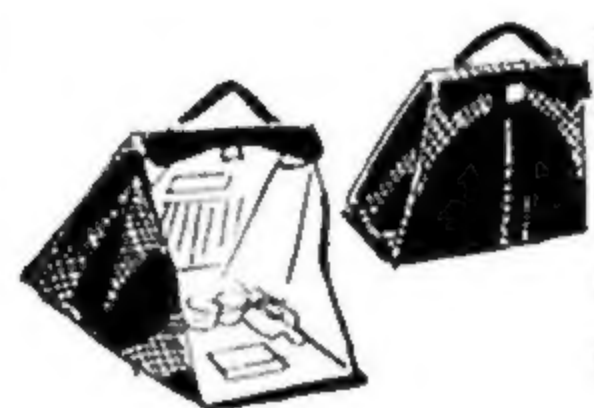
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WHEN SHE TRAVELS... Send her off with a carry all that takes care of all dem little knick-knacks a woman carts around and never can get at when they're packed away in her larger case. The one illustrated is made of leatherette in navy blue, looks like a largish handbag when closed but opens up wide so everything's right there in front of her. Is equipped with comb, mirror and bottles, and has a separate compartment for keeping cosmetics away from wearables. Especially good for one-night trips or week-ends.



SMOKE RINGS, THEY GO. Doesn't sound right, installing a smoking stand in the room to clear out smoky and generally bad air. But this stand, amigos, is different; has a powerful circulator built in it, that picks up good, live air and recirculates it upward and outward in all directions. Put it anywhere in the room you like, before the game begins and the boys light up, and you won't have low hanging blue clouds above the card table. The stand is chromium with black finish and has, besides its fan arrangement, a practical disappearing ash tray.



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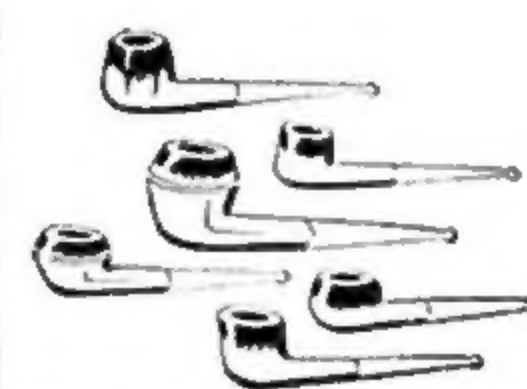
95% of the water has been removed and a long soaking is all that's necessary. In one four ounce tin, he has a dozen eggs right where he wants them. A New York explorer fitter-outer tells us that expeditions to the Antarctic, South America and Persia have been more than enthusiastic about them. A solitude seeker could live on them entirely for a great length of time, and very pleasantly. There's the lemon powder for instance. A pinch of it in some water makes fine lemonade, and there's the tabloid tea. One tablet in a cup of boiling water and tea time is well taken care of. When you decide to get away from it all, let us know.

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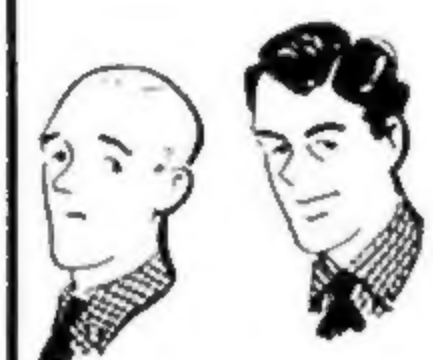
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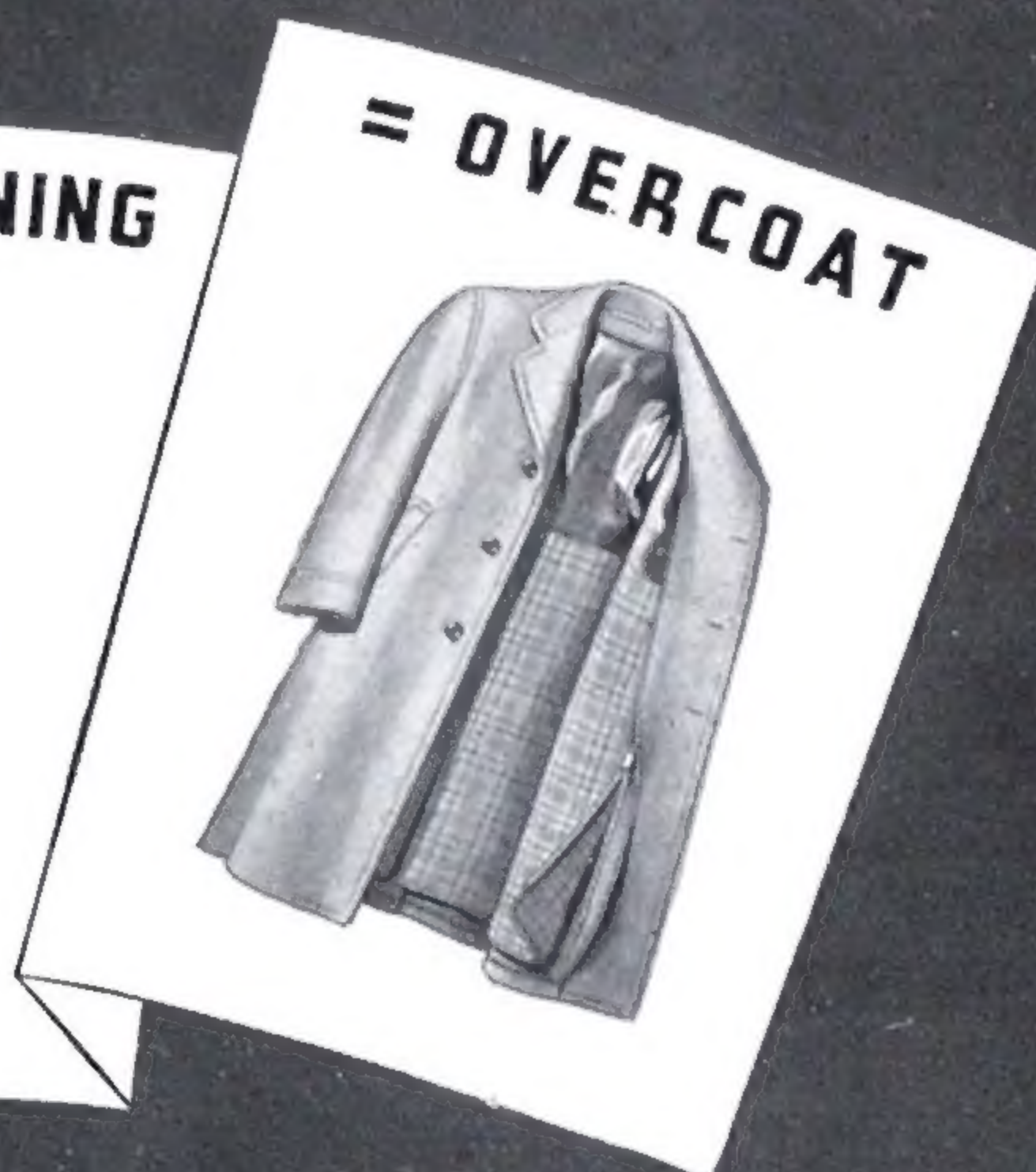
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stand by: Bellodgia with its fresh carnation base for a blonde, the worldly wise bouquet of Fleurs de Rocaille for a brunette. Guerlain's dry, modern Vol de Nuit for the girl of Tomorrow, the lush, velvet Coque d'Or for the girl of tonight. Patou's rose and jasmine Joy for your

American beauty, Moment Supreme for the girl who regrets her inhibitions. Chanel's classic No. 5, fresh and light, for the lady in your life. Lanvin's fine, delicately scented Arpège for the conservative cosmopolitan. Lenthéric's stimulating Tweed for the girl with verve, dash and heather in her hair, and the buoyant Anticipation, as its name implies, for the youthful, emotional, hopeful. Lengyel's royal Essence Impériale Russe, contrived for Catherine the Great, and for the important evenings of the femme du monde. Coty's opulent Emeraude, inspired by the jewel, and like it, vivid, and the very feminine L'Aimant, distinctly romantic. Schiaparelli's dusty rose and jasmine Shocking—emotional intensity in a bottle—



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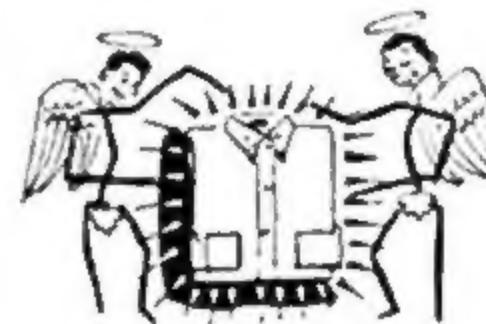
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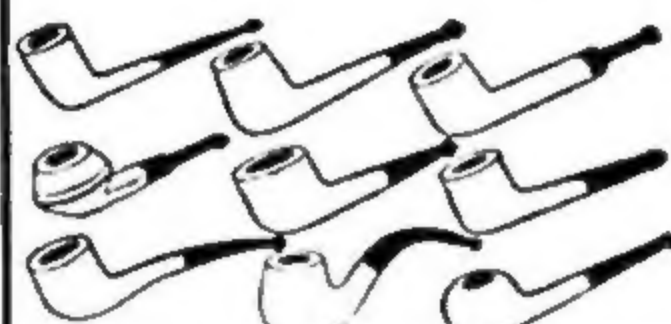
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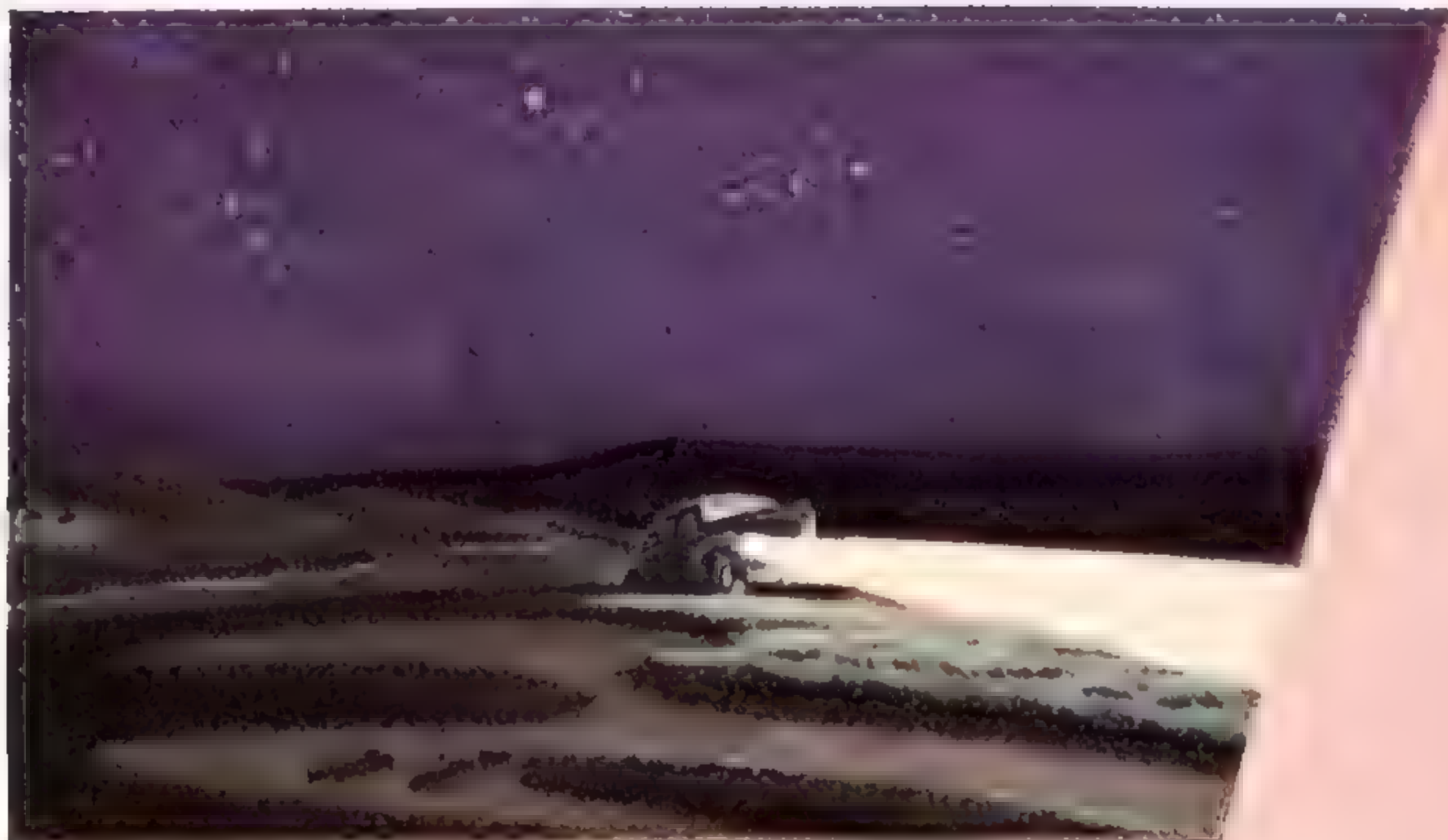
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Head for a road that's full of bumps. Then watch the hood ahead. See if you can make it bobble—try to feel a rise in the seat.

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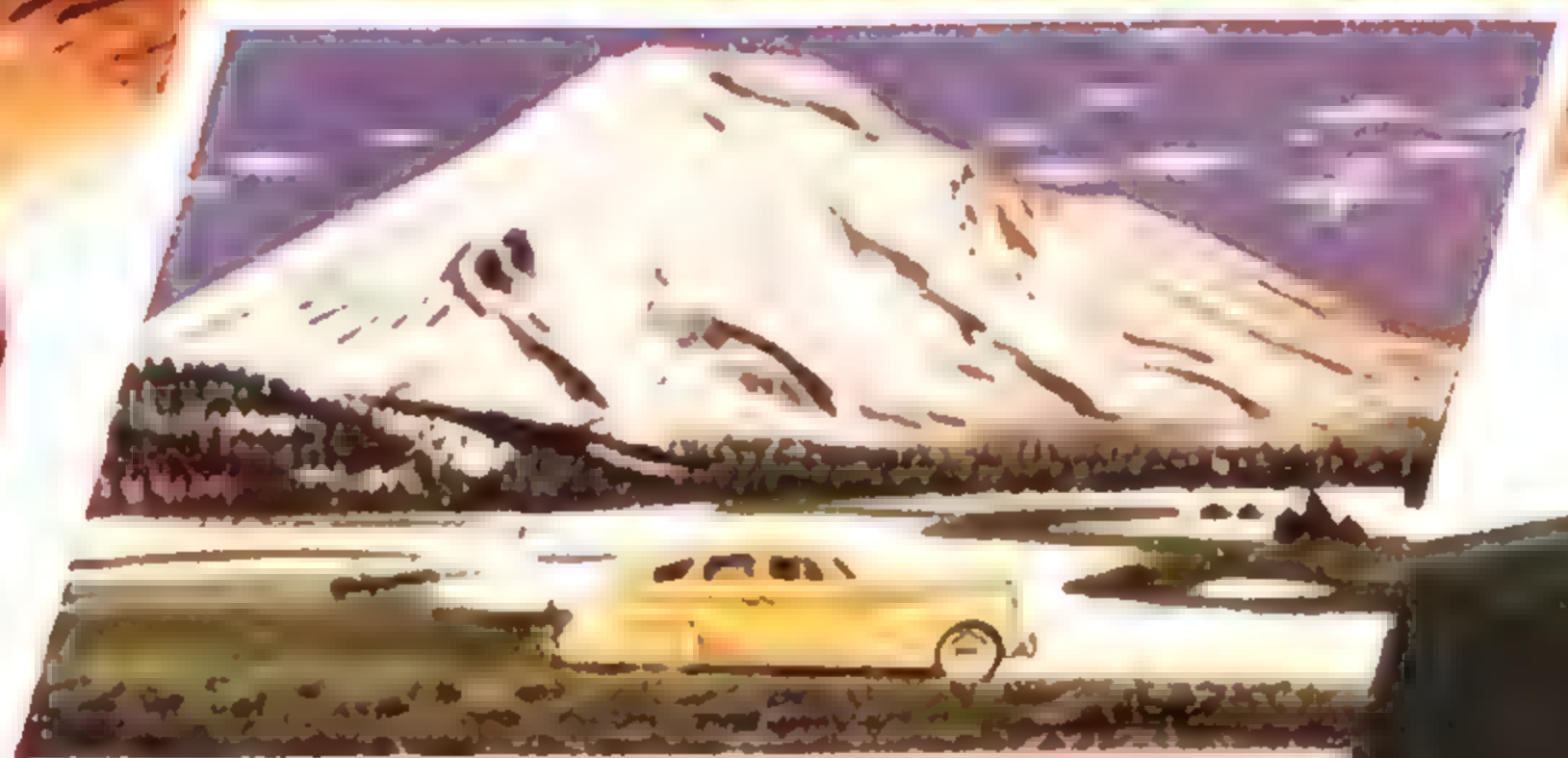
you can feather around sharp curves, walk an arrow-straight line on loose gravel.

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Women CAN cook. Everybody knows that. That is everything except tossed green salads, omelets, waffles, Hollandaise sauce, steaks, baked hams, chickens, squab, hamburgers, thick sandwiches, AND fried onions. *ESQUIRE*, did you ever find a woman who could



fry onions, or make chutney, or make CURRY, or eatable SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH MEAT BALLS? If you do, hang on for dear life. The muses have favored her.

Oh, yes women can cook. Thin, thick, medium white sauces, but no wine sauces. Pies, cakes. But God don't let them make my coffee, except when I haven't time.

Sincerely,

LOIS BAILEY FAULHABER
Cleveland, Ohio

P.S. All this is True. I got it from my husband.

ANATOMY OF AN EGO

With a detached and purely professional interest, will you permit me to diagnose the case of Mr. Dick Pine, whose rash disfigured the fair pages of your September issue? I judge that his is a severe, probably chronic, case of nervous dyspepsia in a super-egotist. It is a common reaction of such dyspeptics to blame all their ills upon something some woman fed them. Adam, you remember, was the first.



Egotism, in its pure form, is an infantile phenomenon. The infant feels himself the hub of the universe. He recognizes only two types of physical accomplishment; that which reacts directly upon him, and that which he himself initiates. And in his consciousness, neither has ever occurred before. They are entirely new, attributes of himself alone. Some outgrow this egocentricity completely, as they look about them and see that other individuals are having experiences and perfecting accomplishments that may even excel their own. Others retain vestiges of it into adult life. If Mr. Pine could probe back into his infant life I think he would recognize the fact that his satisfaction over his deviled crab had its exact prototype in his feeling the first time he succeeded in getting his toe into his mouth.

Once, shortly after we were married, P.B. set an old light bulb on a fence post and walked back across the pasture to take a shot at it.

"Here," he said suddenly, handing me the rifle, "you see how close you can come to it, first."

Obediently, I took the rifle and fired. The light bulb broke. I put it down in my mind as accidental, and let it go at that. I realize now that I might have reacted differently. Not every man hits every light bulb he aims at; not even P.B., and he's pretty good. But my score stood at a hundred per cent. I should have written an article for the *EDIES' HOME JOURNAL*, entitled "Men Can't Shoot."

At the risk of being trite, may I remind Mr. Pine that one dish does not make a cook, nor one idea a critic. And having deviled one crab successfully does not mean that he can devil the whole feminine sex, and get by with it. Continuing in the same track, getting the right answer once doesn't make a man a mathematician. There is such a thing as method to be reckoned with. Can Mr. Pine combine any other set of ingredients and have them make sense, or has he merely stumbled upon the solution to one puzzle and set himself up as the household Houdini?

Understand, I do not presume to

offer flaws in male cooking as proof that women are good cooks. Merely that they are the best we have.

Sincerely yours,
Webster City, Ia. FAYE LEWIS

CRICK CRICKED

M.P.'s professional criticism of Paul Haggard's literary ability (*ESQUIRE*-Sept.) is a little too full of loopholes. How easy it would be to note that Mr. P. is a self-confessed screen-writer—and remark that THAT is what's wrong with the movies. Or to say that this unidentified gentleman leaves me no other course than to call him Mr. P.—a hell of a course to be left with!

But the matter runs deeper than the yah-yah type of letter. This sort of thing can easily turn into a civil war, with the modernists banding beneath the tattered flag of progress and Mr. P.'s cohorts barricading themselves behind stacks of Thackeray. Behind the mellow croonings of this one letter may be detected the undertones of a New Movement. Let the Steinbecks and the Joyces turn white with fear. M.P. is the Martin Dies of literature.

To add strength to his blast, Mr. P. cites chapter and verse: there can be no "rasping querulous cross winds of the false dawn"—winds are fettered creatures, they just have to have something to rasp on; no one's eyes can look like "boiled blue onions"; sounds can't "ricochet off their ears"; it is a biological impossibility to "bleed black blood"—on and on goes Mr. P.—the last, fortunately, of the literalists.

When Shakespeare called night a "sober-suited matron" did the Elizabethans arise and demand proof of night's matronhood? And when Saki wrote "Her eyes had a blue-pencil look" and "She was a human fly who buzzed," was there no Mr. P. to write and say that no human could be a fly, buzz or no buzz?

No, gentlemen, it won't do. For all of the college professor who thought "No Peace With The Sea" an unparalleled example of bad writing, for all of Mr. P.'s literal-mindedness, the ability to make words form images has been in existence longer even than the movies. Which would you prefer—Tolstoy's three paragraph descriptions of one face—or phrasing that says "She had a face like peeling wall-paper—hair like stale beer"?

For me, Paul Haggard can write books like "Dead Is The Doornail" and "Poison From A Wealthy Widow" until Hollywood learns to think. Haggard's phrasings are apt—they hit more nails on the head than a dozen "B" pictures. And his books have the added attraction of being well-thought-out mysteries.

To sum his letter up in a few hundred well-chosen words, Mr. P. compares Haggard's "their eyes were protruding plums of pain" with his own "he often felt the painful palpitation of the paternal palm". You see how the plot works? Mr. P. hopes to get enough of his own phrasing into print to attract people to his "Back to Horace Walpole" movement.

Unfortunately, I don't think it will work. People are bound to have a natural horror of anyone who, even as a freshman, could work out that palpitations number. Such a man just could not lead a movement. Even if we are charitable enough to believe that he is sincere, his propaganda is too subversive.

Sincerely,

JAMES N. CARHARTT
New York, N. Y.

P.S. By the way, Mr. P.—just what do you call a spade?

THESE BE FIGHTING WORDS

Enclosed is fifty cents' worth of stamps in payment for your self-consciously masculine cook book... No matter how hard you try, it doesn't

seem as if you can grow hair on your chest... puerile magazine that you are. Me, I've got enough mother-love to be tolerant of your callow Thomas Hortons and Dick Pines. Someday you'll grow up and love the ladies just like your old Dad... but, on the other hand, if your attitude doesn't change, you'll probably go in for interior decorating.

As a matter of fact, I'm in favor of the men doing the cooking... let 'em eat cake... just as long as they keep their stupid noses out of wars, and their loud mouths out of microphones, and their absurd legs out of boots. Maybe if we can keep the fellas occupied, the girls can get together and put over a League of Nations that will really work, and sign pacts that they intend to keep, and administer public affairs economically. With that in view, I'm buying your cook book... if I can make cooks out of half the business men I know, we'll be well on our way to recovery; at last wives can know the joys of being "in conference," and the leisure of a "hard day at the office." Your loving Godmother,

Hollywood, Calif. MARGE

P.S. *Sound and Fury* is hardly fair ground to settle the gigantic issues you've raised between male and female... it's off the real battle front, and puts the ladies on the sidelines. I'd be delighted to revile the men, to deprecate their characteristics, and at the same time, put up a spirited defense for the maligned and victimized sisterhood of woman... in other words, you've got to pay me to be insulted, if you genuinely wish to be fair about the thing. I'll write you an article so vindictive that Lysistrata's revenge will seem coy in comparison.

CAN GOURMETS COOK?

Is that *Women Can't Cook* article really the best you can do with food articles? Slatternly writing, queezy grasp of the food subject, no accurate information, slovenly development of the theme—I'm surprised! No gourmet in New York or elsewhere that I know thinks the article is worth even a fourth rate newspaper status. It's something a roustabout inland city reporter could turn out for spare rates, in forty minutes.

And the subject was worth so much better a piece! Shame on you!

Sincerely,
THE GOURMET SOCIETY
J. George Frederick
New York, N. Y. President

FAIR WARNING TO THE UNFAIR SEX

Why do women readers of *ESQUIRE* insist on commenting on a men's magazine? Time and time again, I have seen them write letters directed to *Sound and Fury* criticizing articles, stories, and fashion plates for men.

I ask you, do we men write and complain to the editors of women's magazines? We most certainly do not! If we did, we would come under a classification other than men.

Isn't anything sacred to women any longer? Can't a man have even a magazine he can call his own? Must some woman be constantly sticking her meddlesome nose into it? Please don't misinterpret me, I am not a woman hater. I love 'em all. (Bless their little hearts!) But please leave us something we men can call our own. We must share our cigarettes, liquor, and pants with them. The least they can do is leave us a magazine.

Women, please note: If you must read it, please refrain from commenting on something that isn't any of your damn business.

Evanston, Ill. VINCENT HORAN

THE EXPERTS' STUMP

In your August issue under "Potables," you carry an article by one Mackall dealing with mint juleps. Where do you find your experts, anyhow? Mr. Mackall may be "knee-deep in ancestral recipes" but he certainly doesn't give any that are definite enough actually to make a julep.

Furthermore, like an old maid talking about sex, he indulges in columns of the silly mumbo-jumbo with which writers about the sacred julep always surround the subject. A julep is not, to be sure, just another drink. I sincerely believe it is the best of all drinks; as far superior to the average cocktail as a steak is to a hamburger. But it's not a combination of the Lord's prayer and black magic, either. And it tastes just as good from a thin glass or even a tin-cup (I specify because it should be made in a receptacle thin enough to frost satisfactorily) as from a silver goblet.

The point is that juleps like wines need less awed talk and more honest, enjoyable sipping.

Another matter on which friend Mackall soars to the usual heights of nonsense is that of the whiskey used. He says, and seems quite pleased to say it, that the unknowing are as helpless in their choice as a flustered female seeking the way home from the World's Fair.

Well, they may be (and snooty Mackall certainly does nothing to help direct them) but they needn't be. Any good *straight* bourbon, three years or more old, put out by a reliable distiller will make an excellent drink. It doesn't need to be bonded; just the regular, standard grade.

As a matter of fact, the whiskey used has far less to do with the quality of the julep than does the mint. This is important. Some of it tastes terrible and everything seems to affect it: the original strain, the soil in which it is grown, the conditions of dampness, shade, etc. And there is nothing you can do except experiment.

To get down to cases. None of the Mackall recipes are definite enough for an amateur successfully to make a julep. Here is one that is:

This strictly is for a twelve ounce container, for our purpose a standard tall drink glass.

Into this put one rounded teaspoonful of confectioners or bar sugar, the only kind delicate enough in flavor to suit a julep. Moisten and puddle; then place in the glass a single sprig of mint, three or four inches long.

Fill the glass with finely cracked or shaved ice, dry. Pour over the ice one jigger of bourbon whiskey. Now stir gently until all the sugar in the bottom has been completely dissolved. A regular glass swizzle stick is perfect for the job.

By this time the glass will be only about half full, due to the ice melting. Fill again with ice and stir well until the glass frosts.

That's all there is to it. A little experimentation will give you a drink that suits your palate perfectly. The ideal is reached when whiskey, mint and sugar are so completely blended as to be indistinguishable.

If you wish, top off the finished product with a small sprig of mint, but don't bruise, crush or stir it in as it is strictly for the nose. Nothing ruins a julep so easily as too much mint.

The proportion of sugar is important. A julep should be sweet but not cloying.

And anybody who sips a julep through a straw shouldn't wear pants.

Yours very truly,

DAVID SPIETH

Jeffersonville, Ind.

Continued on page 14

How to make a Four Roses highball.... without Four Roses



1. Search until you find (if you can) *several* of the most magnificent straight whiskies ever distilled. One renowned for its delicate *aroma*... another unequalled for its full, rich *body*... still another whose satisfying *flavor*... or mellow *smoothness*... simply can't be matched.



2. Capture, if you can, the knowledge and skill with which we, here at Frankfort, combine just such whiskies as these—a skill born of 74 years' experience in making America's finest whiskies. Then—and only then—mix these separate whiskies together... so that *all* their individual qualities are subtly merged in *one* whiskey that's finer still!



3. Pour 1 jigger of this whiskey into a glass—add ice and soda (or water).
If you could do all these things, you'd come close to achieving a Four Roses highball. But why should you go to all this trouble—when we're already bottled just such superlative whiskies for you!

4. We suggest that, before this day is ended, you get a bottle of that glorious combination of whiskies known as Four Roses, and make yourself a highball.

And as you sip that deep-flavored, mellow Four Roses highball, think—have you ever tasted any other whiskey that offered *all* the virtues you find in Four Roses?

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THAR'S GOLD IN WRITING FOR ESQ.

In *Known Treasure's Waiting for You* Mr. Frank G. Presnell has some very illuminating ideas. In fact, Mr. Frank G. Presnell is wasting his time writing for *ESQUIRE*.

All we simple citizens, you and me and the other fellow in the street (preferably a ditch digger) and all ye imaginative editors have to do is start removing dirt in some God-forsaken spot. Not that we mind or disbelieve Mr. F. G. P.'s claims, but what the hell is he doing with all that valuable, authentic data staring him in the face?



There is one spot where within a radius of a few square yards plenty of mazuma awaits any guy. There is another spot worth half a billion dollars—which makes it 500,000,000 in round figures. Maybe more in Roosevelt coin. There is another spot not quite so chummy, say 20,000,000 bucks. Anyway, it's all there.

But you've got to have a realistic type of mind. I heartily agree with Mr. P.; you've got to have some kind of a mind.

Now if Mr. P. needs a partner he can count on me. On the other hand if he prefers to write for *ESQUIRE* I'll buy myself an outfit, mule and everything, and start in Grand Central Park.

Yours with a cutlass,
Trenton, N. J. JOHN STOKA

TRY BUCK ROGERS

Have read with interest your article by Mr. Frank G. Presnell on *Treasure Hunting* and note with interest that he has given us some pretty practical advice in regard to looking for hidden hoards, the location of which is pretty well known.

In his suggestions he seems to overlook an obviousity. Aren't most of the big hoards of wealth at the bottom of the ocean? Aren't we pretty sure where many of these sunken treasure chests lie? And aren't we pretty sure that most of them are still untouched because it would be pretty hard for a salvage crew to make a successful recovery without giving the world sufficient publicity for the whole world to know about the undertaking?

Now the problem is how to get down to these depths and when you get there how to get to the place where the treasure is, secure it and come back to the surface. It is this problem which has kept the treasure safe for all of these years, but inside of the next few years there will be a lot of people going after it.

How do I know? Well first because I have an idea and second because the idea is so simple that there is as little doubt to its working as there is to a spoon scooping up soup. Fine now I have an idea, so why don't I go out and use it? Well someone has to have a good boat and someone has to make the equipment. Who? I don't know. Have you got any suggestions? Do you know of someone with a lot of money that likes to go on treasure hunts? If so have them write me. Perhaps I will give the idea, might even work it for them.

In the meantime may we all find treasure and treasure our finds.

Yours very truly,
Chicago, Ill. JACK ROGERS

ON THE BIG EARS OF MR. WILLIAMS

Unlike most of the correspondence printed in your "The Sound and the

Fury," I am beginning my epistle without a personal pronoun. This bright piece of thinking alone should put me in the aforementioned department.

The leadoff article, *What People Talk About*, in your September issue has me wondering. How in h— (the word is heck) could author James V. Williams gather so much data on the subject of what people talk about. How does he know that conversationalists the world over discuss Columbus and Caesar more than they do Queen Victoria?

It would take nothing short of a Houdini and a super Walter Winchell to gather all the supposedly true facts in his article. As I took the article seriously, I suppose the facts are facts.

As I am somewhat of a reporter and interviewer (not along the lines of eavesdropping, though) I am personally curious as to where he got the facts. Could you enlighten me?

Yours,
Claremore, Okla. SAMMY LOVE JR.

AT PEACE WITH PAUL HAGGARD

In the September *Sound and Fury* a person lurking behind the initials M.P. agitated his limpid spleen into a violent outburst against Paul Haggard's *No Peace With The Sea*. Now criticism, if mature, is a healthy adjunct to literature, but M.P.'s letter seemed like nothing more than a series of excited yawns by a pedant wearing a halo of schoolroom dust in place of a hat. He vivisected each phrase, and squealed with delight when he found faults in diction. He fairly swooned at phrases not found in his textbooks.

M.P. appears to think that literature lies in the prettied phrases of the just-so boys. He seems ignorant of the fact that a story becomes literature only through its effect upon the reader. We find in a story only what we are capable of finding. If we read like militant schoolboys crazed with "A's" in composition then we do not find literature but merely a skeleton of words. However, I believe that most people were mentally capable of reading *No Peace With The Sea* as the author intended. In Paul Haggard's wild and extravagant metaphors they found the wildness and beauty of the sea itself. They found a throbbing drama of the sea and not a string of words.

For God's sake give us more of Paul Haggard and less of such alphabetical wet-nurses as M.P.

Sincerely,
Geneva, N. Y. FRANK ROSE

GOLD COAST BLUES

It is absolutely impossible to obtain a MAN'S MAGAZINE anywhere in the vast continent of America, a magazine which one can peruse without having it continually snatched out of one's hands by a woman because it contains something exclusively for her?

I thought it stretching a point considerably when some issues back you inserted in *ESQUIRE* some item or other of feminine wear, a cape I think it was, but that solecism pales into insignificance when one considers the monstrous offence of advertising in a magazine supposed to be for men such an intimate garment of a woman's wardrobe as a CORSET.

Personally I was horrified at such audacity and treason and I am sure many other readers were similarly affected to think *ESQUIRE* could have forsaken its pedestal of exclusiveness in such a way. I suppose we shall soon be having such accompanying articles as "How I Won My Husband's Love"



by *Radiant Bride*; or "What Every Woman Should Know" by One Who Doesn't, and of course that will be the end of *ESQUIRE*.

I suppose these isolated cases are just feelers to prepare us for a fierce bombardment of Adverts. of Bargain Sales, and Mud Packs, etc., and if no one raises a squawk then the major offensive will begin.

Ever since I read a perfectly stupid dissertation on the why's and wherefore's of the diaper I have suspected the sanity of the editors and the honesty of their intentions. Surely, such an article can only be of interest to a derelict ex-president of the Storks Club and various silly women.

Offences such as this and publishing the views of women in *The Sound & The Fury* all point to the degeneration and senility into which *ESQUIRE* is sinking. There is not much harm in a woman reading *ESQUIRE* provided she keeps her mouth shut and realises that the paper isn't intended for her anyway, but the trouble is that as soon as she spots anything which she thinks is exclusively for her then she gets swollen-headed and wants to say how the paper should be run.

At the best of times *ESQUIRE* can contain some pretty mediocre bits but these can be forgiven because the paper is exclusively devoted to men and one gets a kick out of feeling that men are still of sufficient importance to have a paper all of their own, but these new additions make it sink to unplumbable depths of lousiness.

Yours truly,
ACERA, Gold Coast,
W. Africa

P.S. May we soon expect another stupendous, breath-taking installment of a step-in or a brassiere?

RETURN OF A TRIBUTE

Some time ago I sent two poems to *ESQUIRE* which were returned to me not with the usual stereotyped card of refusal, but with a personal criticism of a constructive nature. I was seventeen years old then, and notwithstanding the fact that two years have passed, I have not forgotten this personal tribute accorded me by the editor of one of the most widely read magazines in circulation today.

My life has led me into different channels since writing was my ambition, but I always determined to try in some way to let you know how much an erring amateur can be helped by a short constructive criticism. And then how do you know but what you are encouraging a future Shakespeare? May I conclude this letter with a toast?

To him I drink a fitting toast,
Who's of a simple mind
And here's to him, God let him boast—
The kindest of his kind.
I see him now, so human, in
So crusty hard without,
A steely eye-sardonic grin
His art? Is there a doubt?
A meaty man of many quips
Who knows what 'tis he's after
Who weeds his meaty manuscripts
With curses and with laughter.
What's this? He's gone to scribbling now,

'Twill be a just requiter
That soon will soothe the thwarted brow
Of some aspiring writer.
And so to him of simple mind
A toast—and who's it for?
Now who could be so justly wined—
But you, dear editor!

Respectfully yours,
Petersburg, Va. N. B. W.

JUST SOUNDING WITHOUT FURY

As a person who has no particular gripe to register, and no manuscript for you (as yet), I should like to just sound off a bit.

Your September issue is really a diller. I felt just a little short-changed when I saw Petty had given us only a part of his usual bundle of loveliness, but Holley's roosters more than made up for that.



My most complete enjoyment of your mag comes when some of my friends,

"who wouldn't dream of spending four-bits for such trash," snatch my copy up and read it through and through, and then ask for that cartoon on page so-and-so, "when you're through with it."

It's like a towel after a shower, *ESQUIRE* is, and I go for it! Know that I am,

Yours sincerely,
HAYES JACOBS, JR.
Goldendale, Washington

BRODY WILL BE BACK

It was with disappointment and curiosity that I looked through my September issue of *ESQUIRE*: disappointment that there was no article by Iles Brody, and curiosity as to the reason. The only reference to him was in a vehement and forceful criticism by Collin S. Campbell in *Sound and Fury*. As a loyal "Army child" I am inclined to also bristle over the disparaging remarks made by Mr. Brody about our United States Cavalry, but I forgive him these mistakes because of the charm and accuracy of his other articles on subjects on which he is most qualified to write, i.e., the raising and breeding of the famous Lipizaners, the life of a Hungarian hussar, etc. I feel that we are very fortunate in having an author, who writes in English about types of horses with which most Americans have no opportunity of learning.

It seems to me that the majority of people interested in horses know only about the kinds we have in America—the thoroughbred, the saddle horse, the polo pony and the hunter. And usually a man who likes one type knows and cares very little about the others. Most people who hunt wouldn't walk across the street to see the most beautiful saddle horse in the world do the gavotte on ice skates. Therefore, it seems that we can learn much from Mr. Brody, who is a native of a country where beautiful horses are the general rule and where it is still more important to own a fine horse than a shiny motor car.

Having lived in Central Europe for a length of time, I feel in a position to say that, to my knowledge, he does not make mistakes about facts concerning the riding, breeding and training of horses in this very horse-conscious part of the world. Besides, I find that he writes about these facts with imagination and a sense of humor, in a style unique for a sports writer. I like his narrative form with many amusing little historical anecdotes which make the articles worth while as well as entertaining. It is particularly remarkable when one considers that English is not even his own language, and that the intricacies of Hungarian would wall in any attempts at expression for the average writer, confining his efforts to his own tongue.

This is a lengthy way of asking you why there was no September article and when the next will be.

Sincerely,
Harrods Creek, Ky. SALLY BROWN

Continued on page 177

Cadillac PRESENTS THE NEW SIXTY-TWO



» » » » » THE NEWEST CAR IN THE WORLD

THE NEW THINGS IN motor cars come first from Cadillac. Witness the new Cadillac Sixty-Two, which introduces a wholly new idea of how a motor car should look and act. It's not just a new car—it's *the newest car in the world*. ¶ From its beautiful radiator to its torpedo-shaped rear deck, the Sixty-Two is a striking creation. It is easily America's most beautiful motor car. ¶ And its performance is equally new and exhilarating. Cadillac performance

has always stood alone—but the Sixty-Two has a number of qualities that are uniquely its own, even among Cadillacs. ¶ You'll like this car. Better go see it right now, and make certain of early delivery.



While you're about it, see, too, the new Cadillac-Fleetwood Sixty Special—the brilliantly restyled 1940 version of "America's most imitated car."

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

DELIGHTFUL
WHEN YOU'RE
"IN THE DARK"

MICRO-LITE
POCKET FLASHLIGHT

100% American Made

YOU LIGHT IT!
FLIP IT AND

\$1
POSTPAID
PERSONALIZED
With Your Initial

ACTUAL SIZE
2 1/2" small... snugly fits
the palm of your hand!

Tiny—yet powerfully bright!
Banishes keyhole-fumbling,
theatre-program squinting,
dark-corner groping.
Streamlined case in genu-
ine leather. Complete with
standard battery and bulb.
Grand to own, grandest
of gifts for everyone!

Ask your dealer or
mail \$1 direct
MICRO-LITE CO., Inc., Dept. M
45 W. 25th St., New York City

THEATRE AUTO

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

**STOPS TRAVEL NAUSEA
ON YOUR VACATION TRIPS**

**INCREASE YOUR
HEIGHT
CHEAPLY**

and simply with this new scientific inven-
tion that fits right into your own shoe—
no need to buy queer looking shoes. Con-
forms to the shape of your foot so that
you walk, stand, sit or dance naturally
and comfortably. Write for booklet E to

FAIRWAY PRODUCTS
11 W. 42nd St. New York City

**Don't PULL HAIR
FROM NOSE!**
May cause fatal infection

use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection
as a result of pulling hair from
nose. Use of scissors is also
dangerous and impractical. No
better way to remove hair
from nose and ears than with
KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe
and efficient. Rounded points can-
not cut or prick the skin.

Actual Size
\$1.00

Made from
finest Surgical
Steel. Chrom-
ium plated

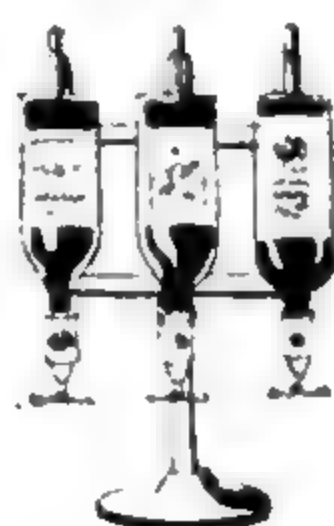
So simple! Just turn the
end. Surplus hair comes out
easily, gently. Never pulls.

**Guaranteed to Satis-
fy or Money Back**

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 172
Enclosed is \$1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely sat-
isfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____

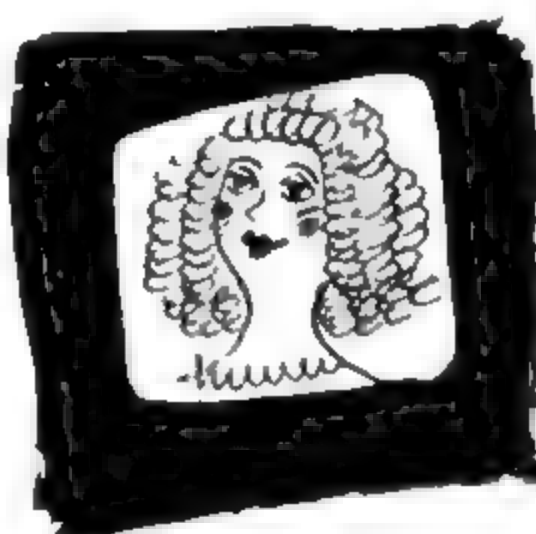
IT'S THE PROPORTIONS THAT COUNT. When you can auto-
matically put one measured jigger (no more—no less) of
liquor in your highball glass, you've got something. When



you can always ladle yourself out a Mar-
tini mixed exactly to your own propor-
tions, you've got two somethings. Sounds
tough but ain't. Is, in fact, really very
simple. There's an automatic bartender,
widely used in England but new to this
country, that can't miss. For a highball,
you press your glass against the rubber covered crossbar
at the bottom of the "bartender" (left, above) and one ac-
curate jigger of liquor is released. Any bottle you want
can be used, and there's no spilling possible. Saves you, in
fact, at least one drink per bottle. There are models holding
all the way from one to twelve bottles. The
Martini dispenser (right) mixes your gin
and vermouth in the proportions you spe-
cify and by simply raising the lever, you
have your own cocktail recipe ready for
consumption. The machine can, of course,
be used for Manhattans. All the dispensers
are chromiamed, precision instruments and come in stand-
ing or wall bracket models.

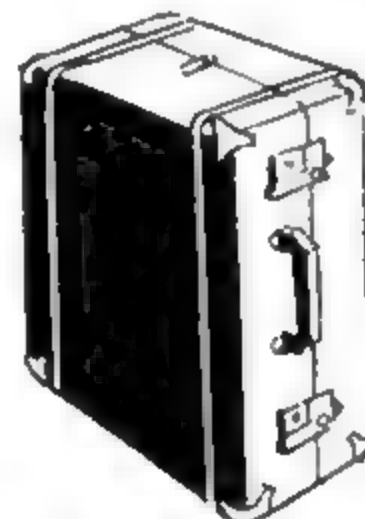


FROM CUSTARD PIE TO PICKFORD CURL. Although you may
be more or less hypnotized by Hedy Lamarr for the mo-
ment, our money says that you have a susceptible spot in
your heart somewhere for the trials of golden-curl Mary
Pickford, the indignities suffered by Charlie Chaplin and
the untimely and violent ends of bewhiskered nickelodeon
villians. Their gamut of emotions stretched all the way
from A to B and their figures would hardly attract present
day Hollywood moguls. But, withal, they're just as alive
today as they were in the early days of the century. And
since a New York film library recently opened its vaults,
all these old time flickers are available in 16mm for home
use, and can be mailed out to you on a minute's notice.



There's "Every Inch a Man" and Pick-
ford's "Millie the Arcadian Maid." "Baf-
fled by a Barmaid," the antics of Fatima,
the hootchy-kootchy queen, "Birth of a
Nation" and "The King of Kings" are all
included. They have revived movies of the
1914 Harvard-Yale game with Jeff Cool-
idge's famous seventy-five yard touchdown run, and of
the "Fads and Fashions of 1900." Practically anything you
want as a matter of fact. They've turned out to be quite
successful party stimulants.

NO CONTACT, NO NAILS. In a recent discussion on leather
and luggage, it was pointed out to us just how tough
modern luggage could be. One type of case we were shown
is protected with strategically placed stainless steel bands
so that no contact with leather is possible when the case is
on the ground. All contact-surfaces, includ-
ing corners, are armoured. The construc-
tion is so integrated that no nails or tacks
are used, and there are no exposed seams.
The case also has unusual propeller lock
and break-proof handle features. And in-
side it's pretty efficient too, carrying two
suits and a largish supply of accessories. Its good looks
won't deceive the treat-'em-rough boys. They know when
they're licked.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped
envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

**"Oh, Lady,
BE GOOD TO ME!
I Want Red Heart Dog
Biscuits Every Day!"**

Your dog ought to have deli-
cious 3-flavored Red Heart Dog
Biscuits every day. Why? Be-
cause they are rich in essential
vitamins, minerals, iodine, and
irradiated yeast. They're grand
for teeth, too—help remove tar-
tar, harden gums. Free! Write—
today—for booklet, *Dogs, Their
Care and Feeding*. Address:
John Morrell & Co., Dept. 16B
Ottumwa, Iowa.

**RED
HEART
DOG BISCUITS**

THE 3 FLAVOR

Tough Guy

Sleep under them or on them, in dry
weather or wet. Hudson's Bay "Point"
Blankets are built to "take it." Their
rugged fur-like nap actually locks out
cold and damp. Famous since 1779, only
the genuine bear Seal of Quality. Write
for color chart: The Esmond Mills, Es-
mond, R. I., sole American distributors.

**HUDSON'S BAY
Point BLANKETS**

**MEN RELAX!
IN COMFORT
WITH
NEW SMART
WINDSOR
LOUNGE
SLIPPERS**

\$4

HANDWOVEN! FLEXIBLE!

The WINDSOR Leather Lounge Slipper is a revelation in
foot comfort. Light, cool, and airy. The WINDSOR hand-
woven construction gives perfect support actually "fits
like a glove". Finest materials and craftsmanship. Leather
lined, flexible leather soles, rubber heels. Choice of Patent
Leather, Burgundy, Brown. Sizes 6 to 12 (full sizes only).
Medium width. \$4.00 pair.

AMERICAN STYLE SERVICE
600 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me _____ pairs of WINDSOR
LOUNGE SLIPPERS at \$1.00 per pair prepaid.

I enclose \$_____ Put "x" here if you
prefer C.O.D. delivery. Postage and C.O.D. charges extra
on C.O.D. Orders.

Size _____ Size _____ Size _____
Color _____ Color _____ Color _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Cedar-Cured — NEW JARMAN PROCESS TO MEL-
LOW CALFSKIN, MAKE IT LONG WEARING, ALSO GIVES IT LASTING,
FRESH AROMA OF CEDAR! Used in this tan wing-tip full
brogue for spectator wear, the new Cedar-Cured leather
is given a rich antique finish. Note how well it goes with
tan camel's hair. No. 4959. The Regent last.



You "lookers-on" get looked at!

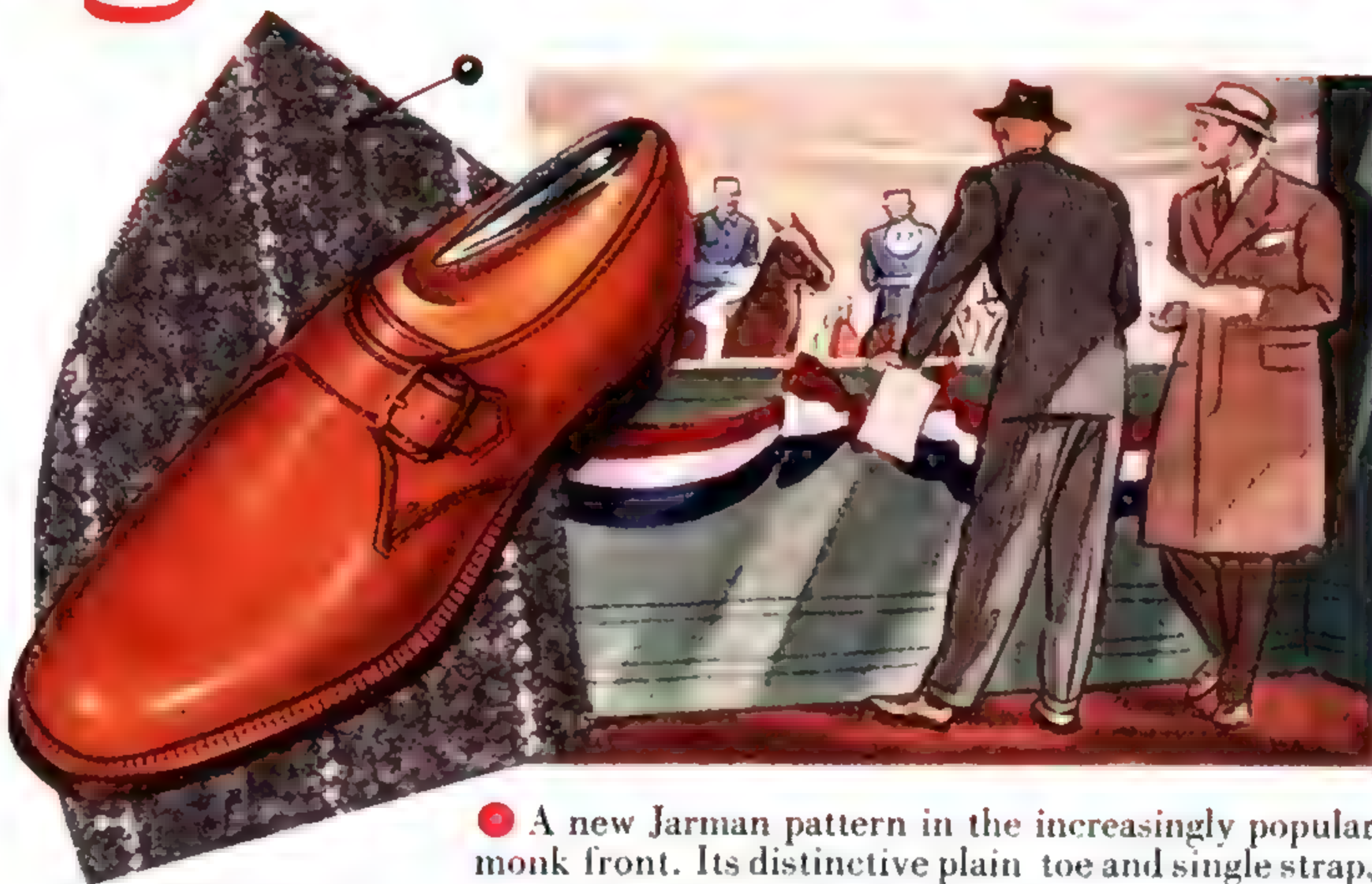
So "The Style Reporters" give you timely hints
here—on which shoes to wear with what

EVERYWHERE you go these days,
critical eyes are on you. And
today's appraisal of a well-dressed
man, remember, is largely made
on his suit-shoe combinations.

Here are a few authentic sug-
gestions for spectator wear this
Fall, prepared by "The Style Repor-
ters" after investigations in
leading style centers.

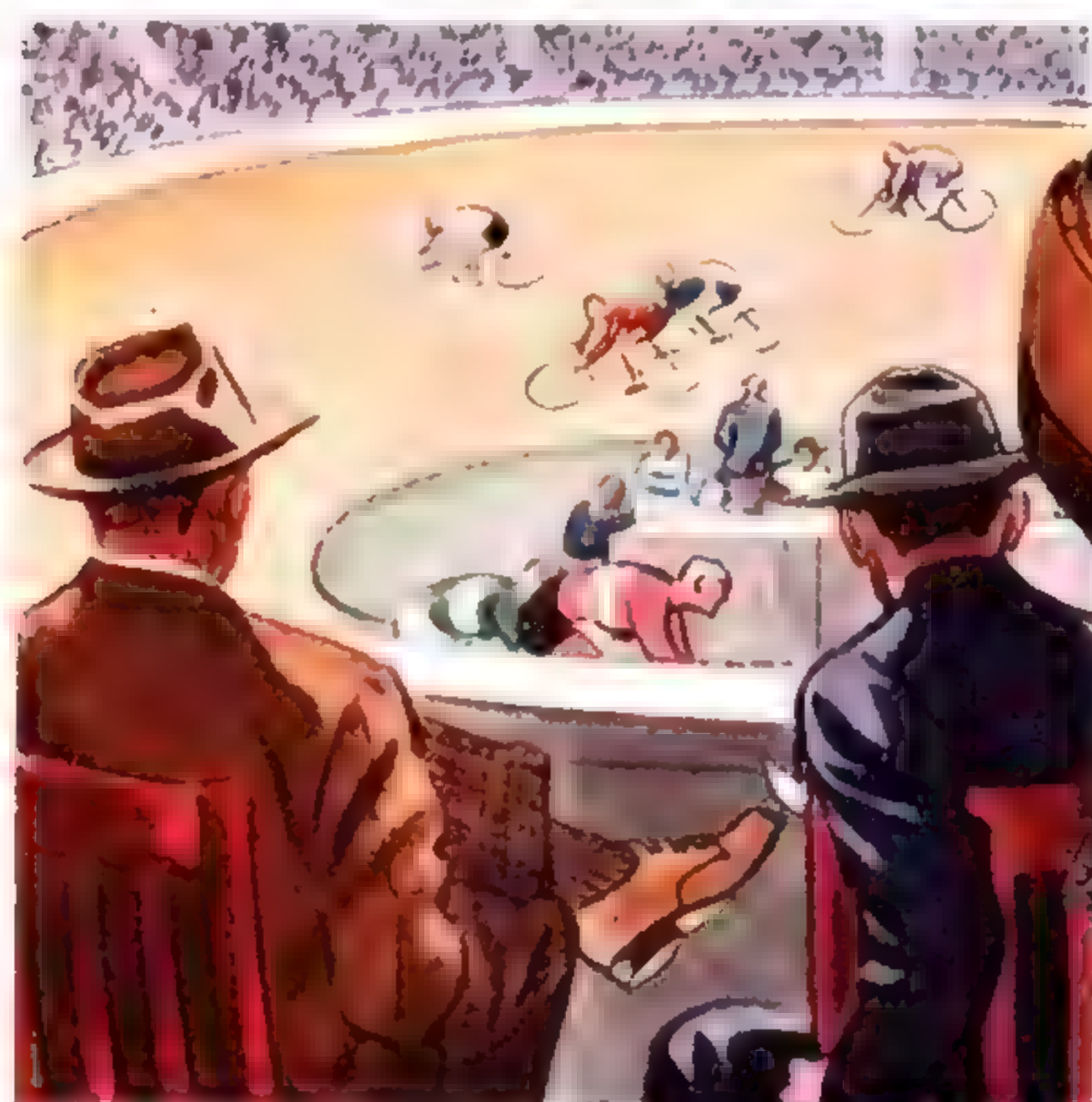
For complete information on

"which shoes to wear with what"
—for *every* season, for *every* occa-
sion—refer to the Jarman Style
Charts at your local Jarman deal-
er's. Learn, too, how easily and
economically you can carry out
this accepted style idea from his
line of famous Jarman shoes. The
Jarman Shoe Co.—Division of
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● A new Jarman pattern in the increasingly popular
monk front. Its distinctive plain toe and single strap,
in a warm tan Martin's calf-skin, recommend it for
any spectator occasion. Shown here with gray flannel.
No. 4971. The Regent last.

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation



● A plain toe blucher that scores high for autumn. It's a tan
winter veal with wide leather laces and buckle. Full double
soles to repel cold and dampness. Goes with almost any Fall
outfit. Shown with cheviot. No. 1760. The Stroller last.



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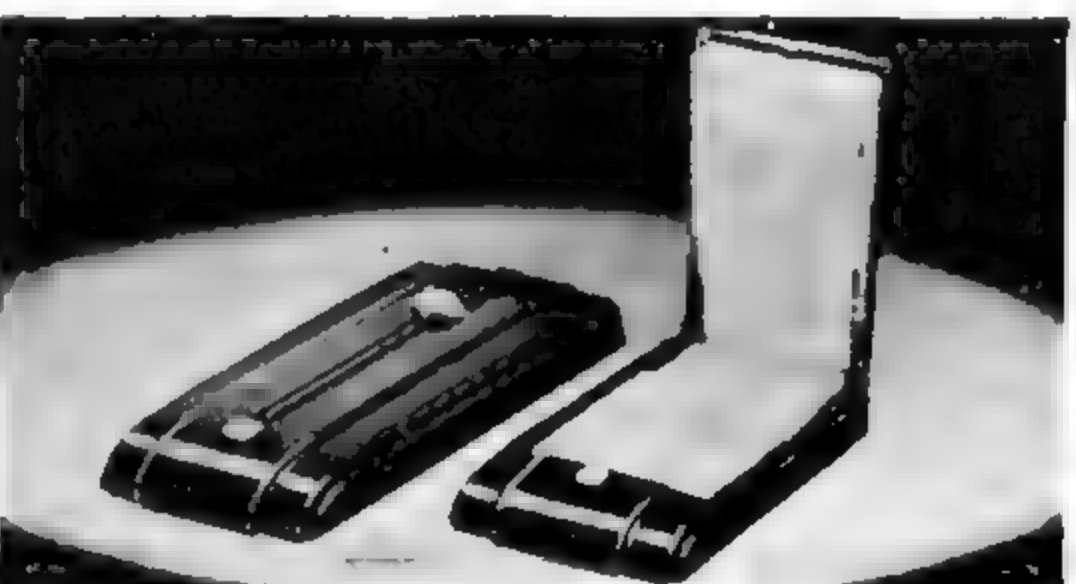
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FOOTBALL ON THE FLOOR, or wherever you want to play it. A new game—America's Foot-Ball Game—will sharpen your eye for grandstand quarter backing. Played with a special set of cards which give the results of the plays you call, you'll run into every situation of an actual gridiron battle—fumbles, blocked kicks, biased referees et al. Have the boys in for a drink and show them how you did it in the Yale Game—way back when.



RINGS ON THE TABLE. You've probably been vigorously taken to task for just that, or for dripping on the doilies, or on something. To allay feminine indignation, lay in a supply of the new dripless glass and bottle covers. They're made of lastex and processed yarns, are dripless and will keep the poker table nice and dry no matter how late the game lasts.



TEA TIME TWIN. For domestic males—a handsome, shiny tea pot that's blocked off down the center, one side for tea, the other for hot water and spouts for both of them. Saves a lot of fuss and bother, is made of glazed china in several bright colors including green, yellow and red.



THE DOG'S PAJAMAS. This is the age of specialization, even in the basket department. Someone has finally realized that dogs have birthdays too, and has come through with a very handsome canine gift basket. Ribbon bedecked, cellophane wrapped, it holds one non-slippable buffet, terry cloth pajamas (worth the admission price), special shampoo, cat's head for downright ecstasy, and brush and comb. No, no white tie or tails, but, to coin a phrase, very doggy. Don't forget this when Christmas rolls around.



GLAMOROUS SPECTACLE. This disrespectful glamor business, that cares not for custom, precedent or tradition, has invaded the "spec" field and produced a pair of eyeglasses for feminine use, the like of which grandma or your old school marm never even imagined. They're patterned after the theatrical harlequin mask and have the same uptilted eye lines. They're designed this way for beauty purposes, being optically correct, however, for practical eyeglass wear, are suitable for thick double-focus lenses too. The unusual sweep of the lenses is intended to parallel feminine eyebrows and give an illusion of youth to the contour of the face. The frames come in a great many colors and there are some of gold, silver and jewel tones.



NO ALLEYS NEEDED. Bowling enthusiasts who have to stay home because mother-in-law has come for a visit should look into the new bowling, card game—Hi-Score. Instead of full houses and three-no-trump hands, players draw for strikes and spares. Scoring is just like the real thing. Any number of players up to five can compete and two five-man teams can play a match game by using two decks.



For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Look steadily at spot on man's nose, SLOWLY, count to fourteen—then quickly look at one spot on wall or sky, count SLOWLY to fourteen again. Watch face appear.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



SHE MAY LEAVE YOUR BOARD... but she'll take your bed with her—if it at all resembles this one. It's one of Norman Dine's (the sleep expert) favorites, is about the most complete sleeper—inner any man, bachelor or benedict, could dress up his establishment with. Decorative shelves are built into the headboard to hold radio, telephone, books and anything else you want. There's a roomy cedar chest drawer in the footboard for blankets and linens. The whole thing is sturdily constructed of solid maple on good, simple lines.



FUN IN BED

The comfort and convenience of indolent creatures whose happiest moments are spent in bed seems to occupy a lot of minds lately. Ingenious minds, too. Now there is a combination bedlamp and radio that makes bed a pretty pleasant place to spend a rainy afternoon. Climb in, magazine in hand (adv't.) and read away while listening. When the effort and strain do you in, one click and the light's out, radio's silent. The unit is made in ivory and walnut finishes, has a bracket for clipping on to the bed-head.

RECIPE FOR A NON-SKID BATHTUB

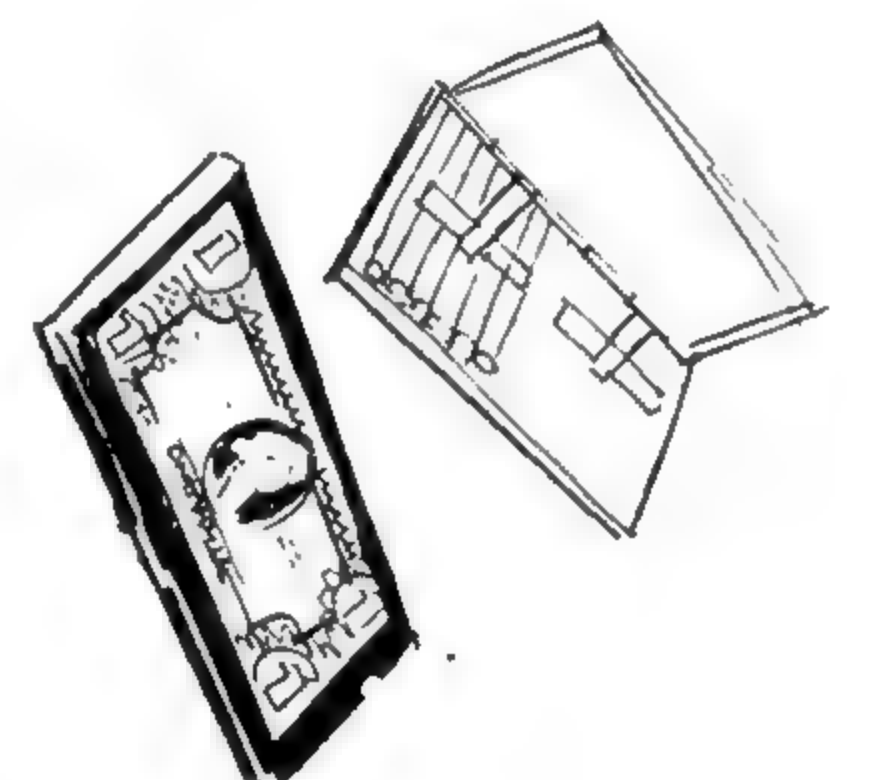
Insurance men will tell you with sorrowful mien that bathtubs are a menace to public safety and the users' sound limbs, will quote percentage figures on how many in-the-home accidents occur in your prosaic old porcelain tub. They may be glad to hear of a new spray that gives it a non-skid surface and is quite something of a disaster preventive. The film is invisible, won't cling to the body and is as simple to use as bath salts. Seems especially like a good thing if there are any children in the house.

NO MORE COLD FEET

You spend 2500 hours a year in bed if you're anything approaching the average in your habits. Whether your sleeping hours are healthful or not depends quite naturally on the quality of your sleeping. To make healthful and comfortable sleep as sure a thing as possible, scientists have constructed what seems to be the finishing touch on complete nocturnal peace of mind—an automatic blanket that adjusts itself to all temperatures. The blanket is electrified, practically unnoticeably, and has built-in, thermostatic control. Sleeper sets control at any temperature desired and the blanket automatically becomes responsive to cold temperature, giving progressively more heat as the air gets colder, and correspondingly less heat if it gets warmer. There are three sizes, regular, an extra large and a size for children's cribs.

MORE HIGHBALLS AT NIGHTFALL

Not long ago we reported on the then new highball glasses that carry college seals in full color. The glasses turned out to be pretty popular, and recently new types have come along. Among the best are the tall Pilsener glasses with a twelve ounce capacity and the barrel-shaped and straight sided beer mugs. There also is a small, college-sealed cocktail shaker along with old-fashioned and cocktail glasses.



IN THE MONEY

Modern equivalent of lighting one's cigarettes with dollar bills—a flat cigarette case, holding a pack of cigarettes with genuine, U. S. Treasury dollar bills framed, back and front. An interesting way of hanging on to the first money honestly earned. Also a flawless guarantee for never being completely broke.

AUTO ADDENDA

For the man who takes his exercise behind the wheel—champagne colored, non-glare mirror of bevelled plate glass that holds a clock, with places for writing in mileage and starting time above and below timepiece... the type of accessory for scientific motoring.



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No other similar preparation has received so great official and public recognition by Royal Families and in expositions as has been accorded to Angostura Bitters. In use for over 115 years Angostura Bitters has been accepted throughout that time as one sure sign of sophisticated drinking.

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BROOKS BROTHERS' DOUBLE-BREASTED SUITS made with square shoulders, as illustrated, maintain, nevertheless, at all other points in the jacket the same Brooks standard of soft-tailored construction as in our double-breasted models with natural shoulders. The materials used in these suits include Cheviots, Worsteds and Flannels. Prices range from \$62 to \$87.



BROOKS ENGLISH SHOES—illustrated—full brogue in Scotch tan grain leather (\$21.50)—are hand-lasted on our own lasts in leathers and models for every occasion of dress—including those for sporting and country wear. They are \$13 to \$21.50.

CAREFUL SELECTION

One of the most important factors distinguishing Brooks Brothers' clothes and accessories from others is the extreme care which is exercised in their selection. No executive at Brooks Brothers has ever become so concerned with "running the business" that he has forgotten to play his part in maintaining the highest standards of taste in every article bearing Brooks Brothers' name.



BROOKS BROTHERS' SINGLE-BREASTED SUITS include models with either natural or square shoulders for general business and town wear (\$62 to \$85) and special 3-piece models in appropriate materials for country wear (\$62 to \$80). Cheviots, Tweeds, Shetlands, Worsteds and other woollens of outstanding quality are included in the choice of materials.

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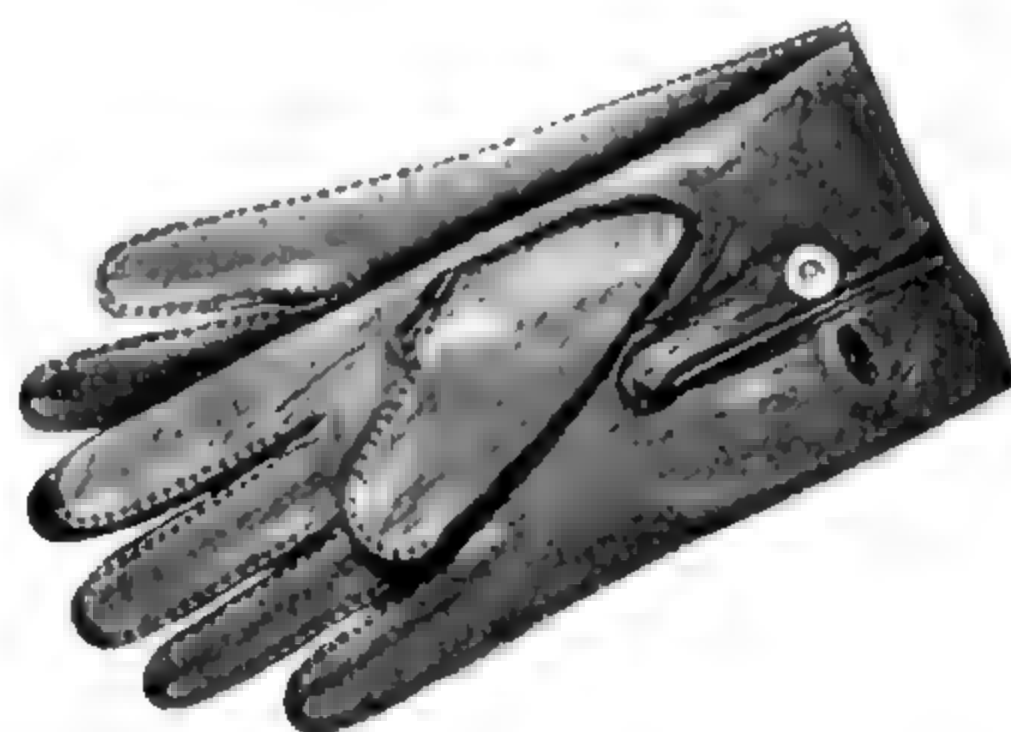
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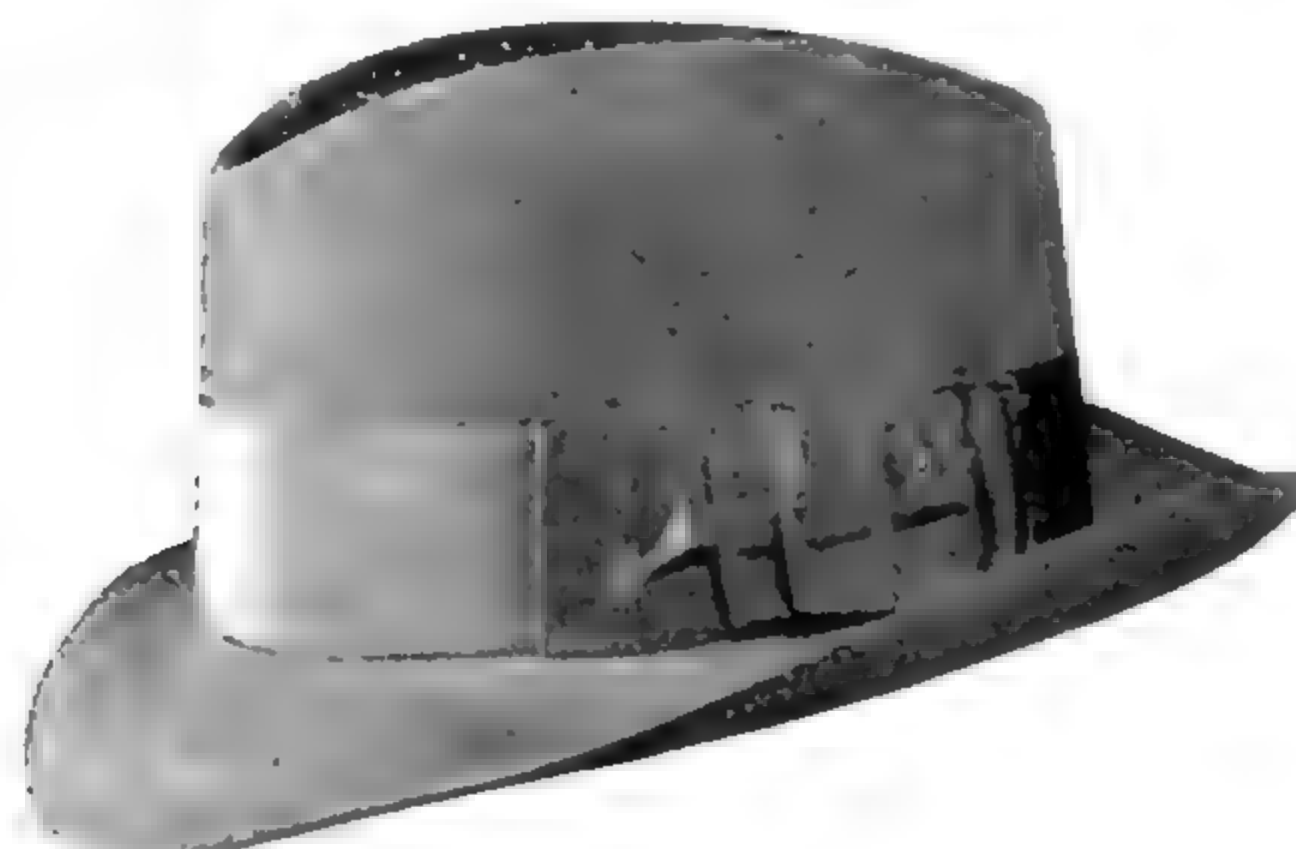
LOS ANGELES



BROOKS BROTHERS' DORSET OVERCOAT, as illustrated, is a conservative single-breasted coat with fly front—one of the best-looking and most generally useful coats in our entire ready-made stock. It may be had for Fall in an excellent choice of colors and patterns in Scotch Tweeds and Cheviots, \$60 to \$70.



STREET GLOVES at Brooks Brothers for general Fall wear present a wide choice of carefully selected leathers—such as chamois, capeskin, buckskin, pigskin and (as illustrated) goatskin—made with the most careful workmanship, including hand-stitching in many models. Prices range from \$4 to \$6.



FELT HATS for Fall include those made by Lock & Co. (\$13.50) and Herbert Johnson (\$11.50) of London, for whom we are special agents—Brooks English Hats, which are made on our own blocks (\$8 and \$10)—and domestic models made to our special order (\$5 and \$6). The choice of shapes and colors is wide—the standard of style is distinguished.



BROOKS BROTHERS' SALISBURY OVERCOAT, as illustrated, is a double-breasted coat with long lapels and change pocket. In addition to tweeds and cheviots in various patterns and colors for general wear, it is made in dark blue Sardinian, which is particularly suitable for evening wear as well. In Fall weights (sleeves and shoulders lined with silk) \$65 to \$80.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



YOU'LL NEED YOUR STRENGTH IN THE MORNING

Comes a new, simplified electric drink mixer that's a fine thing for a small domestic bar. It starts bouncing your drink up and down after a friendly tap on the head, and stops the same way. As it takes the ingredients of a drink and integrates them completely, you may be surprised at the success you have with your same old formula. It's made of chrome and glass with a bakelite top, and all parts are washable.

SHORT ROUTE TO THE BOOBY-HATCH

"Geometricks," a new game that consists of twenty-one cut out puzzles, looks like a strong favorite in the ranks of mild insanity inducers. It's the simple type of pastime in which you merely try to fit four or five pieces into a square or rectangle design—and try for hours. And then puzzle called "16-17" is so fixed that sixteen squares turn into seventeen right before your peepers by a simple change in positions. It's all very confusing, which was evidently the idea of the mathematician who figured them out. The game is neatly designed in booklet form, the puzzles being divided into envelopes attached to the circular binding of the book. It's evidently the first innovation in this type of I'll-get-it-yet, by-gawd entertainment in more than a decade.



HAVANA HEAVEN

One of Manhattan's larger department stores recently turned a neat trick in their tobacco department. Having secured permission from the Tobacco Commission of the Government of Cuba, they've installed, in a large humidor in the store, a collection of 300 different shapes and sizes of thirteen outstanding cigar brands, all imported from the fine-cigar capital of the world. You march right into the glass humidor when you're on the look

for your favorite and takes your choice. You'll find what you want, for they have them all the way from majestic 8-inchers down to the smallest of pee-wees. Vintage cigars, like fine wines, naturally need careful attention and proper ageing so the humidor is air-conditioned, humidified and all that. The collection is something like the largest to be found in town. Even in Havana you'd have to traipse around to a dozen factories to round up as many different cigars. And cigarros de Habana, Senor, are something to be conjured with in the precincts of good-living.

SUCCESS IN TWENTY SECONDS

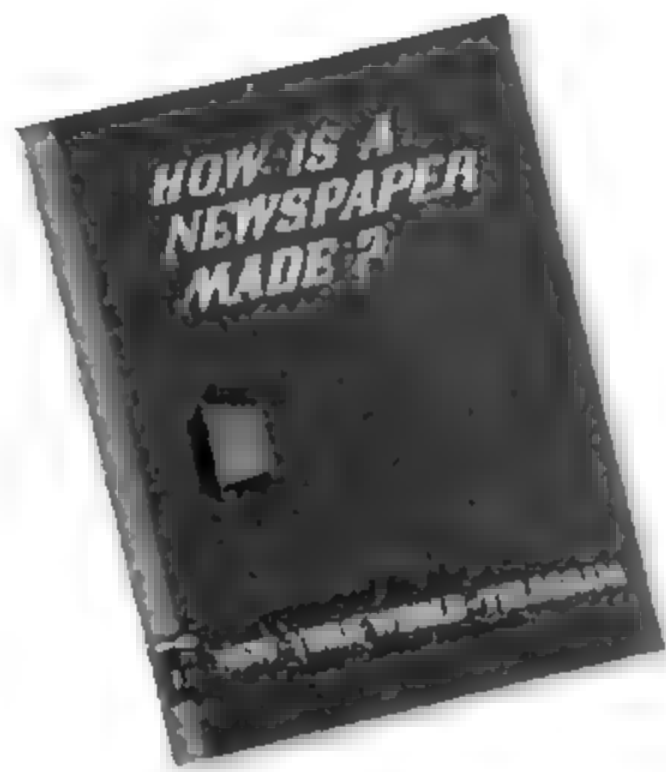
Last summer when she was Larry Clinton's featured songstress, Bea Wain swung out on a new dance arrangement of Debussy's "Reverie" and quite definitely wowed a coast-to-coast audience. The tune had an uneven tempo and an odd melody that was well nigh impossible to hum. It bucked the old Tin Pan Ally recipe for success: "they gotta be able to hum it after hearing it once." But "Reverie" swung Miss Wain up to the top of the entertainment ladder, and she's been up there, causing mingled delight and dismay with her swing classics, ever since.

Only twenty-two, Miss Wain is a radio veteran, has been singing on the networks for sixteen years. She made her debut at six on NBC's Children's Hour, and for several years collected a weekly salary of \$2.00 for her vocal efforts. When she outgrew her child labor potentialities, she joined the Kay Thompson choir and Fred Waring's coterie. While Larry Clinton was in the process of organizing his orchestra and looking for a singer, he dialed the Thompson choir one night. Clinton listened closely as the rhythm section of the chorus faded and a soft voice took up the theme for a 20-second solo. Mr. Clinton grabbed a cab for the CBS Playhouse, auditioned Miss Wain and that summer she opened with him at the Glen Island Casino.

Some of her recordings of classics in swing style have become pretty well known since then. Among those which stirred up the most controversy were "M'Appari" from Martha, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from Samson and Delilah and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" from Bohemian Girl. However, with all this success and nationwide interest in her vocalizing, Miss Wain, it seems, nurses a secret sorrow. Somehow or other she collected thirty hostess gowns, which is foolish enough. But, to make it foolisher, she can't wear any of them. Every time she appears in one, her dog jumps on its train and gets himself a ride all over the house.



The Weather Man Blinked —and Read On...

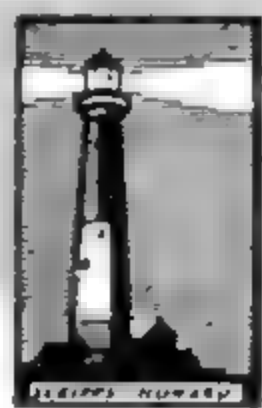


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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



THE REVUERS—GOING UP

It's a long jump, physically and financially, from the Vanguard, a Greenwich Village cellar cabaret, to the Rainbow Room. In the entertainment world, it's something like taking all the hurdles in one long jump. We don't know if such a thing has been accomplished before, lately anyway, but we're pleased to report that five young lads and lassies, all under twenty-four, recently turned the trick, and evidently with very little trouble.

They were formerly labelled the Vanguard Players, but are now more prosperously known, only to themselves it seems, as the Revuers. They are definitely goofy but have an unusual talent for satire of which they have made great capital. Realizing at rather an early age that, generally speaking, the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin, they've sharpened up their histrionic scalpel to a fine edge. Their early success lies in the complete freshness of their material; they write their own skits and songs and direct themselves, and lace out at everything in sight. Grant's Tomb, Bea Lillie and the newspapers are all included.

After they'd been at the Vanguard for eight months and more or less put it on the Village map, they decided to step up in the world. Choosing the highest step they could find, they ambled in to the Rainbow Room one quiet afternoon. They simply informed the manager that "we have something for you," and promptly went into a couple of their numbers. He interrupted them half way through their third skit and politely inquired if they'd mind stopping a moment to sign a contract. It was as easy as that.



MATCHED THREESOME

In the old days of song and story, people were content to do things conservatively — by twos.

Now, what with designs for living and triple-threat halfbacks, everything comes in threes . . . including related feminine accessories. But being numerically minded creatures, they seem to love it. An example of what we mean is illustrated above—a gold chain bag, glove and belt set. The black doeskin handbag has a gold chain handle and the same idea is carried out in the other pieces. There's another handsome three-some set that has rhinestone ornaments for matching purposes. All of which, of course, make nice giftie items.

POST-GRADUATE COURSE IN APPEARANCE

Somewhat outside our regular sphere, but reported in this column because of its possible interest to readers, is the fact that New York University is giving a course in men's fashion that's presided over by the Fashion Editor of this magazine. It's calculated to teach the fundamentals of the fashion business but we hear several lads are taking it to gain general information about correct dress for specific occasions that are of particular importance to them. The course includes the history and development of contemporary masculine wearables and spends a good deal of time on the contemporary and future possibilities of men's fashion as a vocation for young men.



CANDLEPOWER

There's nothing like dinner at eight, supper for two or just dinner when there are candles on the table, creating a gala and intimate atmosphere about the whole thing. Rather unique festifiers, and new ones to this department, are floating water lily candles. They look like natural water lilies, float well down in the water while a small candle burns away in their center. As the flame burns deeper, the sides take on a transparency which allows the glow to show through, giving a high lighted effect to the petals. The candles burn from five to eight hours; and all you need to put them to work is a low, flat centerpiece bowl with some water in it.

Ranger

For a
MARTINI
Masterpiece
insist on
NOILLY
PRAT
THE Aristocrat OF
DRY FRENCH VERMOUTHS

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CHOOSES

TAYLOR

FOR HIS ENVIED RECIPES

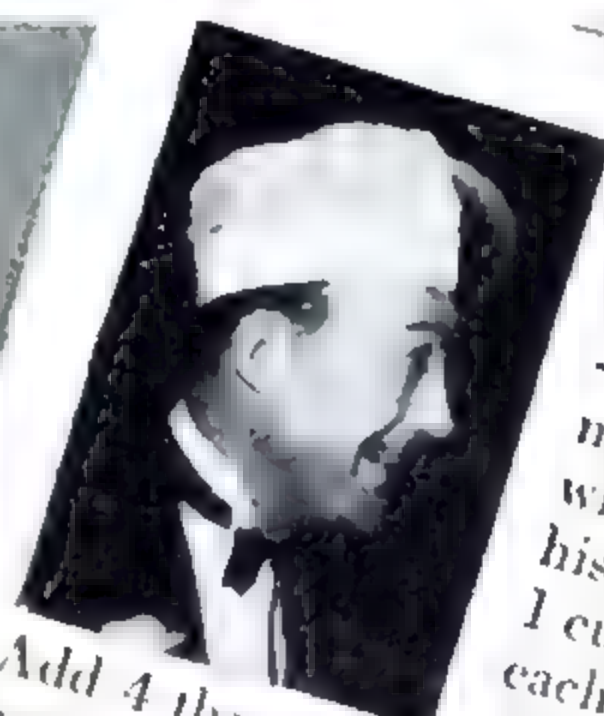
Ben Irvin Butler is captain of a merry crew who search the seven seas for uncharted recipe-routes to the palate. Mutiny would be milder to him than the presence of a poor wine on... in... or with fine food. So, for a toast or a roast, Mr. Butler's choice is Taylor's. The "Captured Flavor" of these Wines is a secret of the Taylor Cellars—the difference in taste is far from a secret among those who know fine wines.

It's FREE!

36-page booklet of wine-flavored recipes from the Winery Testing Kitchens AND some famous recipes of noted Amateur Chefs... Write The Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, New York.



Alcohol 18% by Vol.



Executive Director of The Society of Amateur Chefs —famed among gourmets—his "trade-mark" is a measuring spoon and a white but rakish cap. Try his **Tokay Sauce**: Combine 1 cup brown sauce with 1 tbsp. each of chopped celery and pimiento. Simmer 20 minutes. Serve at once with beefsteak, or other broiled meat. (For brown sauce, use canned bouillon or cubed dissolved in water.)

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***EXERCYCLE is ahead of anything I have ever used."**

Excerpt from one of many unsolicited letters in our files from doctors

Most people, as they advance in years, tend to put on weight. Many doctors have written us that EXERCYCLE is far and away the healthiest and easiest method they have found to take off this weight. One doctor himself lost 30 pounds using EXERCYCLE. This revolutionary exerciser is electrically operated. Just get on and RELAX—it does the exercising for you. Adjustable to four types—swimming, horseback riding, bicycling, rowing. 15 minutes a day is all you need—and its passive exercise is recommended even for invalids. No weakening diets, no dangerous drugs. Excellent for correcting intestinal ailments caused by sedentary work.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Small down payment.
Terms to meet your convenience.

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Exercycle Corporation
240 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me your illustrated Brochure telling about the Exercycle.

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Address _____

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SKATING ON "HOME ICE" MEANS A LOT IN THE "FASTEST GAME ON EARTH"

Few sports give so much an advantage to the home team as ice hockey. Players know the speed of their home ice. They know the angles the disc will take off the sideboards. Being familiar with the size of the rink gives the home club an edge, too. Constant practice sharpens their shooting eyes. They know all the angles.

In the same way, local advertisers know all the angles of selling people in their home town. They know where the best buying areas are located. They know the type of merchandise most likely to

appeal to their customers. They know, from day to day checks on sales, which newspaper gives them the best return on their advertising investments.

You can take full advantage of their long experience by placing your advertising in the newspaper these merchants prefer. In Philadelphia it's the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. For over seven consecutive years they have placed far more advertising in the LEDGER than in any other newspaper . . . morning, evening or Sunday. They know that "An advertisement in the LEDGER means business."

PHILADELPHIA
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

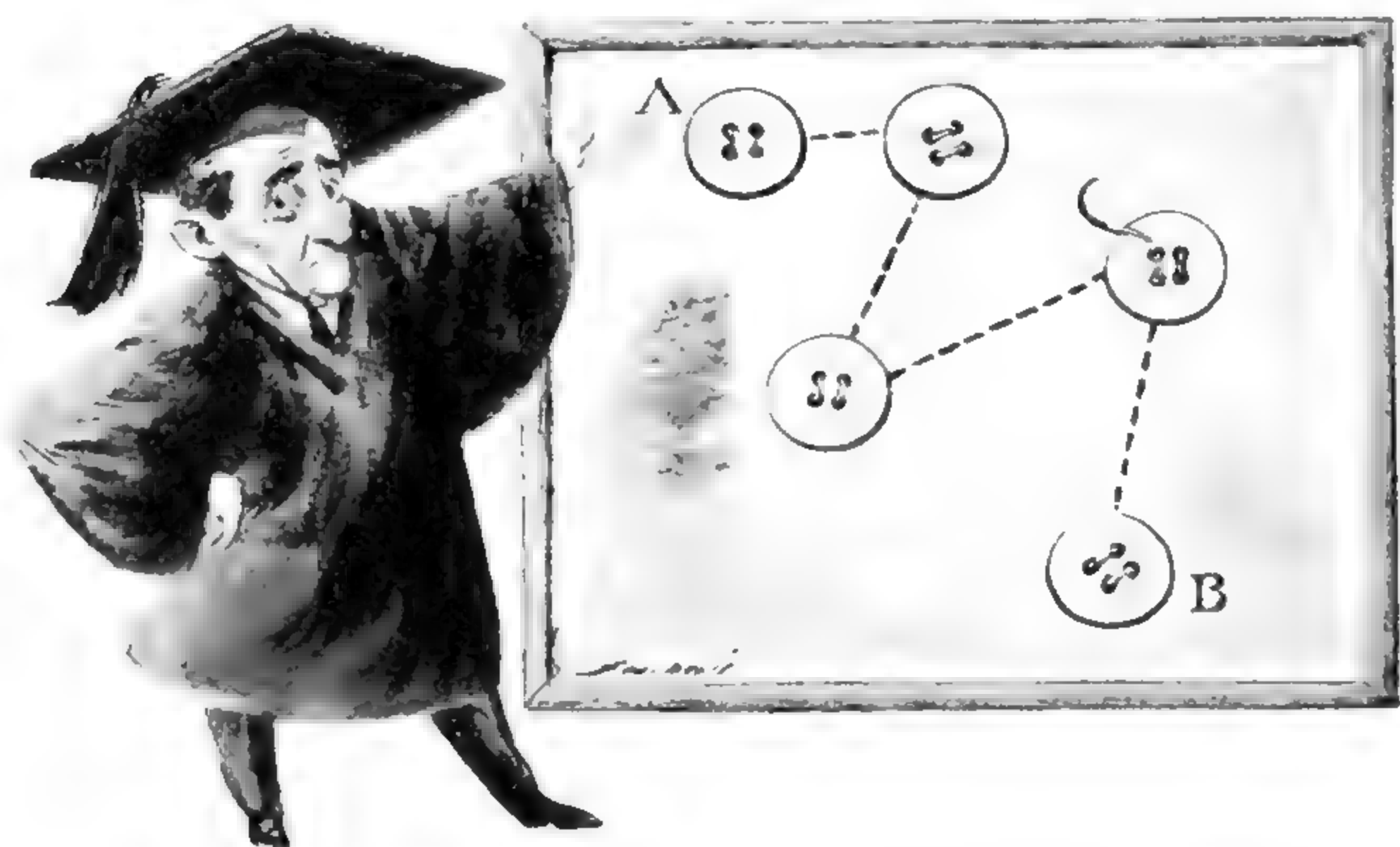
Why buy "Dated" Pants?



1. Why expose yourself to "mortifying moments" by accepting trousers with fastenings that frequently come open by accident—and sometimes break off entirely?



2. This Fall, most better-made suits have the Talon fastener. You never have to "check up" to be sure you're okay. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely when you close it.



1. Why complicate your life by wearing pants closed with five fastenings? It's awkward, annoying... unnecessary.



2. This Fall, you can have the ease of the Talon fastener in every new suit you buy. *One* fastening instead of five!



1. Why make yourself conspicuous by wearing trousers that look like something the cat dragged in?

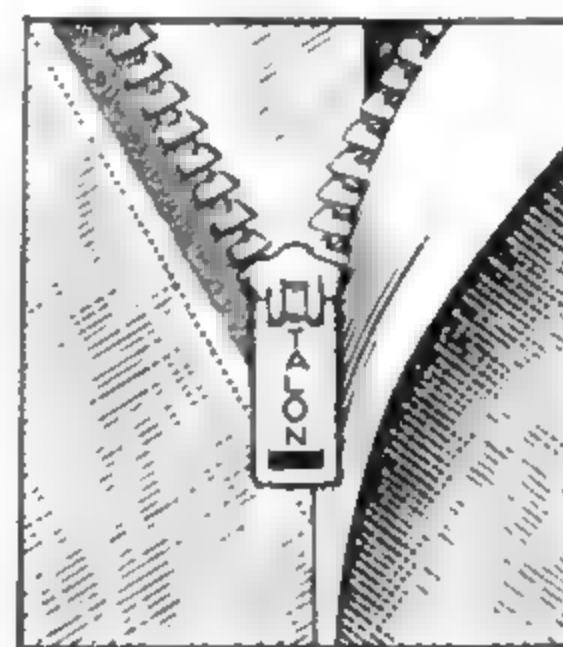


2. This Fall, if you select a suit that's *really new*, you'll get the seam-smooth Talon slide fastener.

HERE is a word of caution to the millions of men who have already enjoyed Talon fasteners on their trousers...

Because of the popularity of the Talon slide fastener—unreliable imitations have appeared on the market.

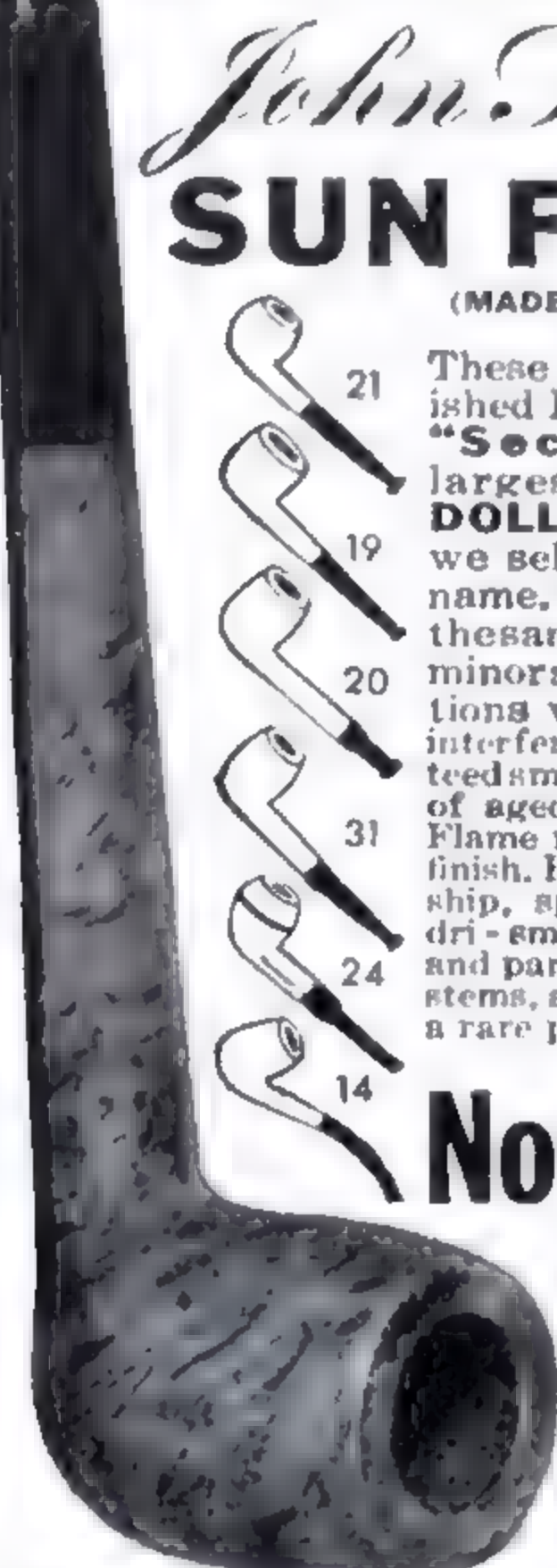
When you buy clothing, it's important to "take a second look" for the word "Talon" on the slide fastener. Then you'll be sure of getting a fastener that will give the same dependable service you have enjoyed in the past.



See that your
new suit has the modern
TALON TROUSER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
FASTENER

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

John Surrey's
SUN FLAME
(MADE IN ENGLAND)



21 These beautifully finished English pipes are "Seconds" of our largest selling FIVE DOLLAR pipe, which we sell under another name. They are exactly the same briar, but have minor surface imperfections which in no way interfere with the guaranteed smoking quality. Made of aged Briar with a Sun Flame natural crystal-like finish. Beautiful workmanship, spiral duraluminum dri-smoking attachment and para-English vulcanite stems, all combine to make this a rare purchase.

19
20
31
24
14

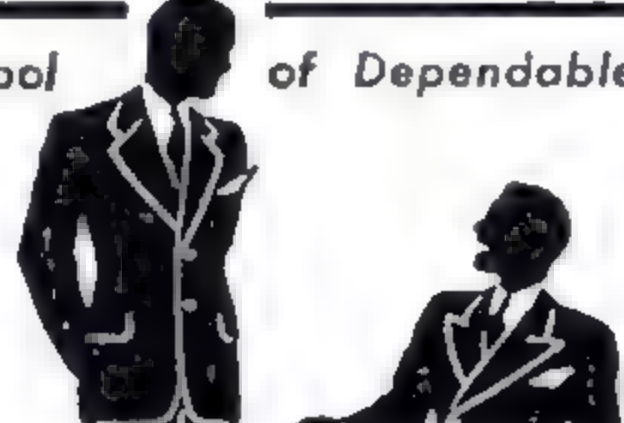
Now \$1.00 ea.

Get a set of five for the price of one of first quality. SEND ORDER TODAY.

John Surrey, Ltd.
72 Nassau St. N.Y.
142 E. 42nd St.

#38 3/4 ACTUAL SIZE

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



***SIMPSON CLOTHES**



RICH IN COLOR and DESIGN

★ Never before have Simpson fabrics been so varied in appealing design and pattern. Never before have styles selected by Simpson designers been so flattering.

BE "BEST DRESSED" ... not just dressed!

The distinction added to your personality by Simpson clothes, tailored for *you* and you alone, is worth a good deal in your daily life. Write today for beautifully illustrated folder "Hollywood Stars and the Way They Dress." Dept. E-11.

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Display Rooms in Many Cities

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Exceptionally Fine Quality
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12 Decks \$5.50
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American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1480 B'way, N.Y.

SHORT
men wear Staturoid shoes to increase their HEIGHT.

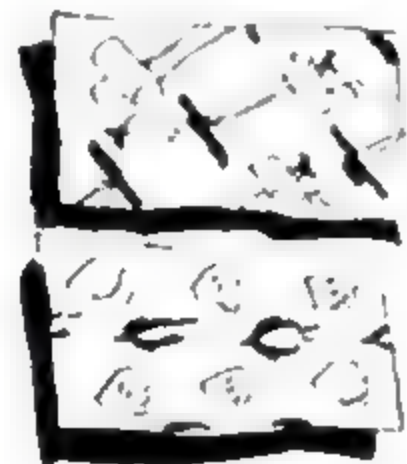
TALL
men wear Staturoid shoes to improve their POSTURE.



Choice of smart styles and quality leathers; comfortable fit guaranteed. Built-up feature does not show. Thousands in use by well-dressed men everywhere. Write or telephone for catalog, sent in plain wrapper.

JOSEPH BURGER
2067-T THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
When in New York visit my store and factory... See these fine shoes being made

THE HILLBILLIES COME TO TOWN. Yessir, Gran'pa, Paul Webb's hillbillies are doing fine. Going right commercial too. A couple of bright young lassies who've never seen the Ozark Hills have adopted them, trappings and all, and produced some very nice things for female college and country wear. There's sport jewelry including bracelets and necklaces of wooden wagon wheels and corn likker jugs. Also wooden pins of the same designs and one of



handsome old Zeke himself. There are blouses of spun rayon challis in fine bright colors with jug and corn, wagon wheel and old rural mail box designs. The red flannel "underwear" shirt should do nicely on brisk fall mornings. There are also suspender skirts and Webb inspired corduroy jackets. We knew old Gran'pappy would come to no good, but winding up on the Vassar campus—tsk, tsk!

COME FALL, COME SWEATERS. When cold weather rolls around, something new usually turns up in the way of sweaters. And 1939 is no exception. A coast manufacturer has added a definite fillip to the wearing of sweaters, always a popular masculine pastime anyway. He's done this by means of a smooth yoke lining that precludes any "itch" possibilities of prickly wools, makes them easier to put on and helps keep their shape. For the cardigan-minded, there's a faithful reproduction of an expensive Scotch sweater in soft mock cashmere (left), a type that's rapidly becoming standard for college and general country wear. The yoke lining has also been incorporated in British-ribbed, wool sport jackets (right). There are other models and they all come in a variety of colors.

BUTTON YOUR NUMBER. Saving that all important minute—the great American bugaboo—is a fine thing if you don't die too young to appreciate it. Anyhoo, by means of a new type of automatic index, you can now look up an address or telephone number in no more time than it takes to push the contraption's little red button. Useful for home or office, you merely slide the index indicator to the initial you're interested in, push the button, and up pops the card bearing said initial. Comes in black, brown, or ivory bakelite. The more elaborate ones (see cut) are cased in walnut, have a calendar and clock parked at the top of the case. No more thumbing through telephone books, and think, mes amigos, of those 3 guys you know called Smith.

HARD NIGHT, MY FRIEND? Or "what nice red eyes you have, grandma." Those "morning-after" remarks are sometimes hard to bear, and they can usually be traced to one place—your peepers. Comes a solution, a new eye-easer which, it's said, quickly relieves fatigue and strain, and clears and refreshes the whites. It's used with a dropper and is compounded from the formula of a celebrated eye specialist. There's also an eye lotion, used the eye cup method, for wholesale eye bathing when cleansing, and not a repair job, is wanted.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Spiffy COLLAR STAY
Holds your collar neat and trim



PREVENTS CURLING PREVENTS WRINKLES

SELF ADJUSTABLE AND INVISIBLE

GET A SPIFFY STAY today

At Your Men's Shop or Jeweler It gives you that starched collar appearance with soft collar comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send 25¢ coin or stamps. For silver, 50¢ for Deluxe 24k Gold finish. State name and address of dealer who was unable to supply you and we will include free an attractive tie chain.

CREST SPECIALTY CO.
663 W. Washington Street, Desk K, Chicago, Illinois

31 SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVES GUARANTEED FROM EACH TYPE BLADE

The new, amazing *Hydromatic* Razor Blade Sharpener saves you 700% or more on razor blades! With a *Hydromatic*, one ordinary gillette-type blade will give several weeks—not just two or three days—of superlative shaving. The *Hydromatic* does what no other device can do—it automatically puts super-keen precision edges on blades—edges even finer than those on brand new blades! Test it yourself. See what grand shaves you get. Results guaranteed or your money back. Durably, dependably constructed of Stainless Steel, du Pont Pyralin and Plastacele. An ideal gift. \$1.00 postpaid.

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★ The Gift that keeps Giving ★

ROCHESTER SHOE TREES

Keep Your Shoes Fit



TRAVEL TREE —for Men and Women

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THOSE WHO VALUE APPEARANCE
At your favorite dealer—or write
ROCHESTER SHOE TREE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

OLD PIPES MADE LIKE NEW

Don't discard your favorite pipe. Send it to us for rebuilding. No repair job too difficult. **Complete selection—Susani, G.B.D., Comoy, Peterson, Meerschaum, KPS (our make) and other popular brands.** Trade-in allowance on old pipes. We buy and sell pipe collections. Send your broken pipe for **FREE repair estimate**—no obligation. **FREE** catalog of new pipes and pipe repairs. **MACKAY PIPE CO., 40N. Wells St., Dept. 32, Chicago**

SHU-RAK

Keeps shoes on the door—off the floor
Finest Tioga Oak Leather. Holds 6 pr. shoes. Will not catch dust. Sanitary. A practical gift. Dept. Stores—Men's Shops—\$4, or order direct.

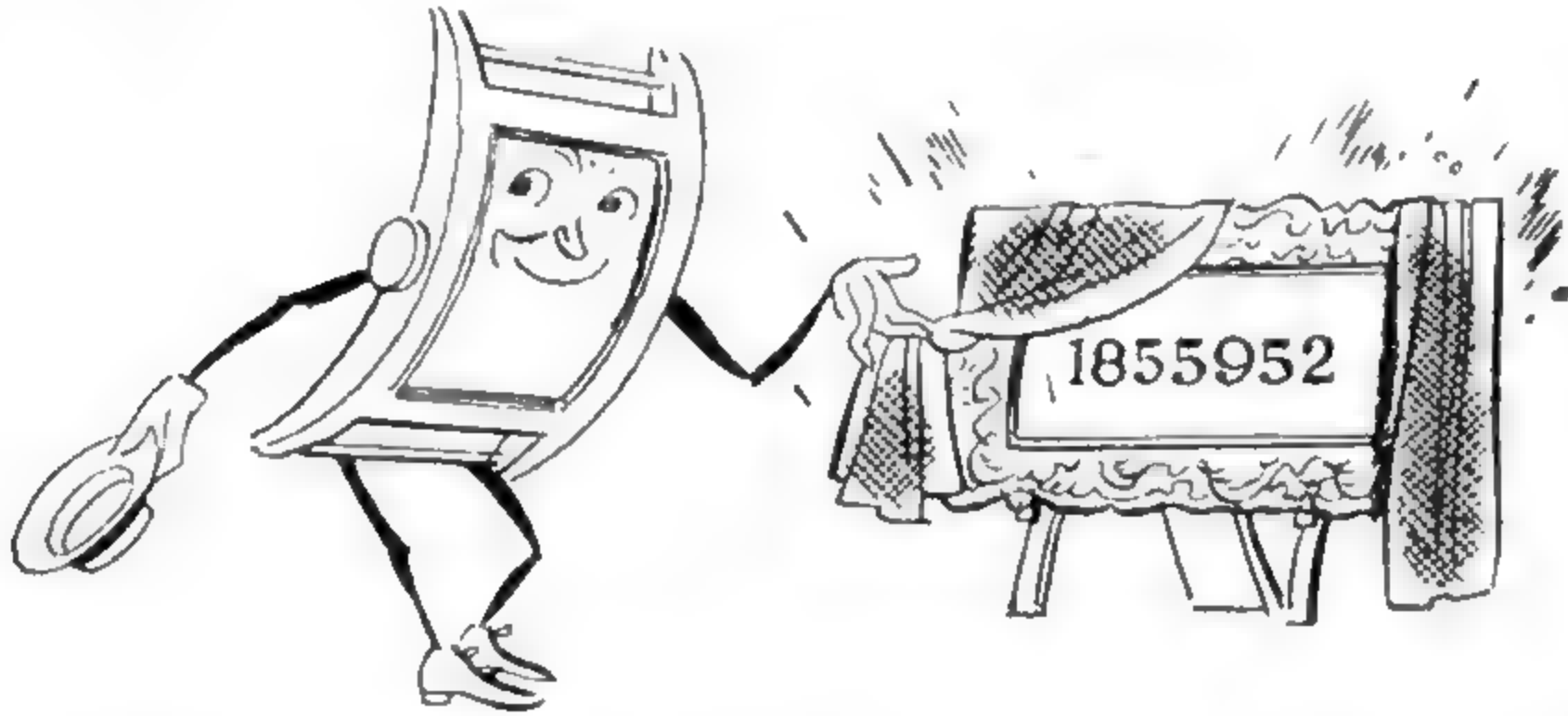
Specialties For Dogs
Send for booklet on leather collars, harnesses, leashes. Large mfgs. Attractive prices.



MAIL COUPON
J. C. DECKER, INC., MONTGOMERY, PA.
Enclosed is \$..... Please send me.....
..... SHU-RAKS. Dog Booklet
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

No one else can do it for you until 1952!

1. In 1935, Gruen achieved something entirely new in the world of watches . . . a wristwatch with case and movement curved to fit the curve of the wrist. We called this new watch Gruen *Curvex* and patented it. A famous columnist called it "the world's first *true* wristwatch" . . .



2. The Curvex was an immediate hit—with an immediate parade of imitators. And when Gruen followed with Curvex for women, the imitators fell into line once again.



3. But neither the men's nor the women's Gruen Curvex has yet been really copied at all! Because they couldn't be. What Gruen had made was not just a new *style*, but a new *kind* of watch. And Gruen had that watch protected by patent, for seventeen years! Until 1952, the name *Gruen Curvex* will stand for something that *no* other curved wristwatch can give you!

4. Now—the real difference between a Gruen Curvex and any other curved wristwatch is not a difference in looks. It's something deeper than that. It's a difference in the working parts *inside* the curved case.



5. Not only the case, but the movement itself is curved, by Gruen's revolutionary principle, to provide more room for working parts. The result is a stronger, longer lasting movement than is otherwise possible. With its larger and more accurate wheel train, the Gruen Curvex gives pocket-watch precision with wristwatch convenience.

6. Meanwhile Gruen presents an important addition to the Curvex family now at Gruen jewelers' . . . a new Curvex, for men and for women, still more sharply curved to wear at the *side* of your wrist.



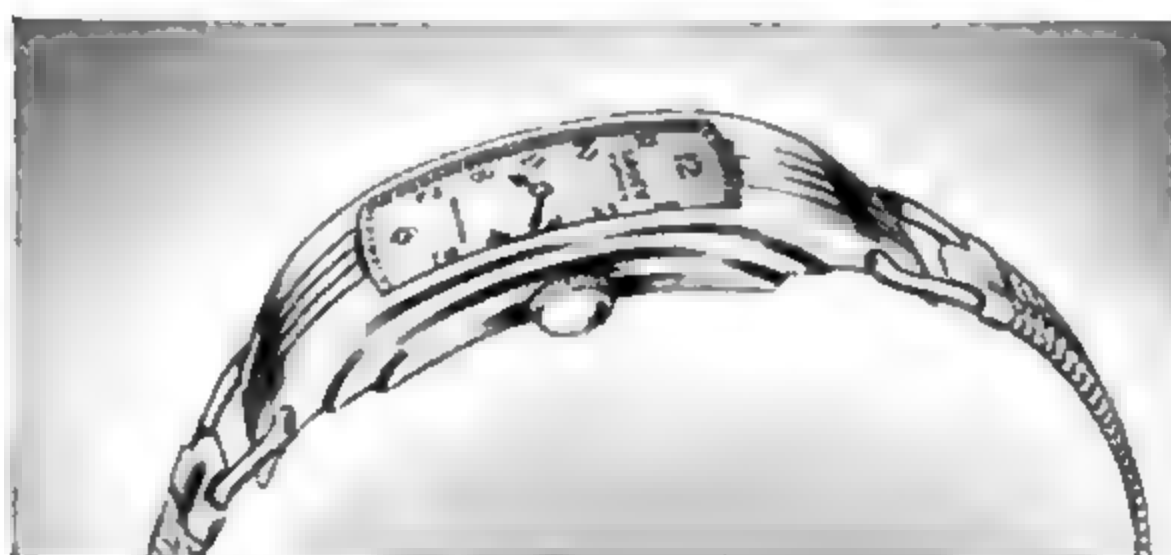
7. You'll be surprised what a difference that makes . . . when you strap one on your own wrist. We invite you to do that today or tomorrow . . . and to remember that *Curvex* is more than the name of the *first* curved wristwatches . . . it's the name of the only ones curved inside and out! Look for the name—GRUEN CURVEX—on the dial.



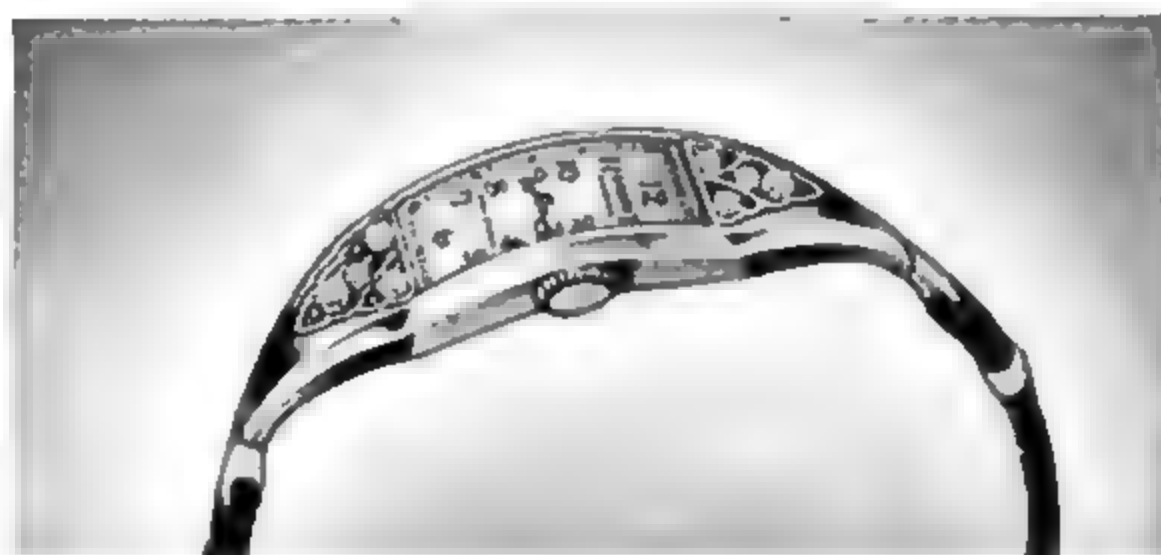
CURVEX CADET, 17-jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case . . . \$47.50.



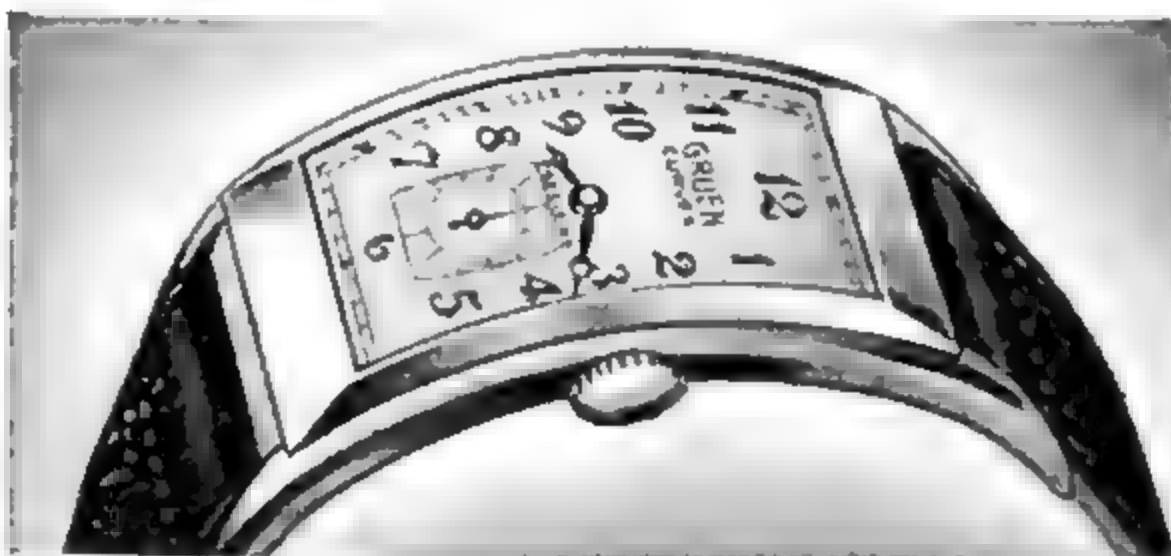
CURVEX COUNTESS, 17-jewel Precision, yellow or white gold-filled case . . . \$42.50.



CURVEX DUCHESS, 17-jewel Precision, yellow or white gold-filled case . . . \$49.75.



CURVEX TSARINA, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold case set with 8 fine diamonds . . . \$100.



CURVEX LIEUTENANT, 17-jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case . . . \$50.



CURVEX MARSHALL, 17-jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case . . . \$59.50.

WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



THE CURVEX* WAY
Patented, full-size movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



THE OLD WAY
Only the case is curved. The ordinary flat movement is reduced in size and ruggedness to fit inside the curved case.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952, Re. 20480, Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1936 by The Gruen Watch Co.

GRUEN *Curvex**

Gruen watches range from \$24.75 to \$250; with precious stones, up to \$2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

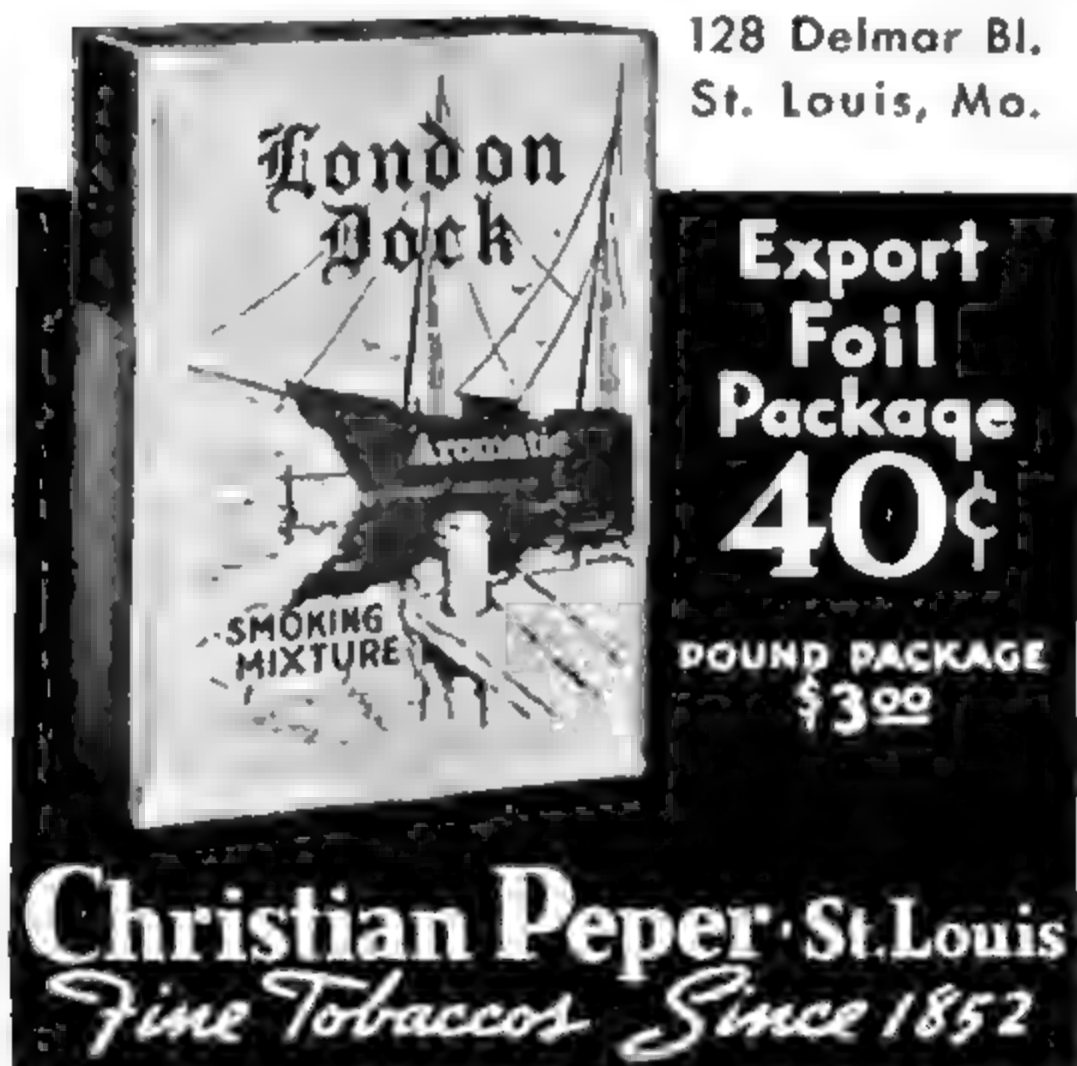
GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



TALK about being "pipe popular"—say, the instant folks get a whiff of the rich aroma from aromatic London Dock, they can't hold back approval—femmes especially. Here's a special blend of mellow, mild tobaccos that just naturally makes you "go steady" with your favorite pipe. See your dealer for London Dock, America's finest aromatic tobacco, today—or send 10c for a generous sample to...

128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.



The Glass Hat

Completing its second sensational year. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner or supper. Dine and dance in smart surroundings. Popular circular bar.

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Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York

Internationally famous for its
Fine Food and Italian Delicacies

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SINCE 1916

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
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CURTAIN DINNER
before the Theatre
7 to 8:30 nightly

Served with dispatch to get you
there when the curtain goes up.
No Covert or Minimum

The SHERRY NETHERLAND

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET
Where the Park begins

Brahmins of the business and social world who stickle for the niceties and don't care a hoot for notoriety, have found Robert of 33 West 55th a dependable fellow. His criteria of cuisine and service are those of the best places in London and Paris. If his chef were ever guilty of a dish unfit for a duchess, it would be thrown into the refuse-can. But one encounters no signs of such catastrophies. Instead, town-car footmen are summoned in to fetch chilled pails of Robert's Cream of Leeks so that Mr. and Mrs. Upper-crust won't have to worry along with the sort of soup that the chef at their shack in Tuxedo or Greenwich tureens for them. And Robert has choice things, too, to dally with in his stemware—either at your table or as preludes and postludes in the *rigolo* little Drum Bar.

Spiffed out with new rugs, new drapes, complete re-upholstery and boxes of long-stemmed gladioli (if your roundsman is an accurate flower recognizer), the handsome Versailles at 151 East 50th has greeted the autumn with a bang: Sophie Tucker. When this hardy perennial has acquitted herself of her responsibilities here, the heat will be taken over by Gertrude Niesen, Amour's own volcano. Maestro Maximilian Bergere has plunged into his fourth season at this spot, and Panchito and rhumba assistants whip up Cuban commotions of a notably urgent sort. Eats are ultra-ultra. If you like curries, the Versailles is an elegant place to go for and at them.

Smörgasborders are in clover at the Castleholm (344 West 57th), with Aquavit as their starter-offer. If there is any item of Scandinavia's entire repertoire missing from the picture, we can't imagine what it could be, nor how the human system could find a chink for it, even with the help of Scandinavian beer to escort it on its way rejoicing. And all this bounty is either specially imported or foxily prepared upon the premises by career men. Give these artificers 48 hours' notice and they'll subtly pickle you slabs of fresh Nova Scotia salmon into authentic *gravlax* (tastes something like smoked salmon, only more intricate, more supernal), served with a secret sauce. Right off the bat, there is royal gorging to be done with such victims as Cold Fruit Soup, Swedish Pork Pancakes with Lingonberries, Boiled Lamb in Dill, and Swedish Punch Pudding—one of the house's creations. Somehow your belt feels beautiful.

Sullivan Street's much visited Jimmy Kelly has set up a typical tale-conditioned show in his table-hemmed-in skittle alley. Joe Carter is on duty, as ever, with his pogo lute, the Montmartre Boys choralize, and the gals tap, bubble and feather their way through cultural routines, all very symbolic. When we were there the other evening, two especially jocund tables of Texans were giving evidence that home on the range wasn't being longed for at the moment. Nor could one detect any nostalgia on the part of travelers from Broadway and Park Avenue. Fact is, Dr. Kelly's remedy for that down feeling has takers from all over, and they thrive on it visibly. And come back for more.

Book publishers and other brow-knitters who have their offices in the neighborhood of Park Avenue's lower end, and who feel the need of a recuperant after the day's irks, have made the Hotel Vanderbilt's Bar their way station. It's a friendly cavern and a cordial one. As you relax and sip, parking your elbows on an old oaken table, the waiter brings you tasty little hot ham sandwiches on French bread, slivered in your honor by veteran Tony of the white cap, who has been cooking hams and presiding over them here for sixteen years or so. They look trivial, but they're phenomenal.

*Persian Room
at the Plaza*

**EDDY
DUCHIN**

and his Unrivalled Orchestra

**PAUL
DRAPER**

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DAILY AND SUNDAY

*Persian Room
at the Plaza*

FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST. • NEW YORK

Now In Its
THIRD Year!

Hawaiian Room

Hundreds of thousands have enjoyed the famous native music and dancing at this unique restaurant and its popularity is ever increasing!



You'll like stopping at this friendly hotel! Personalized service—convenient location.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

Lexington Ave. at 48th St., New York
Charles E. Rochester, Vice-Pres. & Mng. Dir.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE

ASTOR BAR

HOTEL ASTOR • TIMES SQUARE, N. Y.





Announcing
THREE NEW STUDEBAKERS
The head-line of 1940

The line that's ahead in new lower prices . . . new eye appeal, new roomy comfort, solid safety and long-lived economy!

★ ★ ★

STOP the presses! . . . Replate the front page! . . . Hold everything for a red-hot new headline! . . . The new Studebakers of 1940 have arrived!

A new Studebaker President! A new Studebaker Commander! A new Studebaker Champion!

Three beautiful, roomy, restful-riding, new 1940 editions of the famed Studebakers that hold records for economy and endurance!

Three value-loaded, new 1940 Studebakers with which you can yardstick the money's worth of all the other cars!

Three brilliantly engineered new Studebakers, soundly built to last for years by America's ablest car craftsmen!

Studebaker gave ace designer, Raymond

PRICES BEGIN AT

\$660

for a Champion coupe, delivered at factory, South Bend. Prices subject to change without notice. Optional equipment and accessories — extra.

Loewy, a free hand with the eye appeal of these three 1940 headliners.

And so you have the pride and satisfaction of owning the best there is in attractive exterior lines and deep-bedded interior luxury, whether you pay as little as \$660 delivered at the factory for a 1940 Champion—a little more for a Studebaker Commander or a Studebaker President!

See your local Studebaker dealer and go for a revealing, 10-mile drive in a new 1940 President, Commander or Champion.

You don't need a lot of ready cash—your present car can cover part, perhaps all the down payment on C. I. T. terms.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

THE WORLD'S FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN

Imported from England - of course!

DIS-TILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

86 PROOF

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Sole Distributors for the United States

PAUL WHITEMAN and his Orchestra with his All Star Show nightly in the new TERRACE ROOM HOTEL NEW YORKER 34th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York

When We Say French Cuisine, You Know What We Mean!

DINNER \$1.50

LEON & EDDIE'S

33 W 52 ST • NEW YORK

Never a Cover Charge

DIVAN PARISIEN

Le Restaurant Par Excellence

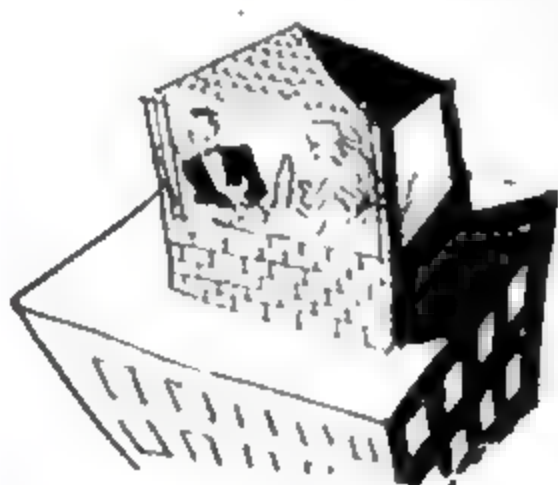
CUISINE FRANCAISE

FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD

FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS

17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

With hotel roof restaurants now closed for the season, lunchers and diners who hate to be deprived of landscape with their meals take comfort in the fact that the Penthouse Club (30 Central Park South), with its lordly outlook, keeps right on going. An all-the-year aerie, no less.



Fodder is Parisien, plus sundry well chosen Russian specialties, and service is on a level with the location itself. To enhance your mood of detachment from an imperfect world, there is truly virtuoso violining by gypsy Michael Weiner, accompanied by the adept Paul Taubman who operates a piano with one hand and a pipe organ with the other. Chauffeurs downstairs yawn, wondering what's keeping the mahster so long.

Doodad queen Dorothy Draper, schemer of the highly successful decors of the Carlyle, Hampshire House, and Fette's Monte Carlo, has tossed out the once cherished flamingoes which presided over your imbibing at Sherry's (300 Park Avenue), and has contrived an entire new Bar, with elite dinette adjoining. In toto, it's neat rather than sultry with sumptuousness. The counter, where high-stooled "umpires" watch the barman's serving, is backed with Delft blue tiles of ships and musketeers. Blue-and-white Mae-West-waisted Chinese vases occupy brackets where they can't get bumped. Upholstery and patronage are select.

Down in the southern fringe of Washington Square, the Club Gaucho (245 Sullivan Street), always picturesque, has acquired new shots of color in the shape of a set of murals by the bang-up South American artist Milo. Also, a troupe of spirited dancers and singers new to America. Those esteemed rhumba fiends, Los Gauchos (no relation to Gaucho Marx), still supply the music, and the quaint well is still undrunk from. Host Pedro, from Buenos Aires, who greets you with hidalgo courtesy at an old Spanish gate, is pardonably proud of his Arroz con Pollo and his cellar treasures.

18 West 52nd Street, birthplace of Jack White's "18" Club, is being reverently preserved for posterity (but without prejudice toward people of today) by his former trustees, Don and Mac. As a quiet spot on a noisy street, it has haven appeal, which is abetted by the lure of steaks worth while and commendable coffee. Cabaret songstresses drop in for a beer in peace. Lads with the lowdown on this and that come to swap it. The only music is what you instigate with nickels in the slot, and it comes out soft and smooth, the machine having been throttled in accordance with the Don and Mac policy of compassion for the human nervous system.

Typifying the fact that Gallic civilization stems from the philosophy and fine art of fastidious eating, the Maison Française of Rockefeller Center has as its fundamental that true temple of gourmet-ism, the Café Louis XIV (15 West 49th), to which American palates come as pilgrims. Strangers from the sticks have here been afforded their first awed view of the pageantry of pheasant serving and caviar scooping, and have hearkened, thrilled, to the tattoo of Champagne corks. Mainly, though, this swankdom, named for a king who was fussy about getting what he wanted, is the happy splurgery of New Yorkers who know. And maitre Jacques Bonaudi, a walking encyclopedia of dishes and drinks, is their suave pro in the game of exploring the glories of the menu and the wine list.

In the heart of Chinatown, where Pell Street T's with Mott, a flight of stairs, seemingly bound for the family circle, leads up to the time-honored, but now modernistic egg roll institute of moon-faced host Lee. No matter what the hour of day or night, you'll find the faithful flying at Sweet and Pungent Spare Ribs, shrimps in Chinese styles, etc. Such flavors!



Served WHEREVER QUALITY DRINKS ARE THE RULE OF THE HOUSE!

Don Q Rum

PUERTO RICAN

PRODUCT OF DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC. PONCE, PUERTO RICO

ENJOY the Spirit of the Tropics

For perfection in any rum drink—use this fragrant Puerto Rican rum. 86 Proof

WHITE LABEL for cocktails GOLD LABEL for tall drinks

Copr. 1939, Nat. Distillers Prod. Corp., N.Y.

NO PEARLS GUARANTEED

but we promise you as succulent an oyster as you ever tasted. Luscious tongue-teasing oysters, fresh with ocean spray, are rushed DAILY from cool salty depths straight to your plate. World Famous For Fine Oysters

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL RESTAURANT AND OYSTER BAR

LOWER LEVEL — GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

FAMOUS RUM DRINKS HAWAIIAN BAR

ALEXANDRA

FOR MEN WHO PREFER DINING TO EATING

8 East 49th. PLaza 3-1542

SMART ENTERTAINING SUPERB DINNERS DELIGHTFUL DANCING

MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S

CHEZ PARÉE

CHICAGO



Not only are Alpagora coats styled to the minute but beyond their outward virtues are hidden qualities proven by test—giving 38% longer wear—25% more warmth—weighing a full 2 lbs. less than the average overcoat. Alpagora is a knitted blend of soft lustrous Alpaca plus rugged mohair and fine protective wool. Scientifically Mothproofed and Showerproofed. Only nationwide demand makes possible these unbelievably low prices. At your local clothier or write Stratbury, Dept. E, Galion, Ohio, **\$25⁰⁰** for nearest dealer. The year 'round weight

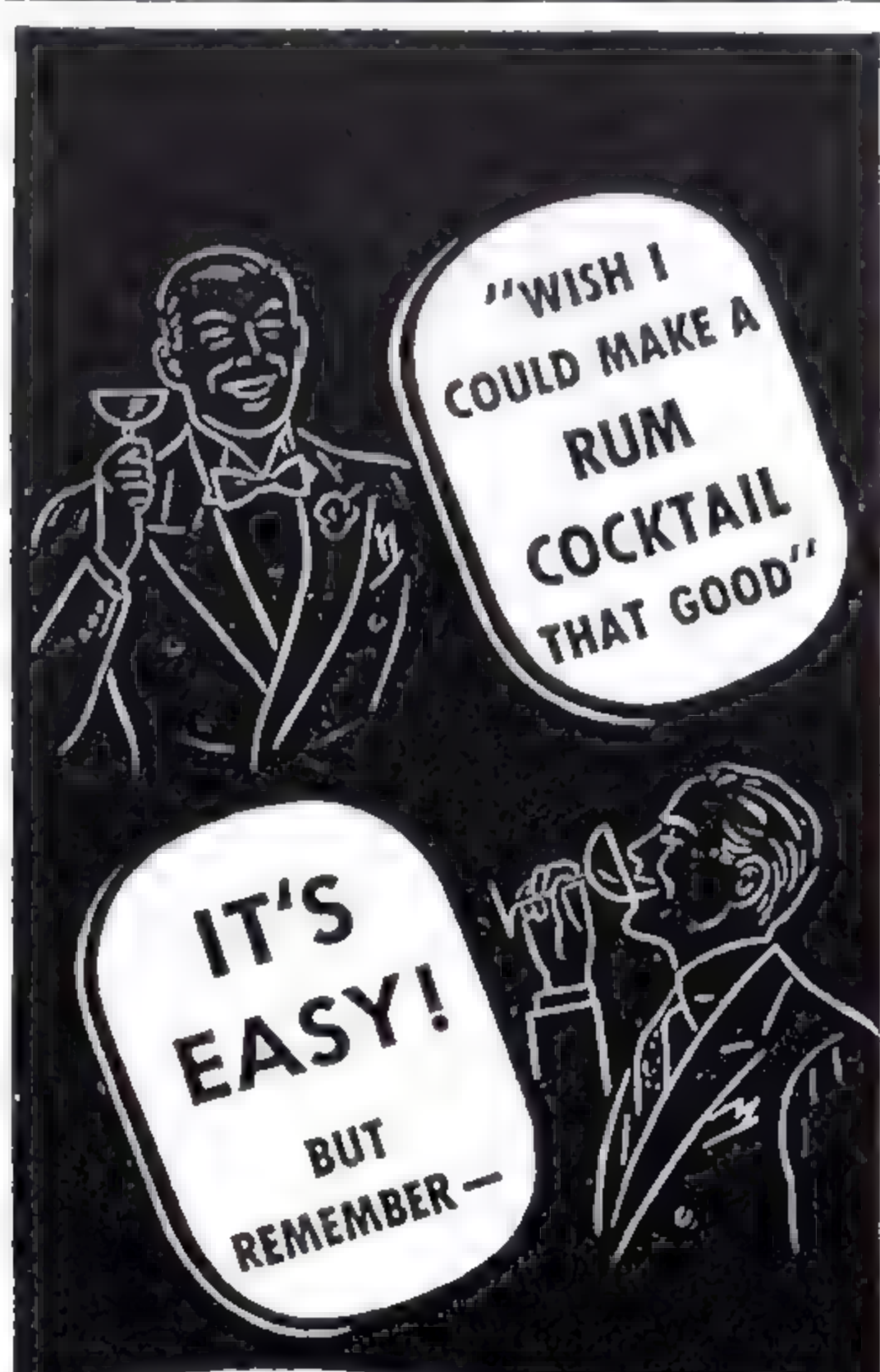
Some styles \$27.50. The overcoat \$32.50

MOTHPROOF



SHOWERPROOF

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL 8 YEARS OLD—97 PROOF

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The general cheerup in Wall Street is reflected by the late afternoon and evening swarm at Lawler's, 95 Liberty Street, to which the financial fraternity gravitates when they are feeling good and want to feel even better. You can tell how active the day has been by the density of the celebrating and the types of beverages partaken of—quick snorts or magnums. As each notable rallies to the fold, the barman starts pouring his regular medicine, and the pianist strikes up his favorite tune, so that everybody will know he has arrived, and give him the proper acknowledgments. A stranger might mistake these bulls and bears for camels.

Wielders of small tridents chez Billy the Oysterman are now applying themselves greedily to Peconic and Gardiner's Bay plumpies, fresh roused out of select bivalve-simmonses in those further and better purloins of Long Island. When these have gone to glory, Lynnhavens and Chincoteagues of Maryland are due for a like fate. Other prong prey include



"bay" scallops—small and tender as compared with their large, tough "sea" cousins, of common use—served delicately broiled, not fried, and without bread-ing; broiled lobsters whisked from Maine and Nova Scotia; and clams, clams, clams. Landlubber palates can even have steaks and chops. Originated by William I in 1872 as a simple stall, this erster academy is now split like its specialties, into two halves, with William II running the show at newfangled 10 West 47th Street, and his brother Harry bonifacing the old-fashioned open-grilled establishment at 7 West 20th Street. You takes your choice, whetted by a cocktail of well-known Champagne fruited with orange, cherry and fresh pineapple.

The new sidewalk bib at 10 East 52nd, announcing the name Portorose, signifies that folks from all over who used to make expeditions down to West 13th Street for the sake of artful eats dispensed by a certain Harry Scrabogna, are now getting them here. Instead of stuffy air, which was the one joker about his old stand, there is proper conditioning and thorough modernity of appointments as befits Harry's new neighborhood. Ducks pressed while you wait.

Goaded by that indefatigable gourmet, Crosby Gaige, the spice interests, professional and amateur, threw themselves a party the other day at Colbert's in honor of seasonal seasoning opportunities. Exemplifying what's what in flavor aids, these folks have got together a vastly genteel satinwood cabinet (Charles Millward, formerly of the theatre, *fecit*) of 46 hand-blown glass jars containing everything from saffron at \$45 a pound to pepper at a few pennies. So if our Thanksgiving and Christmas aren't adequately nutmegged, etc., we'll have no alibi.

Yarn about town alleges that five midgets were seen going at a Gallagher sirloin . . . All sorts of rumors afloat about new spots to be opened in the London manner with aristocratic patronage assured. Nudge us any time any of them comes through . . . Dancing at the Chanticleer (Millburn, New Jersey) is being done to the music of George Sterney, snared from his Park Avenue *monde* . . . These macadamia nuts, from Hawaii, now bowled to you at selector bars, are good crunching . . . The way Ripley's Odditorium (Broadway at 48th) is packing them in! Museumist P. T. Barnum must roll over in his grave in envy . . . Manhattanites who scoff at Staten Island as sleepy can't have visited the Old Mill in Grassmere on Hylan Boulevard and beheld the Country Club set in action there o'nights . . . The Russian Kretchma's current season is its sweet sixteenth. Proof of what verve can do, with the help of vodka . . . Smoked Nova Scotia salmon at Jack and Charlie's "21" is thin-sliced from junior size unsalted fish—Jack's brother Mac explaining that anything larger wouldn't be really refined.



BEGINNING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20th
THE INIMITABLE

**DWIGHT
FISKE**

IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO
AFTER THE THEATRE in the
Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

**EMILE
PETTI**

and his
Cosmopolitans



THE
COCKTAIL HOUR

DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

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... An actual stone and mortar "store"
Operated by the Magazine for Men in
the interest of selected gift shoppers
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and most original gifts, shown in a
magnificent setting, segregated and
classified for easy choosing staffed
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tendants who will sell you nothing,
but will arm you with lists of retail
stores where you may buy what you
have seen. . . plus information on decor-
ating and lighting the home and the
newest and smartest way to wrap gifts.

Two Important Announcements by OLDSMOBILE

1

A Big New Luxury Eight "THE CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"

For those who want a *luxury* car, Oldsmobile introduces the new, 110 H. P. Custom "8" Cruiser . . . built on a new and improved Rhythmic Ride Chassis of 124-inch wheelbase . . . and graced by a handsome, new streamlined Body by Fisher.



2

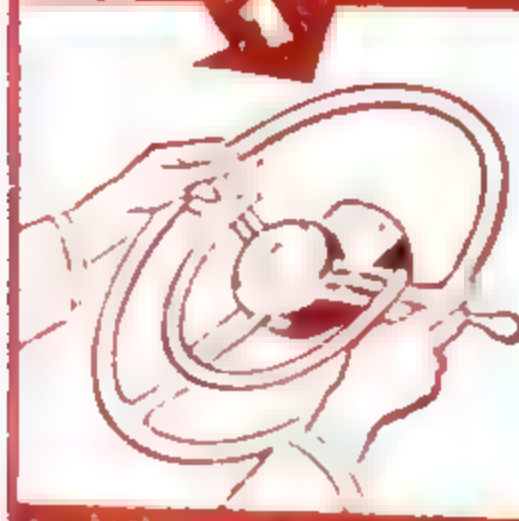
AN ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF DRIVE - THE Hydra-Matic Drive!

FOR THOSE who want the absolute last word in flashing, flowing performance . . . the ultimate in driving ease and convenience . . . Oldsmobile announces the amazing new Hydra-Matic Drive, optional at extra cost on all Custom "8" Cruiser models. The Hydra-Matic Drive is an entirely

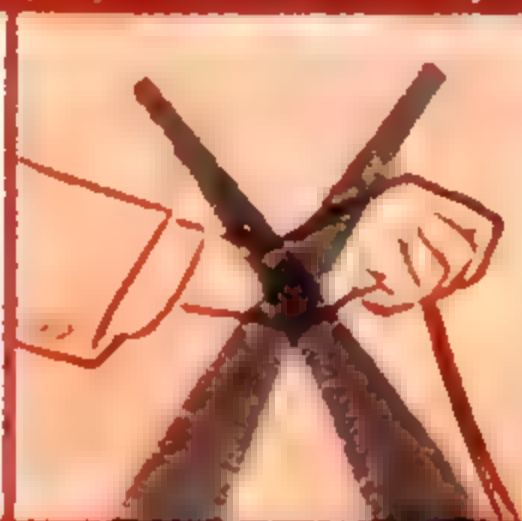
new system of transmitting power . . . a combination of liquid flywheel and fully automatic transmission. It eliminates two of the five usual operations of driving . . . reduces driving to its simplest terms. Oldsmobile cordially invites you to try this greatest engineering advancement of the year!



ALL YOU DO TO DRIVE IS



STEER



SHIFT



STEP ON IT



DE-CLUTCH



STOP

No clutch to press . . . no gears to shift! That's what you'll find when you take the wheel of "General Motors' most distinctive car". . . that and a driving thrill you've never known before!

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EMIL COLEMAN
and His Orchestra

Dinner and Supper Dancing
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King of Swing, has returned to

The Informal
EMPIRE ROOM

Dinner and Supper Dancing
(Entrée selected determines cost of dinner)
Couvert after 11 P. M., \$1.00
Friday and Saturday, \$1.50

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA



THE Bowman ROOM

HORACE HEIDT
and his MUSICAL KNIGHTS

Dinner and Supper Dancing, and
Continuous Entertainment

THE BILTMORE
Madison Ave. at 43rd St., New York

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S
RESTAURANTS

The Colony

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Now! DE MARCOS

SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

That's no panic you see nightly at 8th Avenue and 34th Street. It's just the impetuous worshippers of Paul Whiteman trying to hurdle their way into the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room where he is serving his music to the lucky.

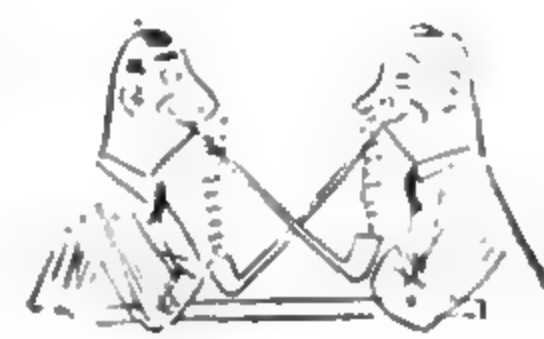
"Will you trust me on a cocktail?" suggests white-haired Julius as he wall-settles us at one of the tables in the Divan Parisien's rear paddock of which he is captain. We do, implicitly, on the strength of his fifteen years here at 17 East 45th, after fourteen at Delmonico's (Fifth Avenue) of fragrant memory. And the result of our trust is a Divan Cocktail, invented by him, consisting of Cuban Rum, pine-



apple juice and lemon juice, flecked with finely chopped mint. Huzzah! Thus primed, we progress to Sole en Papillote (in the bag) with mushrooms, shrimps, and snails; then Chicken Bigarade (orange plugged sauce hitherto met with only on duck; this chef has imagination) squired by a bottle of Pommard 1929 (Sichel); salad, worked out in a wooden bowl which has functioned for seventeen years; cherry arson on ice cream; Café Diable (devilish good coffee with Cognac); Grand Marnier. A nourishing sort of place. If you don't bring an appetite, you'll get one out of the atmosphere.

Debs are Persian kitting at the Plaza with Eddy Duchin supplying the catnip and Paul Draper as tapping fawn . . . Unbelievers who responded "Oh yeah?" to our report that the great big International Casino was at last out of the woods with a click, now are on a diet of their own words. Click is so substantial, podiumist Ranny Weeks has been dotted-lined for a six months stretch, anyhow . . . Two visits to a new entry called The Troc (West 52nd) in an endeavor to find out why anybody would want to go there, left us still stumped . . . The St. Moritz's Café de la Paix has Eddie Varzos romancing the dancing . . . Those sepia bullfinches, the Tisdale Trio, are ninth-seasoning at the Coq Rouge (65 East 56th), where socialite songstress Anne Francine (last year's amateur contest winnah) is back again . . . Tip for Horse Show attenders: the blue ribbon spot for a drink is the Tap and Tack Room in the Garden itself—but unless you are an exhibitor, a boxholder, a patron, or a member of the National Horse Show Association, you must be vouched for by someone who is.

The English mutton chop tally at Keen's (36th just East of Sixth Avenue) is now well into its second million, and when you try one of these juicy whoppers, you understand why. Technically speaking, it isn't just the mutton, it is the trick processing that makes them the way they are—though a pewter tankard of ale on the side is a contributing factor. Likewise the looks and spirit of the place, its ceiling crowded with the 1400 churchwarden clays of members of the Pipe Club. A regular believer calls for his pipe after his meal, has it filled for him by an aproned immortal, and is Old King Cole in person.



Evidently in league with the optical interests, the Paradise (Broadway at 49th) is promoting eyestrain more intensively than ever. When its revue stage glides out over the dance floor, the cargo thereon is so dazzlesome you're galvanized.

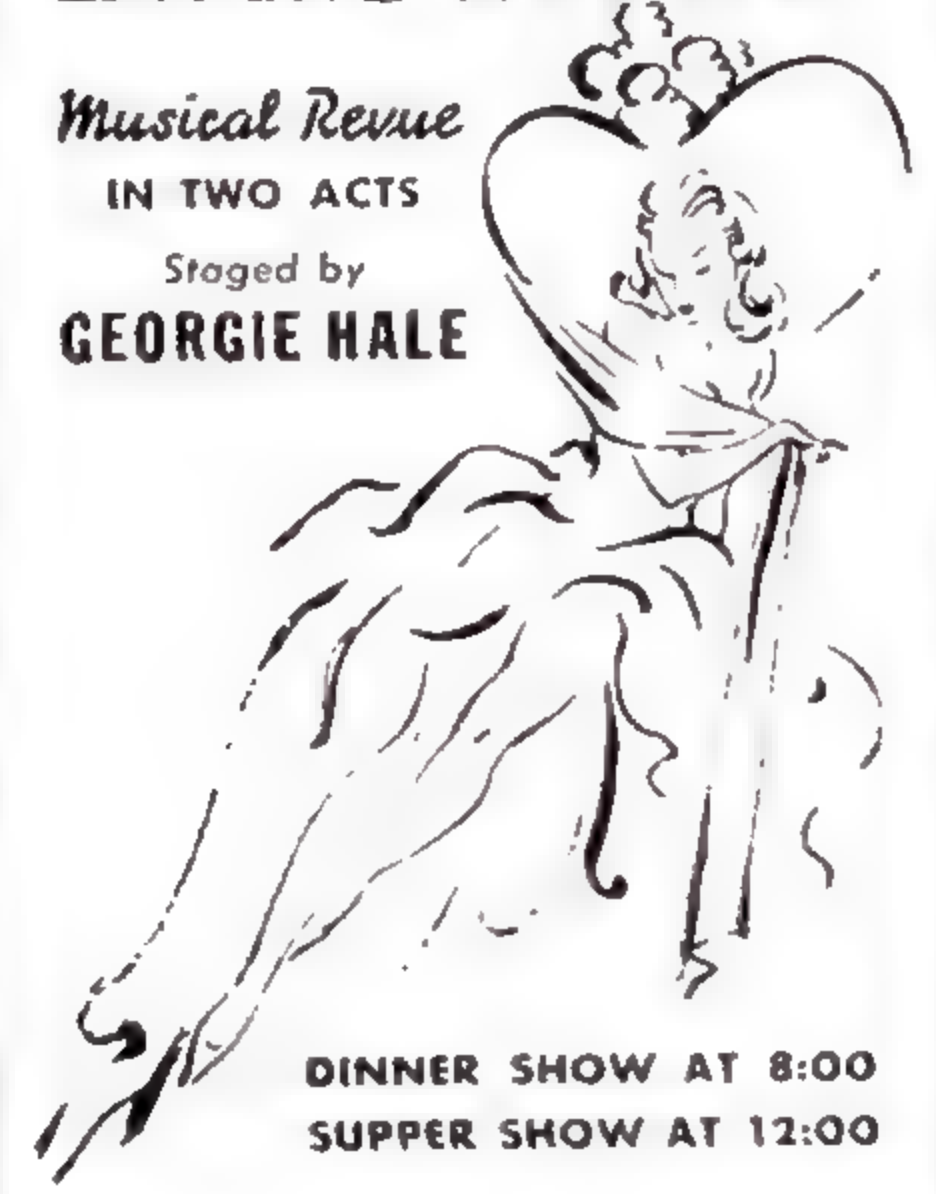
"WARNING: Don't shake me till you taste your food, lest too much salt destroy its zest", says a tag which hangs, like a sporran, on every salt-cellar at the Alexandra (8 East 49th). Indeed, nary a grain is needed, the seasoning in the kitchen is so meticulous—dishes are born tasty. Hence, the big popularity of this smallish place, which now boasts a good looking bamboo-corseted Bar for staging its Hawaiian Daiquiris. Open Sabbaths.

"A Thriller"
says **WALTER WINCHELL**

"THE WORLD'S MOST ELABORATE SHOW"
says **LOUIS SOBOL**

"HELLO BEAUTIFUL"

Musical Revue
IN TWO ACTS
Staged by
GEORGIE HALE



DINNER SHOW AT 8:00
SUPPER SHOW AT 12:00

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GEORGE STERNEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Dinner & Supper Dancing
30 MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN

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The ULTIMATE in SUPPER CLUBS
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SMARTEST BAR IN TOWN!

THE NEW
Sherry Bar

AIR-CONDITIONED
DECORATED BY DOROTHY DRAPER

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
SHERRY'S
300 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

MAN HUNT IN A

LONDON FOG



1. "Anything can happen in a London fog. After chasing all over Europe after a certain British peer, I just missed him again when I traced him to his London hotel. I dashed out and asked a bobby which way he'd gone.

2. "Off I went on a taxicab chase through the fog, only to discover that I'd lost him again! And my boat sailed at midnight! To warm my chilled spirits, I had the driver take me to Boodle's for a Canadian Club. There, in the bar, was my elusive Britisher!

3. "'How did you know you could find me here?' he asked. I explained I'd merely dropped in for my usual evening custom of a Canadian Club and soda. 'Amazing!' he exclaimed. 'My custom, too!' When we parted on the steps of the club, I still had time to make my boat. And thanks to our mutual admiration for that whisky of yours having drawn us together, I could go home and report that my mission had been successful. I say, three cheers for the cheering flavor of Canadian Club!"



Even in the British Isles, Canadian Club is the leading seller among Imported Whiskies

WANT to know why Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky in the British Isles, as well as

in the U. S. A.? Your first delightful sip of a delicately rich Canadian Club highball or smooth Manhattan will tell you!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet with an instantly recognizable deliciousness all its own. Try

your usual drink with this unusual whisky and you'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

*Canadian
Club*

6 YEARS OLD





Calling on Domergue to glorify the Xmas Esquire



On the Normandie's last trip, just before the blackout of Europe's peace, the famous French artist Jean-Gabriel Domergue sent us the sum of a summer's work, a group of paintings and drawings for one of the *four huge gatefold portfolios to be featured in the Christmas number of Esquire. Painted in Domergue's sunny studio by the blue Mediterranean, under a cloudless Riviera sky, there is no hint in these ebullient compositions of anything but gaiety and elegance, no shadow of the dark portent of disaster that was just gathering over Europe at the moment of their completion. Thus they mirror the bright and gay Paris that would have been, for this year's festive season. The Paris that would have been, and will be again, come other happier years, once the evil spool of war has been unwound. Meanwhile, they are doubly precious, for in them Domergue's glamour-oozing brush has caught and laid away (as if tenderly stored "for the duration") the essence of that pleasure-seeking and laughter-loving Gallic esprit that is now fighting for its right to exist. And it goes without saying that nobody could have done that better than Domergue, the painter who is the pet of the international smart set.

*Other gatefolds in full color (portfolios that open up to 14" x 29") by Marcel Vertès, Mariette Lydis, and George Petty, in the big special Christmas number of Esquire.

An Invitation to Good Cheer

Although this announcement comes far earlier than at any time in *ESQUIRE's* history, the publishers feel that it will be eagerly welcomed by *ESQUIRE's* tremendous following because more faith in mankind's sense of humor is necessary now than ever before.

And so it is in the true spirit of Christmas and all the gayety of the holiday season that we announce the new gift subscription price schedule at specially reduced Christmas rates . . . in effect until January 15th only. You may now secure three one-year subscriptions to *ESQUIRE* for the cost of only two.

1 subscription - 1 year . . .	\$ 5.00
2 subscriptions - 1 year . . .	8.00
3 subscriptions - 1 year . . .	10.00
Additional 1 year subscriptions, each . . .	\$3.00

(For foreign postage add two dollars and fifty cents)

For your convenience we have inserted a special combination *ESQUIRE* Christmas gift order form and envelope. Use it for your order. No postage is necessary.



THE CHAOS OF WAR

and the

DISRUPTION OF PEACE

IN the various Executive Offices of the ten thousand leading businesses of America, at least thirty thousand Executive and Semi-Executive MAN-HOURS have been lost today by futile talks and useless discussions of the European crisis.

In the thirty million American homes, at least ninety million MAN-HOURS—or, what is even more important, WOMAN-HOURS—have been lost out of the normal procedure of the day by similar discussions. And this has been going on day after day since the crisis began, affecting our deepest emotions and conditioning our lives.

Thus, the chaos of war automatically brings about the disruption of peace. It has always done so and it will continue to do so UNLESS and UNTIL the people—ALL OF THE PEOPLE—are made aware of this strange psychological factor which tends to destroy the very thing they are striving to maintain: namely, the normal procedure of their lives.

European homes have no such opportunity for that normal procedure. European business hasn't a chance in the world. Tens of billions of dollars' worth of merchandise of every kind and description must lie in factory and dealer warehouse and on store counters and shelves uncalled for, unwanted, unsold.

You cannot disrupt millions upon millions of homes, send a woman's children to an unknown safety camp with their names sewn into their little garments so that possibly she may find them again, put her husband into a uniform and start him off to a destination unknown, but to a type of destination all too well known, and still have that woman very much interested in a new electric washing machine for her laundry, new rugs or tables or chairs for her living room, new enticing foods for her pantry, or very many new and attractive dresses for herself.

No; that woman in Europe who does over eighty per cent of the family buying, just as the woman does here, will not do much more than twenty or thirty per cent of her normal buying. And there-

fore, business in Europe is looking at a blank wall.

But here in America business can continue normally because people can go on living normally IF they know why they SHOULD live normally; if they know the penalty of becoming too deeply involved with their sympathies or too greatly overwhelmed with their fears to continue their normal buying and go on with their normal expense of living, from day to day.

Of course in certain circles this warning will seem absurd. Certain groups of business are looking for war babies and expecting a boom and already creating a stock market boom; certain groups of labor are expecting to work for those war babies at a fat wage boom; certain farmers are looking for two-dollar wheat, forgetting that they paid seven-dollar wages to harvest that wheat and that what they ultimately reaped was a dust bowl.

But these little eddying circles of all too previously anticipated "exciting times" make very small impressions on the great body of American business whose normal tides must sweep in with the beginning of each season and out with its end. American business cannot make its season out of a few war babies. *Its great tide must flow from tens of thousands of factories making literally hundreds of thousands of items of different kinds. Everything from hairpins and clothespins to dresses and shoes, from fall hats to egg beaters, from a whole season's crop of canned goods to a whole season's output of automobiles.*

American business is just at the beginning of one of those new merchandising seasons right now. Its factories have been going pretty steadily all summer; its initial dealer and store buying has been done; the products of tens of thousands of manufacturers have already been delivered to the warehouses of dealers and the stock rooms of stores; and business is ready at last for the ULTIMATE CONSUMER—which is the great MASS BUYING of the people of America—to come and take the goods off its hands.

Manufacturers are face to face at last with the will of the people to buy

what they have made—a will that is never conditioned merely by the people's capacity to buy, but all too largely by their eagerness of interest and their freedom from fear.

And that is why it is so necessary right now for all of us to have an INTELLIGENT UNDERSTANDING of the fact that only through our normal buying have we any possibility of being able to continue with our normal lives.

The newspapers are undoubtedly rendering us a great service in keeping us so constantly and so carefully informed concerning the grim crisis that is going on abroad, but they are rendering us almost as great a disservice when they leave us hunting headlines from morning till night—and into the night.

The Chicago Daily News, with what is probably the greatest foreign news service that has ever been built up in the history of newspapers, must go on gathering and printing that news from day to day and from hour to hour, because one of the two products of our factory is News.

The other product, of course, that we turn out in quantities—in very great quantities—is Advertising; advertising of products which all of the great manufacturers throughout this country make and offer for sale through The Daily News.

It is upon the making—and particularly upon the selling—of those manufacturers' products that the welfare of business, and therefore the welfare of the least of us depends. To the end that these products be kept moving normally, The Daily News directs the attention of its readers to the necessity of continuing their normal buying as the best assurance of continuing their normal lives . . . not because it is anybody's PATRIOTIC duty to buy normally, but because it is to everybody's OWN SELFISH INTEREST to do so.

Let us not be so obsessed with the spectacle of the lights going out in the capitals of Europe as to contribute to the diminishing of the lights in our own factories at home.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Reaching the Women Who Buy

*The Smart,
Interest-Compelling Pages,
'For and About Women,'
Rank Supreme in the Homes
of Metropolitan Chicago's
Able-to-Buy,
Influential Families*



ADVERTISERS themselves—through years of experiencing direct, traceable results—have demonstrated the effectiveness and economy of The Chicago Daily News' home circulation in reaching the women who buy. More Total Display, more Retail, more Department Store, more Toilet Requisites, and more Grocery Advertising is placed in this medium than in any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday.*

This preference of advertisers, whose success depends upon constant, volume sales, testifies to the responsiveness of The Chicago Daily News' women readers.

A distinctive and dramatic section—"For and About Women"—is read by these women of metropolitan

Chicago every evening. Edited by Leola Allard, these pages enjoy a national reputation for excellence. Their content, illustrated with striking photographs, covers the whole range of subjects of interest to the modern, progressive women of today: Society, fashion and beauty news; authori-

tative articles and columns dealing with the home, the garden, etiquette, child care and the planning and preparation of meals.

In short, this newspaper takes particular care that its women readers enjoy the best that is to be offered in newspaper publishing for thorough and leisure reading in their homes.

The records indicate how productive and profitable women-appeal advertisers find The Chicago Daily News.

*Source: Media Records, Inc.



The Chicago Daily News has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. Its circulation, penetrating every section of the city and suburbs, exactly parallels purchasing power. Over 1,000,000 persons among 430,000 families regularly read this newspaper

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, 400 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: 9 Rockefeller Plaza • DETROIT OFFICE: 4-119 General Motors Building • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: Hobart Building

WHO ARE YOU?

Featured in Coronet

Should You Wear Glasses?
Testing Your Own Intelligence
You Can Relax
When You Get up to Talk
How to Read Your Newspaper
Your Sensitive Body
How Good Is Your Taste?
Before You Call a Doctor
Supercharge Your Reading
Teach Yourself to Travel
A Headstart for Your Child
Why Don't You Speak Up?
Long Live Your Clothes
Skid-Proof Your English
Have You Learned to Walk?
Sure of Your English?
You Can't Inherit Disease
Simplify Your Letter-Writing
Hear Yourself Talk
Time Is Where You Find It

WHAT do you think about? How do you spend your time? What are your hopes, your ambitions? How good is your health?

Naturally these questions interest you because they concern you and your relationship to the conditions and people about you.

And these are the subjects which CORONET magazine discusses for you!

CORONET, the most stimulating and colorful pocket-size magazine in America, makes exactly two demands of its readers. First, they must be interested in themselves . . . and second, they must be alert to helpful information concerning themselves . . . and what normal person isn't?

That is why CORONET is so widely read and so universally liked!

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FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

See them at your local Knox dealer's.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



John D. Weaver

JOHN D. WEAVER was born in Washington, D. C., twenty-seven years ago, attended school in Washington and at Randolph Macon Academy, got his A.B. from William and Mary, his A.M. from George Washington University. He worked for various New Deal agencies in Washington and Richmond, Virginia before moving to Kansas City. He was married in Kansas City and works for the *Star* as feature writer, reporter, and copy reader. His contribution to *Esquire*, *The Gravy Run*, is on page 58.

Speaking of *Portrait of My Father*, JIM TULLY says: "Though he deserted me as a child I learned to see his side of things and I blamed him less as the years passed. How is one poor Irish ditch digger to know that there is one in his litter of puppies whose bark will be heard above the rest? His desertion gave me the world in which to wander—it got me away from that curse of the Irish—insularity. My father seldom if ever discussed my career—just took it for granted. He wanted me to win of course, because my sister had a billion dollars' worth of hope invested in me. Besides my sister there was an older brother, Tom. I think he was the writer. He was killed at twenty-seven in Mexico—a prospector. The first thing I did when the jack



Jim Tully

rolled in was to send my sister to his grave. We Irish are a sentimental and a hard people. There was a strong grain of oak in Tom. And when I got out of the sludge and the murk, I wanted tenaciously to gild Tom's ghost. My sister lived to see me have a play on Broadway—and dad—all I could do with money was bury them. My next book will be one of phantasy. My agent told me I could write such a book thirteen years ago. When the world went on the bum I decided to follow his tip."

GEORGE ANTHEIL writes from Hollywood:

"My life has been motivated by one steadfast resolve, which is *not to starve to death*. This attitude has embarrassed my friends who had better ideals for me, i.e., to live in a garret, write 'great music,' and gradually starve to death. Because from time to time, I write either an article or a movie score as well as 'my serious music' they consider that I am not fulfilling the great faith and trust which they



George Antheil

had originally placed in me . . .

"I am the son of a traveling salesman, and before I was born dad wanted me very much to be a traveling salesman like him. Outside of music composition, always my most primitive desire, I have a strong tendency towards the traveling salesman end of the matter. At the present time I have a way to play the piano in 15 minutes, for sale (to say nothing of a new way to solve almost all crimes through the *modus operandi*) and I spend a lot of time going around attempting to sell these two items. I have recently finished a large symphony for full orchestra."

ERNST BEHRENDT was born in Berlin in 1910, studied law at the university there and was in the employ of the government at the time Hitler came into power. He married, left Germany immediately, and emigrated, first to Paris, then to Belgrade. For five years he and his wife provided German language papers outside

Hitler's province with articles. But when Austria collapsed, they came to America. His hobbies are a Scotch terrier, Whooze, Yugoslavia-born, and the breeding of tropical fish; incidentally, he is working on a novel.

THEODORE E. OBRIG, author of *The Glasses You Can't See*, is forty-five years old. He's a graduate of Columbia, served in the French and American armies during the World War, and since 1919 has been a dispensing optician in New York City, specializing in contact lenses and telescopic spectacles. He has published numerous scientific papers in *Archives of Ophthalmology* and in *Guildcraft*. And he is the author of a textbook, *Modern Ophthalmic Lenses and Optical Glass*. He sent us a photograph but we didn't have the heart to run it. He was wearing old-fashioned spectacles.

EDWIN LANHAM (*E Is for Elephant*) has written nearly as many novels as short stories: the most



Edwin Lanham

recent one, published last spring, is called *The Stricklands*. He was born in Texas, reared on a ranch, went to school and college in the East, and studied painting in France—largely, he confesses, as an excuse to stay abroad for four years. Now he's in the newspaper business in New York.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD ruined a shoulder and two shoulder blades diving into an unruffled pool in 1936 and spent seven months in bed—thence going to Hollywood to recoup his fortunes. So it's over two years since he has done any magazine stories—though his name has flashed momentarily on the screen as adapter of Remarque's *Three Comrades*; and he was one of the seventeen writers on *Gone With the Wind*. He has a sophomore daughter at Vassar whose first writing just appeared in *Mademoiselle*. Says his height and coloring are the same as they were at the last writing, and he's wearing the same suit, hat and shoes.



Lyon Mearson

You've seen LYON MEARSON in *Esquire* before—and also in *Collier's*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *The New Yorker*. He is the author of several plays, and of a book entitled, *The French They Are a Funny Race*.

After doing some graduate work at Columbia University, WILBERT SNOW became a sort of tramp professor—first at New York University, then at Bowdoin and Williams and four other colleges. Later he took a year out to become reindeer agent and Eskimo school teacher in Alaska, then for a period he was with a group of archeologists from the Smithsonian Institution in Utah and Arizona. He served in the World War as artilleryman, afterwards taught, successively, at Reed College, Oregon and Indiana University. In 1929 he went back East and while at Wesleyan, he married Jeanette Simmons. He seems to have settled down for awhile.

LAWTON MACKALL is the guy who first conducted the liquor department; and now he's back on the job. Last year he assisted Charles A. Faissol in writing *The Restaurateur's Handbook*, published by Harper's. He is a member of the Board of Higher Education of New York City.



Lawton Mackall

Where you find this Famous Signature



you'll find **Kentucky Bourbon** *at its best...*

Whiskey history was written over fifty years ago when the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr. signed his name to Old Taylor whiskey. For he thus identified a rare Kentucky bourbon that was destined to perpetuate his fame as a master-distiller. Today, as then, you can buy no finer bourbon whiskey than that on whose label you'll still find his honored name.

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U. S.
bottled in bond
"Taylored" to
good taste

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

"Funny fellows, these artists"

1ST RAMBLER: "You mean steam-shovel artists? Boy, that one down there is the best yet!"

2ND RAMBLER: "No—I mean the kind that draw and paint."

1ST RAMBLER: "Why?"

2ND RAMBLER: "Well—I've been thinking things over—it's a wonder Mr. Barnum wouldn't have sketched us looking over the rail at Belmont..."

1ST RAMBLER: "That's right! Or he might have shown us walking into the Waldorf."

2ND RAMBLER: "Or better still, watching a football game—now there's a place these Ramblers of ours would fit in perfectly!"

1ST RAMBLER: "You know, I agree with you—I certainly can't figure out why he'd pick such a spot as this for us!"

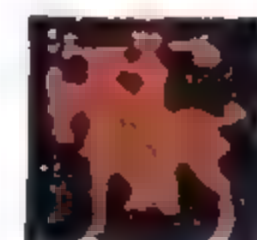
2ND RAMBLER: "Probably just wanted to prove that no matter where you are you're always well-dressed in a Rambler coat."



Correct, mister—Rambler does look good anywhere! But in addition to its smart appearance the Rambler coat offers you long wear, snug warmth and shoulder lightness such as you've never before been able to find in a coat of this kind. For Rambler is a blend of fine wool, sturdy alpaca and silky mohair—and as a result it's practically wrinkle-resistant, wet-resistant, wear-resistant and weather-resistant. The Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in your town is the *exclusive* distributor for this famous Rambler coat. If you're looking for a coat that's "A Bear for Wear"—and is up-to-the-minute in its styling—visit his store this week and select this All-American value!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing
to Look For



...A Big Thing
to Find

Six-Gun Jurisprudence

Granted that quick punishment deters crime, name a better remedy against holdups than a .38 slug in the belly

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

IN CALIFORNIA a Beverly Hills realtor, William C. Keim, by name, was recently forced off the road by another car containing two armed bandits who ordered him to stick up his hands. In reply Mr. Keim blandly shot both of his assailants.

"If more fathers," he said later, "would learn to handle guns and then teach their children, there would be fewer holdups. I began to teach my boys when they were six years old, and I venture to say that if those thugs had held up my kids instead of me, the result would have been the same."

Despite the fluttering objections of many officials, there is much to be said for Mr. Keim's doctrine. My only suggestion would be to include the wife and sisters in the training course. For as a reputable citizen who has finally found it expedient to go about his native streets armed, I wish that doctrine were given wider acceptance.

I live in a city which now justifiably boasts of the best police commissioner it has had in years. His integrity, intelligence and ability are clearly reflected in the improved performance of the force. Yet in the precinct where I reside nighttime holdups have become such a flagrant menace that the cops themselves are voluntarily working on their off time in a futile effort to catch up with the footpads.

A doctor in our neighborhood has been held up and robbed four times. Once they broke his collar bone; another time the thugs fractured his jaw and knocked out most of his teeth.

Three merchants within six blocks of my home have been shot dead, two others wounded. My mother walked out of our gate at nine o'clock one night—and straight into three Negroes rifling the pockets of their bleeding victim. Another night I chased the police cars on a short-wave alarm and saw them stop halfway down our block to pick up an unconscious man, robbed and left in the gutter—then proceed around the corner to pick up a second one for whom the alarm had originally been sent!

Similar conditions prevail in hundreds of other communities despite every effort of the police to catch up with the thugs. And since our taxpayers have no stomach for the price



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDOREN

of putting a cop on every corner, such conditions will continue until we do something drastic. Such as, for instance, returning to the law-abiding citizen his constitutional right to defend himself in the most efficient manner, *i.e.*, by "bearing arms," which we have passively delegated to some policeman who is of necessity six blocks away when we need him.

In our most raucous frontier days we were never cursed with such a high ratio of violent personal crimes for the obvious reason that the bulk of crime control rested in the well-known "six-gun jurisprudence." For even though the bad men of the 50's seem, at least in perspective, more reckless and fearless than our furtive mugs, the stick-up of the average armed citizen was on a far different plane than the current sheep shearing to which we are subjected.

Here and there, of course, the idea is taking root that an armed citizenry would help rather than hinder the law. Two or three years ago some small-town sheriff attained prominence when his private plan of arming business men in the vicinity of the town's bank eventually resulted in the killing of two bandits who tried to rob the institution. More recently the police of Atlanta, Georgia, voluntarily armed over two hundred reputable business men in a war on crimes of violence, and in Wilmington, Delaware, the Director of Public Safety has opened the police pistol range to the use of private citizens.

In Chicago no less than eighty-one bandits have been shot dead by civilians in four years, over and above the police harvest. In-

deed, the swank Edgewater Beach Hotel has a standing reward for its employees of two hundred fifty dollars for a wounded bandit and five hundred dollars for a dead one—on which a night auditor recently collected.

In Boulder, Colorado, the coroner's jury recently issued a public commendation of a druggist who shot two men in the act of burglarizing his home. But in New York, in contrast, a storekeeper who killed an armed thug in a pistol battle in his own store was promptly jailed for violating the notorious Sullivan anti-gun law. The same thing happened to two brothers in Long Island City who killed one and captured two other holdup men in their store. Official

reasoning in such situations may strike you as quaint, but there it is! And what it proves primarily is that current anti-gun laws are the bunk.

It is just as true as it is trite to say that regulatory ordinances disarm the law-abiding citizen who needs protection so badly, yet that is only part of the story. Surely no one out of his diapers thinks that even New York State's strict law disarms the criminal element, some of whom now carry the frightful Magnum .357 which will penetrate any bullet-proof vest and makes the .45 seem like a toy. And, by the same token, the Sullivan law (or any comparable restriction) does not provide one iota of assurance that those who are allowed to "bear arms" possess any ability to use them safely.

For example: I shoot regularly at a public range frequented, among others, by bank guards who are compelled to report once a month and fire ten shots in order to comply with some insurance provision. I have watched scores of them from dozens of banks and I doubt if ten per cent of them should be allowed to keep their weapons from the standpoint of public safety.

I saw one of them, believe it or not, look down the barrel of his cocked .38 (finger on the trigger!) to see if it was loaded. I have seen them put bullets through the ceiling lights—put slugs in *my* target instead of the one they were aiming at—miss their own targets entirely (not just the bull's eye) eight and nine times out of *ten shots at ten yards!*

Under our law these men are permitted to carry guns and are expected to use them in

Continued in center of page 144



COOTING *by* WILBERT SNOW

ETCHING BY WALTER E. BOHL

OCTOBER's ribbons reddening pasture lanes,
 And rabbit hounds *ow-owing* on the hills
 Stirred hunting passions in us once again.
 Each night we hung about the store to hear
 The lobster-catchers' "Coots around The Stallion!"
 And when the longed-for word at last was spoken,
 Straight from the barn waddled our dusty tollers,*
 Wanting a coat of paint, some wanting heads,
 And all in need of titivating new.
 Night after night drawn up to the kitchen table
 We tinkered with their ills, and crimped our shells
 With expectation brighter in our minds
 Than the loading-tools that glinted more each hour.
 Here the untrammelled moment—fancies woke
 And tumbled into boasting: how the coots
 Would fall beneath our aim; how sheldrakes, teal,
 Sea duck and old-squaws, brant, and even wild goose
 Would decorate the yard when we got home.
 To match this boasting we would crowd our shells
 With more than necessary shot and powder,
 "Loading for bear," we young ones kept repeating,
 Till driven off to bed, and there we writhed,
 For fear the men would row away without us.
 Fragrance of coffee lured us to the kitchen
 Where, told to speak in whispers, we evoked
 An unaccustomed atmosphere—a tone
 Of deep suppressed excitement that submerged
 The very walls and curtains of the room.
 Out in the yard we felt the deathly chill
 Of four o'clock and drew our bodies in,
 Contracting to the coming on of winter.
 Down to the shore we clambered; rubber boots
 Banging the frozen ground set roosters crowing
 Defiance to the desolating chill
 Of air that stung and numbed. Still dark was the bay
 When we picked up the gunning rock and moored

*A Coast word for decoys.

Among brown keps our painted wooden tollers.
 Dragging the dory in behind a rock
 Each took his hiding place when quick from the ocean
 Darted a flock of coots straight for our snare,
 Taxiing forward in a wake of spray
 Like wherries suddenly plunged in curling breakers.
 Aware of our deceit they stretched to fly,
 And as they rose we banged a sudden salvo
 That waked the slumbering bay for miles around.
 The chill of morning vanished as we spied
 Four patch heads drifting toes-up on the foam.
 The rose-red sun bisecting the horizon
 Smiled in upon our ledge and on our faces,
 And we were happy as young savages
 Back in the early sunrise of the world.
 The birds kept coming on, and all our guns
 Grew hot with action. No more talk of cold,
 Or shoving fingers underneath the armpits
 Before removing shells. The rising tide
 And rising sun together welled around
 That ledge as if its lonely isolation
 Required lustier currents of flood tide
 And livelier lavishment of morning sun
 Than all the others sleeping in the channel.
 Burnt orange draperies on the morning sky
 Turned, as the sun rose, to a salmon pink;
 And when a flock of black coots with white wings
 Against that saffron curtain, wheeled and lit
 Beside our tollers in the blue and gold
 Of first flood tide, I laid aside my gun
 And eastward gazed, indifferent to chiding
 I knew would come, soon as the shooting ended.
 A bigger game was calling with a cry
 More piercing than the cry of coots and old-squaws
 Circling above us—quarry more elusive
 Than hunters for blue goose or wild sea eagles
 Or even ibises could ever know.

Story of a Gun Dog

**Hi-Pockets had his opinion of
a hunter who would stoop so low
as to knock over a sitting bird**

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

THE greatest dog I ever had, by long odds, never really belonged to me. I never paid taxes on him and he didn't even live at my house. I merely shot over him three weeks each fall, but for that short time I can say he was really mine. Or maybe I was his, it didn't matter. He had to have a man with a shotgun at that time of year or he'd have died, and I was the only one in the country old Jacques Riopelle would think of trusting with him. Yes, Jake really owned him. I was just something to be put to use each year, because I fitted into the dog's business.

I had known old Jake for years—one of the greatest hunters this country has ever known. Jake had become a cripple and that was the reason I had come to hunt his dog for him each fall. Three years before, a grizzly had mauled him. He had been a powerful hundred and eighty pound man before that, but the grizzly had twisted him up and changed him all around, so that what was left of Jake weighed about a hundred and ten and resembled a well-gnawed, weather-darkened mutton bone.

But this is to be the story of the dog, Hi-Pockets, and how I came to figure I owned a piece of him. He was a Llewellyn setter, and not entirely pure, but a grand and courteous gentleman for all that. He was deep-chested and heavy-boned for great endurance, his seamed phlegmatic face scarred by briars and battles, his sprung joints and broken nails testifying to the endless trails he had followed. There was a world of knowledge in the splendid dome of his head above the deep brown eyes, acumen to solve the enigmas of the woods and fields. He had the vivid black and white coat that makes the ideal gun dog, for black and white constitutes the apex of visibility in fog or dense cover. Two prominent body spots like pockets, high on each white shoulder, had determined his name.

He was already middle-aged when he and I began to collaborate in the November woods. I wish I could record that he had gotten his training under my eye, but I can't. Old Jake had done that uncannily well. Let me try and put over to you the exquisite delicacy, that high and knightly courtesy that was the breath and spirit of old Hi-Pockets afield.

When Jacques conferred upon me the honor of working the old Llewellyn, I took it lightly with a grin. I wasn't a dog man in those days and I see now I was about the poorest excuse for a hunter in that whole country. I'd use the dog, I thought, just as a help to bag a few tasty meals. I was young and the traditions of the hunt were pretty much stuff and nonsense to me; I had an intellectual outlook and prided myself I could set up my own fetishes and break them at will. Truth was, I thought Jake pretty much of an old fool the way he touted the dog to me and the way he hobbled out that first day of the open season to watch the hunt from Black Rock, the highest point of the bluff on which his cabin stood.

"Drop down this ravine," said Old Jake, "and work him along east through that neck of popples down there, and straight on and you'll come to some mighty nice cover."

Well, we dropped down the ravine and pretty soon we'd worked through the "popples" and come to the cover and Hi-Pockets had begun to teach me the fine points of the game.

We weren't twenty minutes out before I

saw that this dog looked upon his calling as a consecration. He had set aside for the day all the ordinary mundane appeals and emotions of his nature. Down below a couple of farm-yard mongrels came bouncing out and bristled round him with a lot of dirty talk that must have been tough to take. Hi ignored them, not as one who holds himself in, but as one entirely unaware, absorbed in the vision of greater things. Again, a rabbit broke cover barely six feet in front of us, offering in the most fascinating way imaginable. Hi-Pockets hardly gave it a blink, though your bird dog is by very nature a hunter and chaser and many a time I'd seen the old setter shagging cottontails a few weeks before. Naturally an integrity like that has an effect on a man.

Old Hi had learned complete control of his lower nature and he helped me during five years' association to a pretty fair control of mine for a dub of twenty-five. He broke down my puerile cynicism and instilled in me a respect of the fine rules and traditions of sportsmanship. His grand example made of me a man and a gentleman such as I'd never have become without that sort of training. Go on and laugh, but let me extenuate.

It was right there at the edge of those "popples" that I pulled my rank boner. I squirm to this day when I think of it. A pair of ruffed grouse sprang up with a whirl only twenty feet ahead of us, flew into a tree and perched there. They weren't what would be called sporting birds at all in that country. Hi-Pockets scarcely paid any attention to them. The wily partridge were his game; I knew that, but the quicker my bag was full the quicker we could return. I had no idea of tramping all day to work out a dog. I raised my gun and knocked over one of the perching grouse.

Hell's rockets, I'd as soon be caught chasing little girls down an alley, as knock over a sitting bird today. It's rank infidelity against the Game and I've become a hunter since then—one of the cult. But I did it then with a sort of pride and gave Hi the word to collect it. He just stood there looking at me, a grave, shocked, scandalized look in his rolled-up eye that said a lot plainer than words, "I had a hunch you were a heel, now I



ETCHING BY WALTER E. BOHL

Continued on page 122

What Men Don't Like About Women

**They can never make up their minds,
they run funny, they're a traffic
hazard and their seams get cockeyed**

by ALISON AYLESWORTH

• SATIRE •

I AND the other boys in the back room, dear editor, have been following the *What Men Don't Like About Women* dope sheet with interest, not to say unconcealed irritation. Who is this guy Horton who assumes to speak for the choosy sex in the great Us Men-You Women argument? Who appointed him, what civil service examination did he take? As we fiddled with our beers it seemed to us that he was barking up a lot of empty trees, beating dead mares, and knocking down rows of straw femmes.

I mean this stuff about their framing and signing photos, their reading habits, their "love of the salacious" (we boys in the back room guffawed so long over that item that it cost us several more beers). By the way, speaking of pix, etc., how many women do you know that nail Petty cartoons on their boudoir walls?

This Horton chap should have been at the round table down in Marx's beer tunnel to gather the "reactions." It might have done everyone good too if old Doc Gallup had showed up with his Institute of Public Opinion to systematize the conclusions.

In the first place, what all men don't like most about women is painted fingernails—unless it is painted toenails. The consensus in Marx's back room is that a woman can be as salacious as she likes and frame all the kiddie snapshots in the album—and if her nails aren't bloody she's O. K. with the gang.

A contribution which touched the hearts of all present was made by Bud, who, having made a reputation with his streamlined steam-shovel and tractor ads, is quite a catch for any girl.

"Like last night," said Bud, moping over his lager. "We came out of this theatre, and she headed me right for the restaurant. Of course it's been our habit to have a little something after the show, but all the same a guy would like to feel he was taking the initiative. When we left there, she headed right for the taxi stand on the corner.

"Hell, that annoyed me. I meant to take her home in a taxi all right, but why should she take it for granted? After all, what's wrong with the bus? And I was sore at myself for being sore. It's a small thing but it's

one reason I've gone around with Jane for four years without being able to face marrying her."

Now there's something you can sink your teeth into, and it introduces a big subject, bigger than the one about whether women are jealous if their men like Shakespeare. For centuries women have been given the credit for being the more sensitive sex. But by the tricks they miss, you'd think they had rhinoceros hides.

"Women," said the man with the walrus mustache who drank nothing but ale, "are sensitive only when their ego is at stake. My case is standard. I was married once to a lady who was bent on saving me the trouble of planning anything. She picked the vacation resorts and she ruled potato pancakes out of my life. She always knew exactly the cutest places to go and the darlinest people to visit."

"What happened?" someone asked.

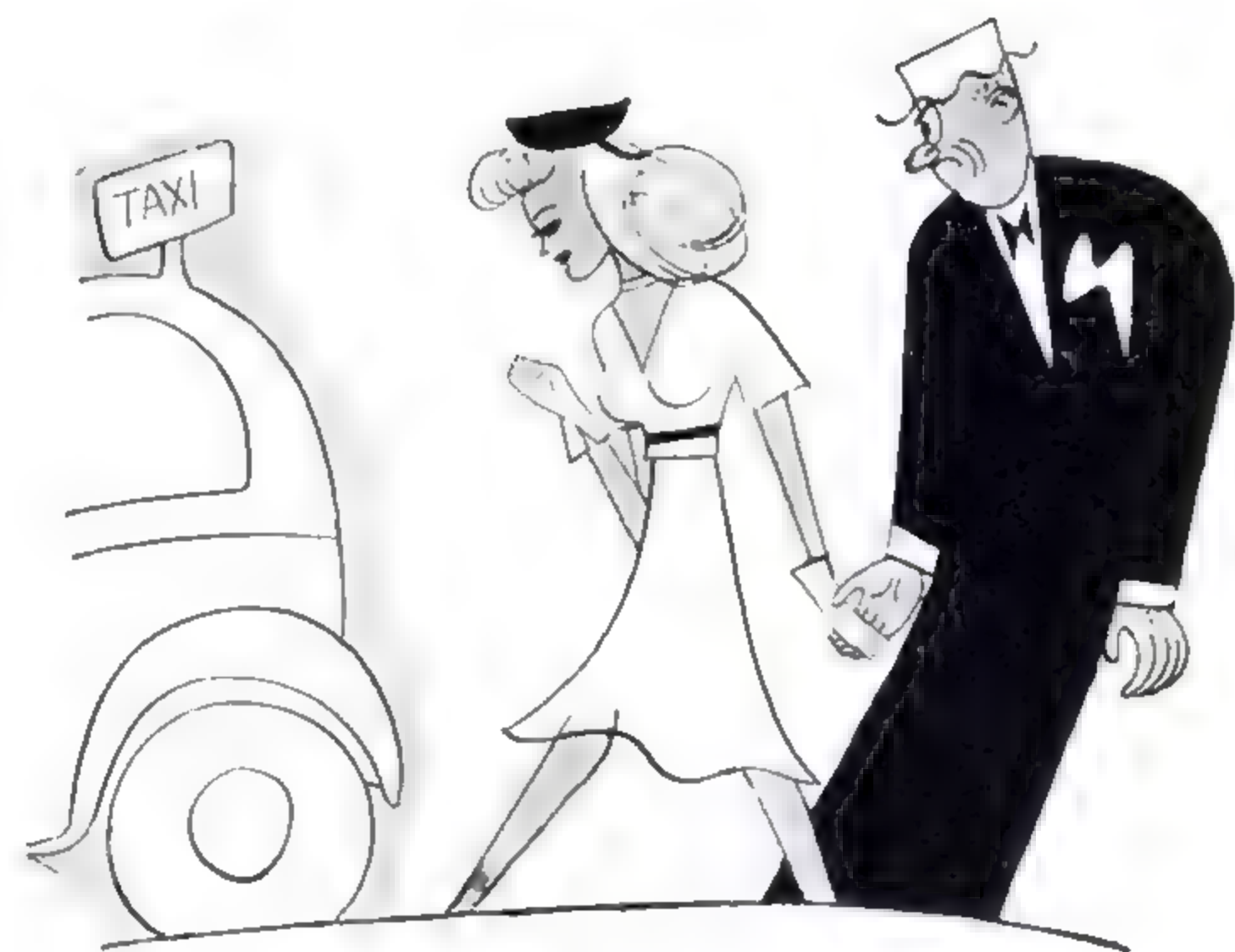
"The usual. I got myself caught in *fragrante delicto* with my secretary. From there on it's another story." The walrus mustache sighed and ordered another ale.

To change the subject I opined that my own pet peeve was the gal who gets in your way when you're gallantly trying to open a door for her. Sensitivity! Can't the dear things see on which side a door is hinged? When a man is out with a woman, he yearns for a little teamwork in the little things, too. A woman who side-steps to the left and gives her cavalier some room to open the door is making it easy (soft chords, professor) to open the door of his heart.

This contribution brought out some muffled "hear-

hear's." The meeting being thrown open for discussion, someone bitterly denounced women for habitually walking on the left. Someone else noted that they like to come to a four-brake stop in the middle of a crowded sidewalk when they happen to see some frippery in a store window or remember that to get to Aunt Ida's they should have turned at 57th Street. Naturally you hit them full astern, and have to back water, apologizing.

After Bud had contributed the usual crack about how women's shopping is all fuss and fury, whereas a man steps in, buys what he



wants and clears out, the Professor took the floor.

"Boys," he said, "the way a woman acts in a restaurant is the sore point with me, and, if you will pardon my Sanskrit, it is enough to make a man want to smack her face with a chateaubriand. There are three parts to my indictment, so permit me to follow this Horton's style and letter them.

"A. She can't make up her mind. She keep the waiter, and the man who is going to pay the bill, on tenterhooks while the other tables simmer. The more hellish varieties of the type act just too terribly demure about whether they'll have hors d'oeuvre, Bismarck herring, or fruit cocktail. This goes on, course after course.

"B. If she can't make up her mind, at least she can and does make up her face. When you are all ready to leave, she discovers that she needs redoing. The plain powder job of my young days was bad enough on a man—the puff-pats on nose, forehead, and cheeks, the rehabilitation of the eyebrows, the mirror squints. But now that paint has come in, the lips reconstruction project is pretty hard on the stomach after a good dinner.

"C. Before you get to the restaurant you have had a hell of a time trying to get her to decide where she wants to eat, and before you leave it she can't decide what joy place she cares to visit. The run-of-the-mill women—and aren't they all?—will not take the responsibility of a flop. 'You decide, dear'—and heaven help you if the evening turns out lousy."

I rather fancy the Professor's and Author Horton's method of lettering paragraphs. It saves a writer the trouble of thinking up transitions. So let me list a few of the indictments turned in by the beer tunnel grand jury—using, for the sake of originality, both letters and figures:

1. Women in Motion.

A. The bartender came aft to make this contribution: "What I hates most about women—outside of bars, which is another

Continued on page 112





"I only pay my maids ten dollars a week—you'll make up for it when you sue my husband"



"This is the wrong berth"

Life of a Pullman Porter

Lowdown on his pet aversions, his adventures, and his salary and tips and how a senior may "bump" a junior

by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

• ARTICLE •

ONE October evening in 1937 a stunning blonde of about thirty took a Pullman compartment on a Great Northern train leaving Portland, Oregon, for Seattle. She was a tall, graceful woman, modishly dressed in dark blue, right up to her earrings, and the porter who was on her car still thinks she was the handsomest woman he has ever seen. Her luggage, he recalls, wasn't met with every day. It was handmade to the last stitch and rivet.

An hour or so later, as the train was leaving Longview, Washington, the lady rang for the porter and handed him a letter in a pale blue envelope. "I want you to be sure," she said with emphasis, "to mail this at Aberdeen and nowhere else." She gave him a quarter.

"But, madam, this train don't go nowhere near Aberdeen," the porter said. The woman seemed dumfounded for a moment. A look of desperation hardened her face and she was so nervous that her small hand shook. "This letter simply must be mailed in Aberdeen by tomorrow morning," she said. Then she put no less than a twenty-dollar bill in the surprised man's hand. "Can't you arrange it somehow?" she pleaded. "It's almost a matter—a matter of life or death." The porter, who like all of his art was a man of quick thinking and unlimited resources, considered hard for a moment. He told the lady that he thought he could fix it somehow.

At Centralia, as the porter knew, his Great Northern train would stop briefly. This was a junction point from which a two-car local would depart for Aberdeen as soon as the Great Northern had discharged any passengers. The porter knew that the local did not carry a Pullman or a porter.

At the exact moment Jim Hill's train of cars came to a stop that rainy night in Centralia, the porter hit the long platform and when he hit he was running like the wind. He dashed forward almost the full length of his train, crossed over to the Northern Pacific tracks and peered through the gloom at the local's conductor. Luck had it that he was a man with whom the porter had run in the past. The porter handed him the pale blue envelope and a one-dollar bill—a five-spot would have looked too suspicious, he says—and told the conductor about mailing it. Then he took it on the lam back to his own train.

So far as he knows, the letter was mailed



late that night in Aberdeen, and today the porter says he would give at least half of that twenty-dollar tip to know what it was all about. He has never since seen the blonde lady in blue.

Things like the lady and the letter happen often in the lives of eight thousand Pullman porters who ride up and down and across the country every day and night of the year. Small adventure comes to them in plenty, over the clicking rails, and sometimes they meet up with really Big Moments—like finding \$75,000 in jewelry scattered around in a car, or opening a drawing room door at the command of G-men who want to talk to the occupant, an inoffensive-looking little man who, it turns out, has murder on his hands and fifty grand in his suitcase.

But Pullman porters are the tightest-lipped of all men, and the traveling public knows less of their life and works than it does of the people of Mars. Strange bits of drama flit past their terribly keen if guarded vision. One of them says it is like getting a ten-second flash of every movie ever filmed. And

they have lives of their own. People who accept the porter as something that comes with the car, a fixture like the berths and just as impersonal, seem not to suspect that he has his special likes, his pet peeves, his worries, joys and triumphs. He even has a folklore all his own. His folklore is a subtle comment on his profession.

The most terrific Pullman porter who ever made down a berth was old Daddy Joe. No living porter claims to have ever seen him but veterans vow they once knew someone who had seen Daddy Joe in the flesh. He was so tall, this dusky Daddy Joe, and so strong, that he commonly stood in the car aisle, on the floor, and let down an upper with each hand; then he made down both uppers and lowers simultaneously. And when Daddy Joe was really in a hurry, the thud and clatter of uppers sounded like a giant walking downstairs.

Once, on the Yazoo Valley Railroad, Daddy Joe's sleeping car and all the train were surrounded by the rising waters of the river. There was panic in the Pullman, with passengers screaming and trying to get out the doors in order to drown in the open rather than in the car. Daddy Joe rose nobly to the occasion. He stood up tall on his long legs and he delivered such a powerful oration that the passengers were soothed.

They took their seats again. The waters fell and the train proceeded to Memphis, arriving four hours and thirty minutes late, which was the exact time consumed by Daddy Joe's sermon.

Again, on the old Central Pacific, when hostile Indians attacked the train at a water-tank, Daddy Joe climbed on top of his car—a notable infringement of Pullman regulations—and there harangued the redskins in their own tongue, dazing them into inaction by the sonorous periods of his great voice, which was like thunder. Then Daddy Joe came down. He tossed a pretty brown Pullman blanket to each of the seven chiefs and sub-chiefs in the attacking party, gave them his blessing, and the train rolled on to Salt Lake City.

Down through the years and on every railroad in the country Daddy Joe performed his wondrous feats. Sometimes, it appears, he was known as Daddy Henry, but Joe or Henry, he was always master of the situation and never failed to bring his charges unscathed through fire, hurricane, high water

Continued on page 157

“E” Is for Elephant

The monster's tracks might have been a camel's but who ever heard of a camel in the Mojave Desert?

by EDWIN LANHAM

• FICTION •

OLD Jeff came to our town on the hottest day of the summer, and at first we said there wasn't any such animal and we blamed it on the heat. He came in out of the desert in the cool of the evening, smelling fresh water and the sweetness of the date palms. He plodded down from the mesa on the sandy red earth, his head swaying and his loose underlip drooping. His four feet scuffed in the sand, and clear and distinct the huge two-toed tracks were left behind him. We found them the next morning.

A hitchhiker saw him that evening against the desert sky, which was so pale it seemed to have faded in the heat. The hitchhiker had left the highway and was taking a short cut down to our town nestling among the red hills below. He happened to glance up and saw that ungainly swaying shape against the sky. He stopped with his mouth open, staring at it. He rubbed his hands over his eyes, which were rimmed with dust and strained by the glare of the desert. When he looked again he saw only the pale sky, the red rim of a knoll, and a swaying tuft of yucca. He shook his head and started down the hill again.

About that time Constable Clem Logan was sitting in his office with his feet up on a chair and a pith helmet on the back of his head. He could look out the window of his office and see the highway to California. The highway came down a draw in the red hills north of the gold mine and went right through the town. Now that the evening had come on there was a stream of cars. Usually they whisk through the town with the windows shut and a chunk of dry ice under the cowl to keep the inside cool. Sometimes the tourists stop at the Chinaman's for gasoline and they step inside and drink a glass of beer and lose a few nickels in the slot machine before they go on toward California. The wise ones drive the desert at night.

The highway is our contact with the world. Constable Logan says he's sat in his office and in one day counted the license plates of forty-six states. The world goes right by his door, he says, and sometimes it stops, but only for a little time. There never was a car that stopped for the night, not with the thermometer around a hundred and ten.

That afternoon the Constable saw the hitchhiker trudging down the hill. He had no luggage except a small bundle in his hand, and Clem went across to the Chinaman's to look him over. He was sitting at the lunch counter, drinking a beer, and Sam Johnson was already talking to him. Sam is the foreman at the gold mine and he doesn't find it easy to get men to work for him. Any time a hitchhiker drops off at the Chinaman's, Sam is usually right on the spot to hire him. When the Constable walked in that afternoon, Sam

had already begun his sales talk and the hitchhiker was asking about a grubstake.

"A grubstake?" Sam said. "Now listen here, I offer you a good job and good pay and right off you're asking for a grubstake. How do I know you wouldn't take it and drop out of town as quick as you dropped in today? Ain't that right, Constable?"

Clem looked the hitchhiker over and sat down alongside Sam. The Chinaman poured him a beer. He took the glass out of the refrigerator where he kept the beer and the glass was as cold as the bottle. It was 115 in the shade that evening.

"Trouble with you guys is you want to think you're indispensable," Sam said. "I can get plenty of men to work for me. Plenty."

"All right," the hitchhiker said, and looked at the Chinaman. "I'll have another beer."

The Chinaman took a bottle from the refrigerator and opened it. When he poured the beer in the man's glass it fizzed up in foam. The glass was already that hot.

"I had a feller like you working for me," Sam said. "He thought he was indispensable. He was gettin' four dollars a day and I raised him to five and that made him think I couldn't do without him. He got so indispensable I had to fire him. He wanted this thing and he wanted that thing and he said he had to have more money so he could make payments on a car." Sam snorted sarcastically. "I asked him if he didn't have an electric refrigerator he wanted to make payments on, too. You remember him, Constable?"

"Sure," Clem said.

"I'm bound for California, anyhow," the hitchhiker said.

It was getting dark, and the Chinaman turned on the lights. That made it black on the highway outside and they didn't see little Joe Delucci running toward them from the Constable's office. They didn't see him until he pushed the screen door open and came in all out of breath.

"Constable!" he yelled. "There's something loose."

Clem turned and stared at him.

"Some kind of a monster, Clem," Joe said. "He's got a big, grinning face and . . ."

"Now wait a minute, Joe," Clem said. "It's a hundred and fifteen in the shade today. You take it easy."

"I don't kid you, Clem. I see him." Joe was excited and waved his hands. His black hair stood up off his forehead and his face was white. "I was walking along by the irrigation ditch and I see him. Just a horrible big grinning face and a body so big as your sedan car."

Clem looked at Sam Johnson and grinned, and Joe grabbed his arm and shook it.

"You better cool off a little, Joe," Clem said.

Joe stopped talking and the color came back to his face. He got so red that it did seem that the heat was too much for him, and Joe began to think maybe it was too. He opened his mouth and shut it again. He looked from Sam to the Constable and then he said slowly: "I hear him too, Clem. He was splash in the ditch and so I go over to see what he is. I look down and he is in shadow and he look up and I see that big grinning face and teeth so long as my fingers."

"Say," the hitchhiker said. "Maybe I seen that same thing."

"You seen it?" Clem said. "You seen what? What is this, anyhow. What was it, Joe?"

"I never see anything like him before," Joe said. "Strange things come out of that desert."

"What the hell did you see?" Clem said to the hitchhiker. He stood up and gave his pants a hitch around his bulging middle. "Damn it, let's get some sense out of this. What did you see?"

"I dunno what it was," the hitchhiker said. "It was some great big kind of an animal, like he said. I seen it just for a second and I stopped to rub my eyes and then it was gone."

Clem looked at him in disbelief, and rubbed his hand along his lower lip. "Where did you see this here animal?"

"Up yonder on the side of the hill. I was taking a short cut where that big bend is in the road and I looked up and seen this great big animal moving along the top of a rise."

"What was it?" Clem shouted. "Damn it, man, what was it?"

"I just got a glimpse of it," the hitchhiker said. "Looked something like a big cow to me."

"A cow!" Joe yelled. "He was a lion. He got big teeth, so long as my fingers, and they was shine like stars."

The Chinaman was leaning over the counter, looking sort of green in the electric light. Everybody watched the Constable, and after a minute he gave his belt another hitch and said: "Well, let's go take a look."

He walked out the door with his shoulders held as straight as he could hold them, and the others fell in behind. After they had gone the Chinaman shut the door and bolted it and when they looked back they saw his face pressed against the window pane.

"I better stop in my office and get me my gun," the Constable said. "Joe, I'm going to make you and Sam deputies."

"Now say, Clem," Sam looked at his watch. "It's about time for me to go home to supper." He moved his shoulders in an apologetic shrug and avoided Clem's eyes. "I'll catch hell if I'm late."

Clem turned around and looked at him hard, and Sam fidgeted for a minute. Then he



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

had to look Clem in the eye and he said: "Well, I guess tonight is different."

"I reckon so," Clem said, and he walked on toward his office. As he opened the door the telephone was ringing. He picked up the receiver and said "hello," and then for a long time he just stood and listened. When he hung up Joe Delucci said impatiently: "Clem, better we go. You got a gun for me?"

"That was Tom Rickey," Clem explained. "He said some big animal was eating his date palms. He couldn't see it very clear in the dark. He chucked some rocks at it and it run off."

"See, so I tell you," Joe shouted. "So I tell you, Clem."

Clem didn't answer. He took his gun belt off a hook and buckled it around his waist, and he found an old .38 for Joe and a rifle for Sam. He rustled around in a drawer and brought out a handful of ammunition.

"Boys, let's go," Clem said, and the ringing of the telephone broke in on his voice. They all looked at the telephone, and then Clem reached out slowly and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said. "Who's that? Mrs. Edwards? . . . Yes, Mrs. Edwards . . . yes, ma'am . . . Well, what was it? . . . A what? Where is it now? . . . Yes, Mrs. Edwards, we'll be right over." He hung up. "Well, what do you know!"

Sam and Joe looked at him with their mouths open, waiting.

"It's been to her house," Clem said. "She said it was an elephant."

"An elephant?" Sam's eyes opened wide.

"No, no, that is crazy," Joe cried. "He had

big, grinning teeth. He was not no elephant. Whoever heard of elephants in the desert?"

"Well, whoever heard of a lion?" Sam said.

"She's locked herself and the kids in the house," Clem said. "They was just sitting down to supper and one of the kids looked up and seen its face in the window. He said it was an elephant, just like in his picture book. They heard it out in the yard and it charged through the clothesline and tore it down. She said it went off west."

"I guess we better go over to her house," Sam said a little uncertainly. He looked as green as the Chinaman had.

"That's where we're bound," Clem said in a booming voice. He gave his gun belt a hitch and started out the door. They all got in Clem's car and he drove as fast as he could on the dirt road to Mrs. Edwards' house. They found all the doors and windows shut.

Clem drew his gun when he got out of the car and the three men approached the house in skirmish formation. It was pretty dark and the date palms were black against the sky. They saw the clothesline on the ground, broken near the post, and Clem picked up the end of it and looked at the frayed strands of rope.

"Whatever it is it's damn near as big as an elephant," he said. "Look how it broke that line."

"He was not no elephant," Joe said.

Clem went up to the door and knocked. Mrs. Edwards made all three of them speak, and only when she had recognized their voices did she open the door.

"Constable, thank God you've come. It was awful!" She had the pale complexion of

desert women and now she was whiter than ever. Her eyes had a glassy sheen in the light. "We were just starting supper and little Johnny looked up and saw it, there at the window."

The three other children looked at their brother, who was standing close to his mother.

"You never heard such a commotion," Mrs. Edwards said. "The whole house shook. I ran to the window and looked out and I saw it trotting west."

"Why you think he was elephant?" Joe asked.

"It was so big, and it moved slow the way they do and it busted through that clothesline without even knowing it was there. And Johnny saw it just as plain at the window. He recognized it from his picture book."

"I see him too," Joe said. "He was not no elephant."

"Now never mind what it was," Clem said. "Where did it go to, Mrs. Edwards?"

"It started off west from here, as near as I could tell."

"Is this the boy's picture book?" Sam asked, and picked up an A.B.C. book with a bright green cover from the table.

"Yes, that's it."

Clem took the book from Sam and turned the pages. "A is for Antelope," he said. "B is for Buffalo. Here it is, E is for Elephant. Here you are, Johnny, is that what you saw?"

Clem bent over, holding the book for the boy to see. Johnny shook his head.

"No?" Clem said.

"But Johnny, you said it was an elephant," Mrs. Edwards cried.

Johnny shook his head and looked up at

Continued on page 181

Sideline Director

Hard-fought football packs a kick for the fans, but a headache for the coach, as told to Frank Mayer

by **BERNIE BIERMAN**

• SPORTS •

COACHES, athletic directors and sports writers were in a stove league huddle recently between business sessions of a Big Ten meeting in Chicago. One of the better known coaches had the floor for the moment.

"You can count Alonzo Stagg, Pop Warner and a handful of others as exceptions," he said, "and go on with the premise that football coaches, when it comes to age, don't run into the patriarch stage. I'll say this, though. Most coaches live enough lives on the bench during an ordinary game to make up a span of existence that out-tops any of the Biblical boys. Why I remember—"

And then it came.

It was before he got into big time. He was coaching a small college outfit and his squad never numbered any more than twenty-five. Of these, only eight or ten were better than rooter section material. But somehow, one year he combined several factors that sprang up and served them with meringue of ace luck in such an expert manner that he reached the second to the last game of the season without a loss. This was the crucial contest. Past that, the last game was a setup.

Two trump cards helped their full share to win success as the season went on. One was sound blocking on the kickoff that enabled his lads to return the initial boots they received for long distances, sometimes for touchdowns. The other was the sweet running of his left halfback from the punt formation.

The latter was really the controlling factor, especially against the outfit coming up. This particular team had been a sucker for just that play the two years previous. Their coach didn't quite know how to meet the play and break it up.

If only the quarterback could be made to use the play at the right times, it might make the difference between a tidy win and a not-so-tidy downfall. So the quarterback came in for plenty of skull practice that week. He was drilled and drilled on the right plays to use at certain spots and under certain tactical conditions and then drilled again for good measure—and understanding.

The coach's captain won the toss as the teams took the field and, of course, chose to receive. And so the Fates went to work. The oval came sailing into the arms of the powerhouse left half and the rest of the team pushed the dynamite button. The back carried the ball to the opponent's thirty-yard line before

he was pulled down by a do-or-die tackle from behind.

On the first play, the quarterback called the pet play and the left half wove in and then out for twelve yards. Again the play was called and eleven yards resulted. It looked like a rout.

The other outfit called time out. After the rest, the punt formation was called again but

this time, the left half slipped in starting, and came through with only two yards. But the ball was practically mid-distance between the two side lines with plenty of room to repeat the maneuver. One jaunt could net the five yards needed for a score.

The coach could hardly believe his eyes at what followed. His team lined up in the punt formation, but the fullback took the ball pounding into the line. He was stopped with

a scant yard having been gained.

"Probably wants to get them hugging the center for another run around," the coach mumbo-jumboed to his assistant.

But a moment later came another drive at the center of the line. This time the fullback picked up two yards.

Fourth down, one to go, and the coach suddenly became a mad man. He yelled for the substitute quarterback, he yelled for time out, he yelled for the quarterback on the field, and he just yelled. But his team had lined up so hurriedly that the next play came before he could rush in a substitute. It was the quarterback in an attempted sneak.

The coach collapsed in his seat and averted his eyes from the scene out front. He was afraid to look. The lack of cheers indicated a photo finish. Somewhere beneath the pile-up of youngsters out there was a touchdown—or not a touchdown.

The pandemonium that broke from across the field settled it. The ball was at rest a scant foot from the treasure line.

And, of course, the inevitable happened. It always does in stories of this kind. His outfit never did regain the spark. And the other team kept getting stronger. Late in the third quarter, it got away with a tricky forward pass that accounted for the only six points of the game.

As the yarn spun to its doleful end, the coaches were steeped in gloom as thick as a London fog. Each saw himself in similar painful spots during which he lived years in a few seconds. A sportswriter finally broke the

silence—and tried hard to penetrate the gloom.

"Certainly hard to take," he grinned.

"Laugh all you want to," the coach moaned. "It was hard to take. Hard for me, that is, but the elixir of youth for the guy coaching the other side. And that's the point. When one side is high, the other is taking a licking, but add it all up, when a tough game is history on the score board, both coaches have had a going over."

His last statement really was the point. It isn't alone the agony of sitting through the seconds when the game is hanging on whether a halfback may complete a long run for a score, a certain forward pass may kick the props from under the best laid of defense plans, or a kick after touchdown may rob a coach of what might just as well be a tie. It isn't these alone that make for gray hairs and spots before the eyes. These critical moments come often enough, but they're up-curves. The whole game is the thing. From the whistle that opens it to the gun that brings it to a close, it's usually a matter of finger-biting suspense and hair-tearing tenseness, especially these days, when all of the major teams are so nearly on a par in strength.

Dozens of instant decisions must be made and the coach wonders each time if he's making the right one. He can only hope—and then get what consolation he can from second guessing after the contest is over. And through it all, as often as not, minutes slip by like decades; Time has no end.

By comparison, getting a team ready for a game is a simple matter, somewhat like working out a problem in mathematics. There's little of real tension or heart-in-the-mouth apprehension. It's merely a matter of the guess of one coach against that of another, a matter of one doing his utmost to make his skill function successfully against the best the opposing mentor has to offer.

If his material is reasonably sound, your coach shouldn't be compelled to worry about fundamentals and matters of judgment as games late in the season come along. And

Continued on page 183





“Well, offhand I’d say your case against Mr. Barnes was in the bag”



"Could you straighten the eyes and change the name to Mabel?"

Design in Plaster

He knew Mary's love was wearing out, that the reunion after his accident wouldn't last forever

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

"How long does the doctor think now?" Mary asked.

With his good arm Martin threw back the top of the sheet, disclosing that the plaster armor had been cut away in front in the form of a square, so that his abdomen and the lower part of his diaphragm bulged a little from the aperture. His dislocated arm was still high over his head in an involuntary salute.

"This was a great advance," he told her. "But it took the heat wave to make Ottinger put in this window. I can't say much for the view but—have you seen the wire collection?"

"Yes, I've seen it," his wife answered, trying to look amused.

It was laid out on the bureau like a set of surgeons' tools—wires bent to every length and shape so that the nurse could reach any point inside the plaster cast when perspiration made the itching unbearable.

Martin was ashamed at repeating himself.

"I apologize," he said. "After two months you get medical psychology. All this stuff is fascinating to me. In fact—" he added, and with only faint irony, "—it is in a way of becoming my life."

Mary came over and sat beside the bed raising him, cast and all, into her slender arms. He was chief electrical engineer at the studio and his thirty-foot fall wasn't costing a penny in doctor's bills. But that—and the fact that the catastrophe had swung them together after a four months' separation, was its only bright spot.

"I feel so close," she whispered. "Even through this plaster."

"Do you think that's a nice way to talk?"

"Yes."

"So do I."

Presently she stood up and rearranged her bright hair in the mirror. He had seen her do it half a thousand times but suddenly there was a quality of remoteness about it that made him sad.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked. Mary turned, almost with surprise.

"It seems strange to have you ask me."

"Why? You almost always tell me. You're my contact with the world of glamor."

"But you like to keep bargains. That was our arrangement when we began to live apart."

"You're being very technical."

"No—but that *was* the arrangement. As a matter of fact I'm not doing anything.

Bieman asked me to go to a preview, but he bores me. And that French crowd called up."

"Which member of it?"

She came closer and looked at him.

"Why, I believe you're jealous," she said. "The wife of course. Or *he* did, to be exact, but he was calling for his wife—she'd be there. I've never seen you like this before."

Martin was wise enough to wink as if it meant nothing and let it die away, but Mary said an unfortunate last word.

"I thought you liked me to go with them."

"That's it," Martin tried to go slow, "—with 'them,' but now it's 'he.'"

"They're all leaving Monday," she said almost impatiently. "I'll probably never see him again."

Silence for a minute. Since his accident there were not an unlimited number of things to talk about, except when there was love between them. Or even pity—he was accepting even pity in the past fortnight. Especially their uncertain plans about the future were in need of being preceded by a mood of love.



"I'm going to get up for a minute," he said suddenly. "No, don't help me—don't call the nurse. I've got it figured out."

The cast extended half way to his knee on one side but with a snake-like motion he managed to get to the side of the bed—then rise with a gigantic heave. He tied on a dressing gown, still without assistance, and went to the window. Young people were splashing and calling in the outdoor pool of the hotel.

"I'll go along," said Mary. "Can I bring you anything tomorrow? Or tonight if you feel lonely?"

"Not tonight. You know I'm always cross at night—and I don't like you making that

long drive twice a day. Go along—be happy."

"Shall I ring for the nurse?"

"I'll ring presently."

He didn't though—he just stood. He knew that Mary was wearing out, that this resurgence of her love was wearing out. His accident was a very temporary dam of a stream that had begun to overflow months before.

When the pains began at six with their customary regularity the nurse gave him something with codein in it, shook him a cocktail and ordered dinner, one of those dinners it was a struggle to digest since he had been sealed up in his individual bomb-shelter. Then she was off duty four hours and he was alone. Alone with Mary and the Frenchman.

He didn't know the Frenchman except by name but Mary had said once:

"Joris is rather like you—only naturally not formed—rather immature."

Since she said that, the company of Mary and Joris had grown increasingly unattractive in the long hours between seven and eleven.

He had talked with them, driven around with them, gone to pictures and parties with them—sometimes with the half comforting ghost of Joris' wife along. He had been near as they made love and even that was endurable as long as he could seem to hear and see them. It was when they became hushed and secret that his stomach winced inside the plaster cast. That was when he had pictures of the Frenchman going toward Mary and Mary waiting. Because he was not sure just how Joris felt about her or about the whole situation.

"I told him I loved you," Mary said—and he believed her, "I told him that I could never love anyone but you."

Still he could not be sure how Mary felt as she waited in her apartment for Joris. He could

not tell if, when she said good night at her door, she turned away relieved, or whether she walked around her living room a little and later, reading her book, dropped it in her lap and looked up at the ceiling. Or whether her phone rang once more for one more good night.

Martin hadn't worried about any of these things in the first two months of their separation when he had been on his feet and well.

At half-past eight he took up the phone and called her; the line was busy and still busy at a quarter of nine. At nine it was out of order; at nine-fifteen it didn't answer and at a little before nine-thirty it was busy again. Martin got up, slowly drew on his

Continued on page 169

Germany Never Had a Chance

1945 report on the last war shows
Germany had even less chance than
she did in the War of 1914-1918

by **GEORGE ANTHEIL**

• FANTASY •

IN MANY respects, of course, the two wars—that of 1914-1918 and 1939-1943—were very similar. The line-ups, by large, were practically identical, France, England, Russia on the one side, and Germany-Austria on the other. Then, too, and before long, Italy welshed on Germany in both wars; finally the United States entered into both wars. Roosevelt and Wilson had many points in common, and, after a four-year war, in both cases, America, as usual, was left holding the bag.

The introduction to the last war, however, was infinitely more ponderous and impressive than the introduction to the War of 1914-1918. The jockeying for position was little less than magnificent; it was not, for instance, known until the very last moment that Russia would cast in her lot with England and France. The breathless excitement until the very last moment (before the actual opening up of hostilities) has never had its equal in history; it had become obvious during the very last weeks of remaining peace that Russia was playing a very definite game which the world had up to then not been aware of . . . a neutral game, a game which included not fighting under any conditions, a game whereby Russia would supply arms to both sides until one was tired out and then in would step Russia. No one could imagine how Russia could possibly keep out of the war; still it was apparent that Russia believed—right up until the very last moment—that she could.

The only great difference between the first war and the second was that during the first war Germany moved to the west. But in the second war, she moved towards the east. This was no great surprise, of course, Hitler had long indicated by everything he had said and done that he would move eastwards and not westwards. To the west he had built the great Siegfried Line, practically impenetrable. He had succeeded in securing control of Holland, partially by agreement and then by occupation. He had also finally succeeded in making a working arrangement with Denmark for, obviously, if the Kiel Canal had been blocked England could have landed upon Denmark. He had Roumania definitely set up with a more positive agreement than the one which had been made public many months before the outbreak of hostilities, and was prepared, had that failed, to occupy Roumania. In all cases the secret infiltration



ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

Glory

of Roumania had at the outbreak of hostilities been made complete. All this—upon the day of the first shot—was positive indication that Hitler would drive eastwards—not westwards.

We knew, of course, that the war would start sometime during the third week of September, 1939, but, actually, this guess was wide of the mark by three weeks. However, early in September, the eastern borders of Germany were already rumbling with the anticipated "frontier incidents"; when the war came actually no one any longer believed that war was anything less than inevitable.

The shooting of course only started when Germany was *fully* ready. Already long ago, in June of 1939, her western armies had occupied the western fortifications, the Siegfried Line. But now, without warning, vast bodies of troops—greater by far than had ever been imagined or dreamt of—began moving towards the east. When England showed a disposition to put her promises into effect, upon that very evening a tremendous and unbelievable amount of German planes appeared over London. The same thing happened over Paris, only, in the case

of Paris, the planes were Italian. It was only a demonstration, pure and simple; no bombs were dropped.

This gave England and France pause for several days; when the French and English planes attempted to cross over into German territory no German planes appeared, but, due to some inexplicable reason, the English and French planes grounded. Days later, of course, it was discovered that Germany had actually discovered a ray which stopped airplane motors. In the future the Allies had to climb over the ray.

England and France, however, did not pause long. England, a great crumbling ruin of a power, had no other alternative than to keep her promises. France saw herself caught in a situation from which she could not extract herself. And the first English steps were, of course—(they had to be!)—naval. She landed troops in France, to help France invade Italy. Her navy menaced Italy proper.

In the north she attempted to land troops in Denmark, but there, as we know, encountered a swift, unpleasant surprise. Naturally, of course, she did not send her fleet into the Baltic for this sea is a shallow bit of water and the English Fleet is deep draft. The German Fleet was built shallow enough to control the Baltic,

and control it Berlin did until the very end of the war.

But the British, in typical British fashion, allowed the French to take the first brunt of the war; this was the attack on Italy. The French, as we all know, are terrific fighters; they would have fought to the death before they would have given up one inch of French soil to the Italians. All of us had known for a long time that Italy had made a tremendous and decisive mistake in antagonizing France. Italy, unlike Germany, was found, at the commencement of hostilities, to be a country internally weak, strong only in the tremendous and unbelievable amount of her submarines. For a time however these submarines did cause a tremendous amount of damage. One of them actually accounted for a large number of the best vessels of the French navy. . . .

But Italy, as we know, soon capitulated. The other surprise, as we have previously indicated, was Russia. We all knew—or thought we knew—that Russia would need to decide early in the crisis whether or no she would enter the war, and how. We knew that she had hoped—and planned—to stay

out of it and then to gobble up what remained of the rest of the world. But it was not possible for her not to decide. She saw—at last, and inevitably—that she would be invaded right and left and immediately.

When she went to war we also discovered, suddenly, that "The Invincible Red Army" was a myth. This great army, like the Czarist armies before it, had not been properly mechanized. The Russian Bear has but little genius for mechanics... he cannot make a ball bearing or a casting that will wear. It was discovered that we had done Lindbergh an injustice—that actually many of the Russian airplanes are no longer effective in a modern air battle. Germany had high-test gas—Russia has always received all of its high-test from America. Roumanian oil was good—Russian oil had a paraffin base. At the outbreak of hostilities the air war fleets of Germany and Italy were supreme; it was not true that German airplane engines are made of such shoddy materials that they can stand only fifteen flying hours before they fall apart; it must be remembered that the Germans have ever been experts in steel. On the other hand it was early discovered that the best Russian planes could not stay more than fifteen hours in the air before their motors needed not only a complete overhauling, but completely new motors.

From the very first part of the war it was apparent that Germany and Italy had by far the mechanical advantage. Their war machinery had been much more thoroughly and efficiently thought out. Germany and Italy, for instance, suddenly produced an incredible amount of submarines—small submarines—but tremendously efficient ones. Several months before, as if in derision, the Central Powers had caused to be sabotaged three Allied submarines, first from the United States, then from England, and then from France. This was as if to say "Look, your antiquated boats won't even float!" The German subs, on the other hand, were incredibly efficient; though small they had tremendous cruising ranges and preyed upon Allied shipping in a fantastic manner....

One whole year after the outbreak of the war it was discovered that the Germans had a hidden submarine base in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean! From this base they operated for as long as fifteen days—whole squadrons of them! For the Germans had learned in the War of 1914-18 that the submarine is infinitely more efficient than a warship. One submarine, properly operated could, they discovered, sink a whole darned navy.

And they discovered—all naval authorities aside—that an airplane *can* sink a battleship; therefore airplanes continued to sink major battleships of the English and French fleets all throughout the war.

It was one of the first German-Italian objectives to strike a telling blow at the Eng-

lish-French navies. Mussolini sent his fast cruisers to the Suez, the Gibraltar, and the Golden Horn; he mined the Mediterranean *from the inside*, that is, he did so where he could, and where he couldn't he stationed his ships near by at strategic points. Meanwhile the great droves of submarines and airplanes of the Central Powers wrought havoc upon the English and French Fleets; it was the Hitler-Mussolini idea to drive a telling victory against these fleets so that France and Britain might desist in the west. With English power once on the wane they knew that it would be problematical whether or not Canada and Australia would stick to England. They felt they would not—not after a

victories; Far Eastern Soviet was deeply invaded, consolidated. Russia found herself between a pinchers.

Soon after the outbreak of the war Poland, a "mud-puddle" country with no oil, no anything but vast, flat, and not too agriculturally productive plains, fought a bloody battle or two, although Beck attempted to the very end to drive an advantageous bargain. But the Germans to everyone's surprise marched almost unhindered over Poland to the borders of Russia. The Latvian and Baltic countries up to Finland were occupied. Incidentally, months before the war started the Soviets had withdrawn every person of non-Russian extraction from the vicinity of Leningrad. Russia knew that if the battle came, its most telling point would come here. She was not totally unprepared. Unpleasant surprises, long planted and planned, greeted the German Armies on the entire Russian north-west front. But particularly near Leningrad.

The west front, curiously enough, was comparatively calm. Neither side attempted a mass attack. The French had built the Maginot Line right up to Belgium and had an enormous concentration of military supplies there; the instant that war was actually declared, Belgium was completely cut off. There would be no repetition of the 1914 invasion of Belgium—at least so, apparently, the French had decided.

But Germany occupied Holland, lock, stock, and barrel, and allowed Holland to call it by any nice name they chose.

Thus, after only a half-year of war, the 1939-1943 war duplicated, in many instances, the former "World War." The Central Powers were, in spite of major setbacks (such as Italy) still vastly in the fore. Victory seemed (at least to them) almost certain. Russia gave violent signs of a brewing internal revolt. The Russian Armies fought unevenly, spasmodically, sometimes brilliantly, mostly half-heartedly. But Russia despite everything, did not break.

Germany had previously been warned by her generals that the war might be of long duration. (Previous to the war the wheat sales of the Americas to both Allied and Central Powers had strongly indicated that all nations to be concerned had believed that the war-to-be would be a long and not a short war.) Now she started in to consolidate her gains in the East. Roumania, Hungary, Poland, to say nothing of the Czechs and the Austrians, were more firmly consolidated and regimented than ever before; the second six months of the war were spent in the feverish activity of "milking" and "organizing" these new countries to their very utmost productive limits so that Germany should not lack for materials of any sort to continue to victory. Meanwhile these first victories had a tremendous effect on the German Armies,

Continued in center of page 161



ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

"Aftermath"

great defeat of the invincible English Fleet.

But—as we know—these objectives were not *decisively* obtained; meanwhile England and France pressed to her advantage in Italy. Spain was of no advantage in this checker-board move because Spain had all too recently been exhausted. Spain, out of the struggle... never entered it....

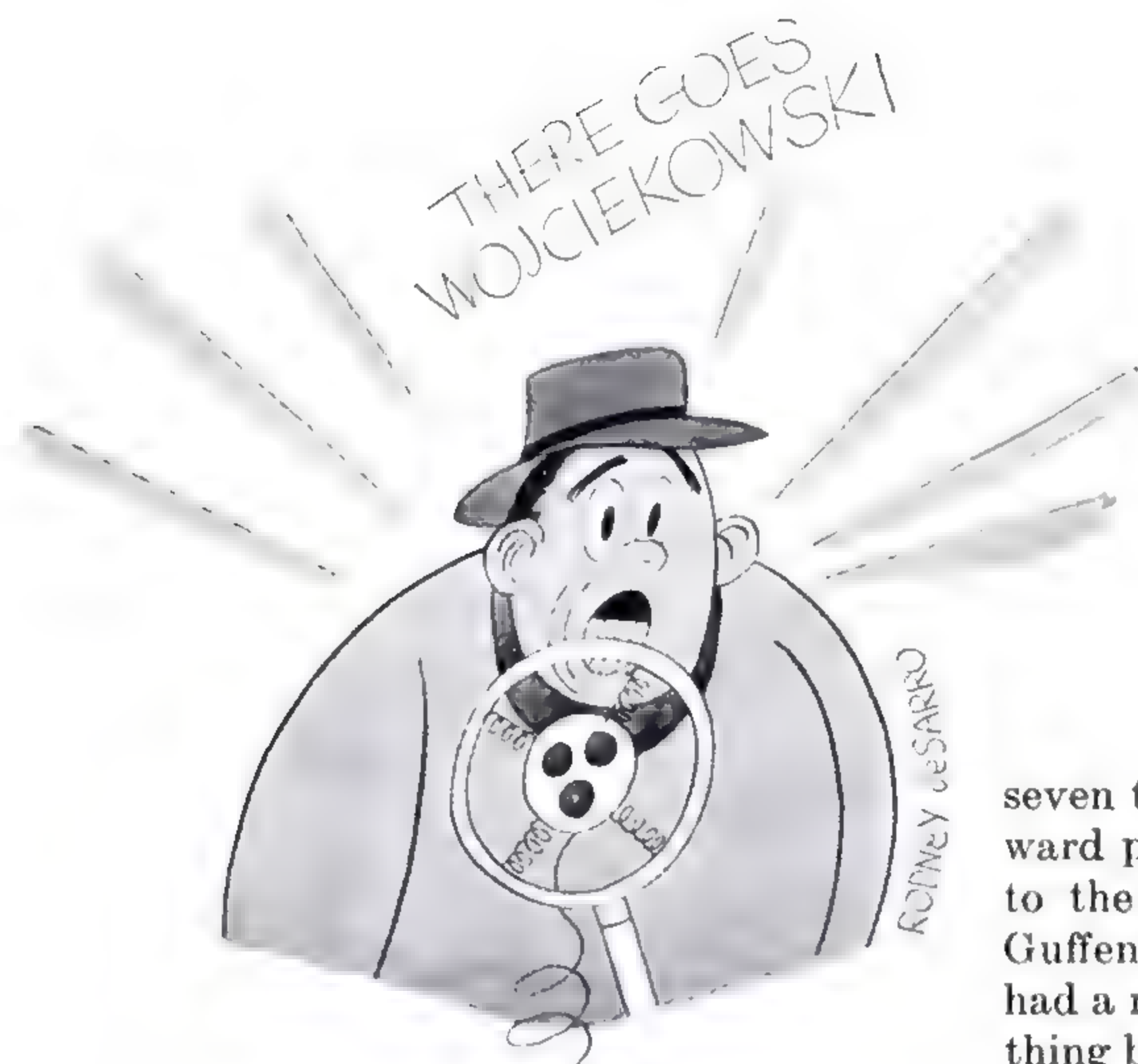
Meanwhile, of course, Germany invaded Russia. Japan, having no England and France in the way, cleaned up China in almost less time than it takes to write about it; China, for sure, had been completely dependent upon the life lines that France and England had thrown her. With France and England occupied, Japan, left free to attack Russia in the Far East, did so without further ado. The complete shock of her efficient armies was felt by the Soviets in a series of telling

Szczepanski Passes to Szczytkowize

A poor dumcluck who only played football can't make no sense out of those radio sports announcers

by ROGER TREAT

• SATIRE •



DEAR Little Wifeykins, Little Kiddikins, Little Doggikins,

Daddy is going away. He is going down to play "ALONE" at Admiral Byrd's little shack at the South Pole. And if the radio antenna is still standing, Daddy is going to chop it down and quick. For Football is here and Daddy can't go through it again. Yes, Daddy used to play it—used to play it like the dickens, but he is all done now and he would rather not talk about it any more.

Daddy likes to come home Saturdays and put on his slippers, and curl up on the divan with a nice chocolate milk and listen to the radio. But not now—not no more. For Daddy has a brain that spins easily and every station, yes every station in the world has a football game being broadcast by Clem McCarthy. How he can be so many places at once, Daddy doesn't know. But you know what I mean—"It's a double wingback to right with Borscht in the tail position—and they whumpf slobst grumblots slbettk and THERE HE Grasblon the aftrekanskesob shlatys floggrill and both teams are offside, Bluzzo the big ALL American center of the Meandering Momers did not snap the ball."

One of the main things Daddy is going to miss is the sport section of the paper. But he would rather miss it than have his breakfast appetite turned to indigestion by the daily sight of four big oafs named Wojciekowski, Wubbelblutt, Vredevoogd, and Antzpanski. There is always an Antzpanski so the clever sportswriters can make those sidesplitting jokes. Sometimes O'Brien is substituted so 986 radio commentators can say, "How did O'Brien get in there?" Every squad is compelled to carry one O'Brien, or in second-rate schools a Murphy will do. And always W, W, V, and A (to save space) are kicking

footballs, heaving footballs, falling on footballs, or going through what is called, "broken field running" with all the gracefulness of the buxom Beulah Blump breaking the Vassar high jump record with a mighty cloud brushing leap of two feet eight inches. You know how SHE looks.

Daddy likes to read about sports, especially statistics, but he can't wade through six columns of fromageneous drool to learn that, although the Magnolia School for Alcoholics gained seven thousand and sixty-three yards by forward passing alone, they lost a heartbreaker to the Guffenfluff 2nd Team by 109-2 and Guffenfluff did not gain a single yard, in fact had a net loss of 26. Nor can Daddy get anything but dreary over the life story of Ronald "Flash" szczyzkwyzys in spite of the few facts—facts mind you—that he is the greatest back that ever ate a cleat, that he gets more fan mail than Hedy Lamarr, that he averages 38 proposals a day, that he is running sixth place in the Republican Presidential Poll. For Daddy knows that in just one year the Flash will be back at tank town rassling where he belongs and all you will hear of him will be an occasional line—"Zion, Illinois, Flash szczyzkwyzys threw Abdul-Bull-Bull 2 out of 3." For every year has its ALL Time Greatest Back—in fact every section has one every year, who is compared condescendingly and sneeringly to Grange, Thorpe or Eckersall. Why these three should be the eternal punching bags for writers of such tripe no one seems to know. It is still grudgingly admitted that Grange could get up and seat, but Oh Boy you ought to see Morris "Seabiscuit" Strombowski of the Litvak School For the Appreciation of Nazism. Oh Boy you should see him arredy. Eckersall could kick pretty good too, but not with John J. "Battleship" Linoleum. Old Bat as the fellers call him—not only averages 99 yards per punt, but he turns the ball inside out to the utter confusion of all concerned. Oh Boy, you ought to see Old Bat—And a year hence you can safely give 10-1 that no one can name a single "All Time Great" from the year before.

Mommie, you know how Daddy loves the radio. Any-

thing from high class music by Borrah Minne-vitch to deep intellectual stuff like the Ritz Bros. But not at any price can I stomach football announcers. Why do they all sound like a bad mixture of the worst parts of Graham McNamee and Clem McCarthy? Why the mad hysteria over twenty-two big goops falling all over each other? Why the utter confusion over the simplest of plays? Why not leave one, just one station, open for the few of us who, strange as it may seem, don't give a hoot in hell who wins what all season long?

For there is no peace on Saturday for four long months, a third of the year. No peace, no quiet. I have just received a sad report of a friend who felt as I do about football. He arranged to spend the months of Raucous Rantings at a Monastery of the Himalayan Lamas. As he stepped in the door the blast hit him square in the face—"Weegelworts is tackled by Ignorantski—and he dropped the ball—HE DROPPED THE BALL—Oh Boy what a tackle." My friend committed Hara-Kiri with a dull nail file.

So that's why it is good-bye for a while, Mommikins and Kiddikins and Doggikins. Daddy is going to have the nicest fall you can imagine. Byrd thought he was in bad shape when he was playing "ALONE." He didn't know how well off he was. There is only one thing to worry about. If the Penguins have taken up football (or should I say Penguinski?) you will find my body stabbed with a nice sharp goalpost. And so —Oh Boy THERE HE GOES—

Your ever-lovin

Daddikins ##





“Is you one of Miss Harper’s new friends or an old one that’s been refinanced?”



“Yes—I shot them! They were week-end guests since summer and wouldn’t go home!”

The Red Giant

The other prisoners did not really know him, he was a sort of legend, so long had he lived in the dungeon

by **MANUEL KOMROFF**

• FICTION •

IN THE beginning, at the very start, they were free. No time was lost. A day or two before, secret whispers floated through the prison but now it was a loud shout and they were free. The prison doors were opened. The February air was fresh and bracing. The golden spires of St. Petersburg could be seen in the distance. They glistened in the sun of a new day.

But it is not easy to be free just like that, so suddenly and without . . . without long preparation or waiting or a lecture from the jailor or a civilian suit of clothes. And even without a paper signed by a judge or a minister or some mild-eyed official of justice. But that is how it was. They were free and if the sudden light was too strong or . . .

They gathered in the prison yard. Twenty-two or twenty-three all pale and with heads closely cropped.

"And what are we to do now?" asked one. "Go home."

"Home?"

"Yes, have you never heard the word?"

"I have my friend. We learnt it in school. Home is a place with a roof over it and warm inside and it is also a place in a man's heart. I knew one long ago. But since I was fourteen I have seen rivers and ships, and castles . . ." He waved his arm to the towers of the prison . . . "ah! such beautiful castles with hundreds of rooms and servants in livery and so many fine guests. But home! Where is that place?"

"Well, we must elect a committee."

"What for? Why do we need a committee?"

"We need our spokesmen. First of all we must go to the railroad station and explain to the station master that we are free and not just plain escaped convicts. We are the political prisoners. And the station master is supposed to give us transportation and someone should speak for us."

"Good." Several agreed at once and many others merely nodded their approval.

"Also," continued the speaker, "we will not leave until they give us our labor money. The office clerks are counting it now. But they are slow."

This conversation about the few wretched roubles that each was to be paid led them to think of the giant because of the small fortune that he was reported to possess. And the reason why he was almost forgotten by his fellow prisoners will soon be clear.

"The giant!"

"Why isn't he here?"

Some turned their heads about but not



finding him whispered: "The giant. The giant."

* * *

The giant had been sort of a prison myth. This person was reported to be alive in one of the lower dungeons. Those who had been a long time in the prison had even known him. But that had been long ago before he was thrown into solitary confinement. What had happened was something a bit irregular.

The giant had come to prison with the others some years before. They were tried and convicted for revolutionary activity against the Czar's government. For his activity the giant received twenty years.

There were several odd things about his trial. In the first place he was twenty years old and he was sentenced to twenty years. Secondly he was six feet six inches tall and because of his height he had been seen in a dozen places on the days in question. Even the judge had remarked that it seemed quite bold for a person so conspicuous by his height . . . You know what a judge would say. But there was more. This twenty-year-old youth, lean, lanky, blue-eyed, sandy-haired was tried under four different names, none of which was his own. The prisoners later nicknamed him "The Giant." But during the trials he would not disclose his identity.

It also happened that two years later some new disclosures came forward. Russian Secret Police working in Germany had uncovered a printing plant, and in the confessions, which were extracted partly under torture, the giant had been implicated. Not exactly in the printing business but several years before he had visited these comrades in Germany while he was on his way to Switzerland

and it was during this visit that he had bought those Mauser automatic guns. The guns were later found in Odessa. These were the deadly things that opened fire in the streets. And two years after he had been tried and convicted it was discovered that these Mauser automatic rifles were brought into the country by the Red Giant. He smuggled them in.

Could he be tried again and given forty years? No. This would have been a dangerous procedure. The matter could be adjusted otherwise. Suddenly it was noticed that his prison regime had become very strict and then very soon the regulations were drawn tightly about him. He was put below in one of the dungeons and the reason given was "violation of prison ordinance."

And the odd thing was that very soon after the giant was put below, a rumor had spread about the prison that some relative had died and left the giant a great sum of money. The amount was not known exactly but it was said to be many thousands and no one knew what was done with the money. It was supposed that these thousands were being kept for him by the officials in the event he survived his sentence or in the wild chance of a reprieve.

The moment the wretched roubles owing the prisoners were mentioned, several at once exclaimed: "The Giant. Where is he?"

Was this lumbering creature still alive? Or was he now a myth, a legendary figure, something that one makes up stories about. And the money? What became of it?

"We must go and get him," said one.

"I wonder if he has been told that he is now free?"

"Come," said one. "We will go and get him."

It was cold standing in the prison yard. In their light cotton uniforms the prisoners stood about and shivered. Snow was on the roofs of the buildings and patches of dirty ice could be seen floating on the surface of the river that flowed quietly past the grey prison walls.

These events took place in the month of February and in the year 1917.

* * *

They stood before the bars.

"Listen, Giant. We are a committee and we have come to bring you good news. We are free and you are also free. All politicals are free. It happened only this week. The Duma has quit—an insurrection. The soldiers refused to fire on the workers and . . . The

Continued in center of page 187

The Gravy Run

**He was as good as any of the men,
not careless like the young ones,
he wasn't near ready for the shelf**

by JOHN D. WEAVER

• FICTION •

SHE had walked out from behind a large sedan, holding her hat against the wind. The two men sitting in the front of his car would testify to that. They had seen her. "She wasn't looking where she was going," one of the men said. Both of them signed accident cards, both agreed to speak in his defense if she sued, and she seemed the suing type. She hadn't been hurt, just ruffled a bit and terribly upset about missing a luncheon. He had taken her name and address and sent her off in a cab to the Morton Memorial Hospital which had a contract with the company.

"Women get behind them big hats and never know where they're walking," one of the men said.

He nodded, grateful for the support. With two men right in the front of the car, he ought to be able to convince the company it wasn't a chargeable accident. He hadn't had an accident charged against him in nearly five years, and the last really wasn't his fault. The car that hit him had no brakes.

He moved south from the city into a residential district where there was little noonday traffic. The two men left the car at Forty-third Street, telling him not to worry. "If she starts anything, you call us," they told him.

He was seven minutes behind schedule when he reached Fifty-fourth and Hamilton. He figured he could make up some of the time on the open stretch around the park. By the time he reached the terminal he was only three minutes late. He turned the car into the side track and left it for Jake to look over. Carrying his money changer, report cards, lunch box and thermos bottle, he walked toward the terminal office. He moved slowly, his hat tilted back on his head. His back was just a trifle stooped, the skin on his face tight against the narrow features and wrinkled. The ends of his gray brush mustache were brown.

Mr. Skiff was in his office when he knocked on the door to make his report. Mr. Skiff was a round, pink-faced man of middle age with a disarming amiability. The men disliked him. They called him Mr. Stiff. Some of the younger fellows had a way of imitating his sickening cheerfulness. "Lovely, lovely day," they'd chirp, mimicking his thin voice. "Just an ideal day for reporting Jenkins to the main office for not turning in his reports on time."

"Well, Mason," Mr. Skiff said, his pink face smiling so widely that the blood left his cheeks, giving a white outline to his smile, "how'd it go this morning?"

"I had a little trouble."

"That so? Too bad, too bad, Mason. What happened?"

"You know that traffic light at Fifteenth and Walnut? I stopped there this morning and let two-three people off and took on four-five, I guess, mostly transfers from the crosstown bus, you know. When I got the green light I started across, and just then this woman comes out from behind a car and . . ."

"Hurt bad?"

"No, not a tall. Just shook up a little. See, there was a big car, Lincoln, I think, waiting for the light right next to my car. She had on a big hat and cut in front this Lincoln holding her hat down so she couldn't see."

"Anybody in the car see her?"

"Two men. They was down front with me

and saw her just as plain as anything. They signed cards. Said they'd come to court if she sued."

Mr. Skiff nodded. He drummed on the table with his fat little freckled hands. Then he picked up a letter opener and began to trace designs on his desk blotter. None of the cheerfulness had left his face.

"Well, I think we can give you a clean bill a'health, Mason," Mr. Skiff said. "You leave your report here and I'll get in touch with the two men before I call the office. I'll see you get a break."

"Thank you, Mr. Skiff. It really wasn't my fault. She wasn't looking. The wind was blowing and she was holding her hat and . . ."

"Of course, Mason. Now just don't worry about it. You been with the company a long time. Nearly thirty years."

"Thirty-three. It was just a month after the San Francisco earthquake."

"Think of that, thirty-three years." Mr. Skiff shook his head wonderingly. "That's a record to be proud of, Mason, awfully proud of."

"Thank you. That's why I'd hate to have anything happen now. I sent her to the hospital so we'd have a doctor's report on her. Just in case some lawyer got hold of her later, you know, and claimed she'd broke her back or somethin'."

"That was the right thing to do, Mason. Yes, you did exactly right. Probably saved the company some money."

"I never had a case go to court since I been with the company."

"That so? Remarkable, Mason, really remarkable. I wish some of the younger men had your sense of responsibility."

"The company's been good to me. I wouldn't want 'em to have trouble on account of me."

"We like to hear the men talk like that," Mr. Skiff said, "specially nowadays when there's so much radicalism."

"I never complained."

"We know that, Mason. We certainly do."

Mason got up and started toward the door. He had opened it before Mr. Skiff called to him.

"Just a minute, Mason. There's another matter I wanted to go over with you."

Mason sat down in the chair facing Mr. Skiff. He was afraid he knew what was coming. He'd worried over it ever since Doc Harmon died.

"You've been on the Walnut run



for five years now, haven't you Mason?"

"Yes, just about."

"Used to have a downtown run didn't you?"

"Had it for twenty years."

"Company moved you over to Walnut 'cause the traffic wasn't so heavy, didn't they?"

"I guess that was the reason."

Mr. Skiff swung around in his chair, his hands folded to a point the way children make churches, using their thumbs to represent the doors. For a minute he swung to right and left in his chair, his head back and eyes closed, as though trying to recall something important that lay just beyond the border of consciousness.

"You had some trouble, hit a car or something, before you got moved over to Walnut, didn't you?" Mr. Skiff asked, his tone exaggeratedly sympathetic.

"The car ran into me. Didn't have brakes. Young fellow was driving across an innersection on a yellow light. Fellow admitted it was his fault."

"That's fine, Mason, glad to know it wasn't your fault."

Mr. Skiff paused again, studying Mason's face with a friendly but distracting intensity.

"How're your eyes, Mason?"

"Fine. They never gave me even a single minute's bother."

"That's good. I always say a man oughta be thankful for good eyes. That's something you can't replace. You can get false teeth, but once your eyes're gone, they're gone forever."

"Mine always been good. Never had a pair of glasses even till six-seven years ago. Got 'em to read the paper with. Print's so small, you know."

"You don't wear glasses when you work, then?"

"No, don't need 'em."

"That's remarkable for a man your age. You must be sixty-five."

"No sixty-one. My birthday was last February, the fourth of February. Same day's Lindbergh's."

"Well, think of that. Still, sixty-one ain't young any more. I mean, it's time a man slowed down a little."

"I ain't slowed down yet, thank goodness. Feel just the way I did when I was fifty-one, even forty-one."

"Glad to hear it, Mason, I certainly am."

Mr. Skiff shuffled some papers on his desk until he found a folder with Mason's name on the tab. Mason recognized the folder. The company kept a record on every operator in the files, listing accidents and copies of reports to the main office. What else the file contained, none of the operators knew, but they were pretty sure Skiff slipped personal notations into the folders when any of the men did something he didn't like.

"Sad about poor old Harmon passing away," Skiff said, without looking up from the papers. "How old was he?"

"Papers said sixty-six."

"That so? We gotta get somebody to take his run. It's a nice run, no traffic, tracks go out through Brookland park. Awfully shady



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

and nice in the summer. Old Harmon got to know everybody on the run, usta call 'em by name."

Mr. Skiff's voice drifted away as though the thought of Harmon's death had become a wistful memory of a lovable old character. He chuckled, apparently recalling some little eccentricity of Harmon's.

"How'd you like to take over that Brookland run, Mason?"

"Well, I like the Walnut run all right."

"The Brookland run'd be easier, keep you out of the traffic."

He wanted to tell Skiff he didn't intend to take Harmon's run. He wasn't old enough for the shelf yet, still had a good ten years. When he got as feeble as Harmon, it'd be time to think of a gravy run, but not now. He was as good as any man in the division, better even, not so careless as these young fellows that tried to see how fast they could go.

"We've had substitutes on the Brookland run ever since poor old Harmon passed on," Mr. Skiff said. "Gotta get a regular man. It's customary to give it to the oldest man in the division."

"Yes, I know."

"I think you're gonna like that run once you been on it a while. You'll make a lotta friends just like old Harmon did."

He had thought out so many things to say, all week he had been saying them over and over. It wasn't fair to disregard his seniority. He was entitled to a full-pay run, at least as long as he could operate a car as well as the others.

"Well, Mason," Mr. Skiff said, laughing good-naturedly, "I know we won't have to break you in on the run." He chuckled. "Guess you can find your way out to Brookland and back all right. Just follow the

tracks, huh, Mason? Just follow the tracks."

Mason nodded and tried to smile. Mr. Skiff cleared his throat, indicating the interview was over. Mason picked his cap up from the desk and turned away.

"There'll be a little adjustment in your salary, of course," Mr. Skiff said when Mason got to the door. "You'll hardly notice it." Mason didn't say anything. Skiff looked up and smiled. "Money don't mean anything to us married men anyway, huh, Mason? Wives take it all away from us."

Mr. Skiff twiddled the letter opener, looking away from Mason.

"You know how it is with a lotta companies," Mr. Skiff said. "Man's with 'em a long time, then when he gets to aging a little they let him go. We don't do that, Mason, no, we certainly don't. We figure we owe somethin' to a man's been with us twenty-five-thirty years. Unless, o'course, he just gets so he can't do any work a tall."

II.

The first couple of weeks went by pleasantly. The trees were nice, the people friendly. He began to have standing jokes with some of the men, regular passengers. Mr. Kincaid would always get on the car and ask how much the fare was, then he'd argue ten cents was highway robbery. Mason would ask where he could find a better bargain. "Trees alone worth ten cents," Mason would say. Kincaid would make out he was sore about the dime and stalk back in the car.

Mr. Weldon, who got on at Sixty-ninth every morning at fourteen minutes to eight, would always say in a heavy attempt at an English accent, "I say, Mason old chap, I've had to send Gregory to the garage with my motor." Mason would hand him a transfer

Continued on page 160



"It's quite an adventure, isn't it?"

Vidar: The Wandering Dane

**This bright young artist gets around.
and critics on two continents and in
three languages have praised his work**

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

THIS is an attempt to capture in early or in mid-flight a clever young man on the flying trapeze of art who may end up triumphantly on the top-most perch of the big tent or ignominiously on the dirt floor. At the age of twenty-eight most artists are still learning their brushwork—the chemistry and the mechanics of their trade. The clever young man about whom we are writing seems long ago to have absorbed the elements of his craft, but without having exhausted the possibilities of intellectual growth or emotional development. He has, however, a lot of things, including a stance and a jumping-off place from which to turn some fancy, not to say impressive, somersaults. Already art critics on two continents and in three languages have praised him. He is clever, versatile, supple. He has been around. He has been a Roman in several mutually contradictory Romes. He knows a couple of passwords. His instincts have shown him a way of encompassing his purposes, a way easier than that taken by the merely stubborn and the industrious. He works hard not so much because he loves to paint as because he is ambitious. Paint happens to be the medium of his ambition. It might have been something else.

Frede Vidar, for that is his name, likes to cover a lot of territory and enjoys playing with fire, at a distance. An agnostic bred in Lutheran circles, he became a novice in a Benedictine monastery long enough to discover that he had no vocation for monkhood. He lived and worked for a time in the semi-autonomous republic of Mount Athos, which is governed by the abbots of the Greek Orthodox Church. As correspondent of the Copenhagen paper, *Politiken*, he covered the revolt against Machado in Cuba, but only for a few days. He painted his way through Southern France and, using other people's money, worked a system at Monte Carlo into a \$25 daily take for himself, not counting the share that went to the capitalist who backed him. He has covered somewhat less territory than Rockwell Kent, but then he has years to go in which to catch up with the older painter. Vidar may be taken almost as the Richard Halliburton of art except that his traveling is more of an incident to his



EAST RIVER

work than it was to the writer of travel adventure. Traveling far, he travels lightly and isn't disposed to weigh himself down with an inconvenient bundle of intransigent standards and ideals. Only the velvet padding conceals the sharpness of those elbows with which he means to make his way in a world which has the reputation of *not* beating a track to the doorways of artists.

His paintings are double features, but the time they require for the deciphering of the crowded spaces is not to be confused with the pleasure which true art communicates. He seems to be trying hard to consummate a marriage between traditionalism and surrealism by adding the filip of symbolism to the conventional treatment of figure and landscape. His painting entertains by its easily decipherable content, by the profusion of detail and fake significance in each canvas and not by a pervading richness of painting quality. His pictures pose literary challenges with enough leads to suggest the answers, for he does not go too deeply into special sources, such as Freud, for his symbolism and fantasy. A typical painting of Vidar's looks like a political or social, or anti-Puritanical cartoon dressed up as a pseudo-Old Master. His art is so often so close to illustration that it gives the average person the kick which he imagines can come only from the more or less faithful statement in paint of a long short story, or a commentary. "Look at all the detail in that picture. The artist certainly gives you your money's worth." Vidar need not be afraid of the test implied in banalities such as these. Vidar seems to be afraid of

empty spaces. He is capable of painting a single, large, bold, solid figure, but instead of leaving it at that he will fill part of the unoccupied space with a detail of fantasy or symbolism, as if he were trying to convince the spectator that the painting is worth more because there is that much more handiwork in it. He paints nudes ably and solidly, but a nude is not enough, there must be a blood-tipped dagger alongside, and two minor figures in the middle distance to give your mind the kind of play that it derives in the solution of a puzzle instead of the deeper satisfaction which comes from looking upon a figure well-painted. This painter's trouble is that he tries

to tell us so much that lies outside his province.

Vidar can paint the human figure in shorthand and in longhand and can state it better in shorthand than most painters of his age can state it in the most precise and labored longhand. His effects are not the results of his limitations, but the excesses of his cleverness, the effects of his desire to attract immediate attention and the lack of a real emotional or intellectual attitude toward the world and the subject matter that is part of the world. His chief trouble is that he is clever and cold. He does not warm to the thing he paints. Only his technical capacities, his draughtsmanship, among other qualities, and his crowding of the canvas with story quality, save him from exposure. With all his ability to paint nudes, for example, the flesh still remains cold, and remote. A roomful of his paintings gives forth a cold electric light, as if they had been painted with the assistance of machinery. His color scheme is high and sharp, as if the painter were trying to whip the spectator into a state of excitement, instead of alluring him with delicate means.

Frede Vidar's trouble is not that he must learn, but that he must unlearn; not that he must acquire, but that he must discard; not that he must add to his possessions and equipment, but must select for emphasis among the capacities and even the qualities that he already possesses. It may be that his trouble consists in his effort to rush his development, to cash in hurriedly on what he already has in pocket. I think that he has it

Continued in center of page 132



GREEN



GRAY

A Selection of Paintings

by **FREDE VIDAR**

*These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the
courtesy of the Julien Levy Gallery in New York City*



WINTER



PLAINFIELD EPILOGUE



CONNECTICUT VALLEY

His paintings are double features but the time they require for the deciphering of the crowded spaces is not to be confused with the pleasure which true art communicates. He seems to be trying to consummate a marriage between traditionalism and surrealism by adding a fillip of symbolism to the conventional treatment of figure and landscape. His art, profuse in detail, is so often so close to illustration that it gives the average person the kick which he imagines can come only from the more or less faithful statement in paint of a long short story, or commentary.

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JAINA



AN IVORY TOWER



"I've hired a valet for you, dear, and a maid for me"

The Play Is Not the Thing

Each of the six knew a beautiful little number precisely tailored for the minor role of chambermaid

by **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**

• FICTION •

SIX men were sitting in the office of the small theatre: the business manager, the art director, the assistant art director, the stage manager, and the two authors. Of the two collaborators one contributed poetry, and the other gags, to the plays they produced jointly.

The council of the six was in the midst of an attempt to distribute the roles in the latest operetta of the two authors, which was entitled *My Chum from Kamchatka*. This was very important business. Extremely important. The operetta was going to be the big spring hit of the theatre. The management was pinning its hopes on it between March and June, and success depended mostly upon the distribution of the roles. The two clever authors were quite cognizant of the fact that in these affairs the play is definitely not the thing.

The conference was being held on a Sunday morning, and its participants, with due regard for the holiday, had got out of bed shortly after eleven. As they sat, well rested, newly shaven, their faces fresh and taut from astringents, they all looked a little alike. Smart, tough, deft showmen, in pin-striped double breasteds and crisp silk ties.

And just because they were brothers under the skin, all the six of them, they quickly dispensed with nine-tenths of the problem at hand with the dispatch of experts.

Shall Abel Park play the husband?

Of course! Naturally. Abel Park is the only person for that.

And who is going to play the wife? Odette Odalisque?

No question about it. The part's made for her.

And Jacqueline Jambes will be the sourette, I suppose?

Yes—and Leslie Lesling will be the bon vivant.

Very good. And the comique will be Otto Lear.

There was no argument at all. Every name was received with genuine approval.

It was past two o'clock. The conference was almost over. The art director was already looking at the coat rack. He was trying to decide which one of the six hats hanging there belonged to him, because even the hats miraculously resembled one another. One could easily tell that all the six were bought on the same street, in the same shop. And then the poetic collaborator spoke up:

And then there is the chambermaid yet. In the fifth scene she says:

"Oh, sir, be careful! I'm very ticklish."

Just seven words. But that could be brought out so splendidly. Then it's very important to have a cute little number on the stage in that scene. No one but Mara Chase could play this chambermaid just right.

The gag-collaborator made an unexpected observation:

But Oggy! Maybe you find Chase a nice little number. I can't help it, but I smell corned beef every time I see her. And anyway, I have already promised the part to Sari Marvel.

The two authors were just settling down



for a fight when the business manager suddenly said:

Chase is bad. Marvel is bad too! I have a little girl in mind who would be just the thing. Mariella Clark. You must remember her. That beautiful slender girl. We left her out of the last play; she ought to be in this one!

But now the art director interrupted. He said firmly:

I need that gap for myself. I'd like to give Mitzi Smith a break. Nobody knows better than I what that girl can do!

The stage manager's voice was excited:

I think I ought to have something to say about this! Do you think I'm going to waste my time on these amateurs? I want a real actress for this chambermaid. Dorothy Burt is the girl for it.

The assistant, who had a sour, long face like a burnt sheet dipped in vinegar, naturally had a protégée of his own whom he recommended with the full weight of his authority. And the six men, who had come to immediate decision concerning the important, decisive roles, now began to argue with increasing excitement about the cham-

bermaid. The conversation was rapidly becoming acrimonious and the air was charged with electricity. Mentally the men called each other names and kicked each other in the pants.

In the long run one could understand this tooth and nail fight. All the six little numbers were equally pretty. One of them had an arch here and the other a curve there. Each could play superbly to a one-man audience. None of them had eyebrows, but each one of them had a telephone number to which she responded with the grim certainty of a fire department.

God only knows what would have happened if the gag man, who was the cleverest one of the group, hadn't thought of something new:

As for me, I insist on Marvel. But I think we could stick somebody else into the play yet. Here's the butler in the third act. Let's have another chambermaid instead of him!

Splendid! We'll have no butler, but we'll have two chambermaids—said the business manager approvingly.

The assistant art director realized that this was a good idea, and so he developed it:

And that doorman in the first scene doesn't seem right either. Why should it be a doorman? Why shouldn't it be a bellhop? What's more, a female bellhop. She could

wear pants and have more success than a male one.

This idea too was received with universal approval. Only the poetic collaborator was still a little sour. He had written the doorman part into the play for the benefit of an old-timer friend. The miserable old unemployed actor had been pestering him for months. He was always unshaven, and his Adam's-apple wiggled pitifully in his thin neck. The author could almost hear his pleading voice:

For God's sake, pal, do something for me! All you have to do is say one word! Stick me into your next play. I'll play anything. I'm practically starving now!

And now they were striking out his doorman. Poor old devil. It would be tough on him. But what the hell. Let them strike him out. Peace was the main thing. If the old man showed up again he would give him five bucks.

Thus the third little female sparrow could fly up, chirping, to the telegraph wires of the play. In the meantime the good idea was being relentlessly developed. An old count was changed into a young countess, and a manicure was substituted for a Ukrainian

Continued at top of page 147



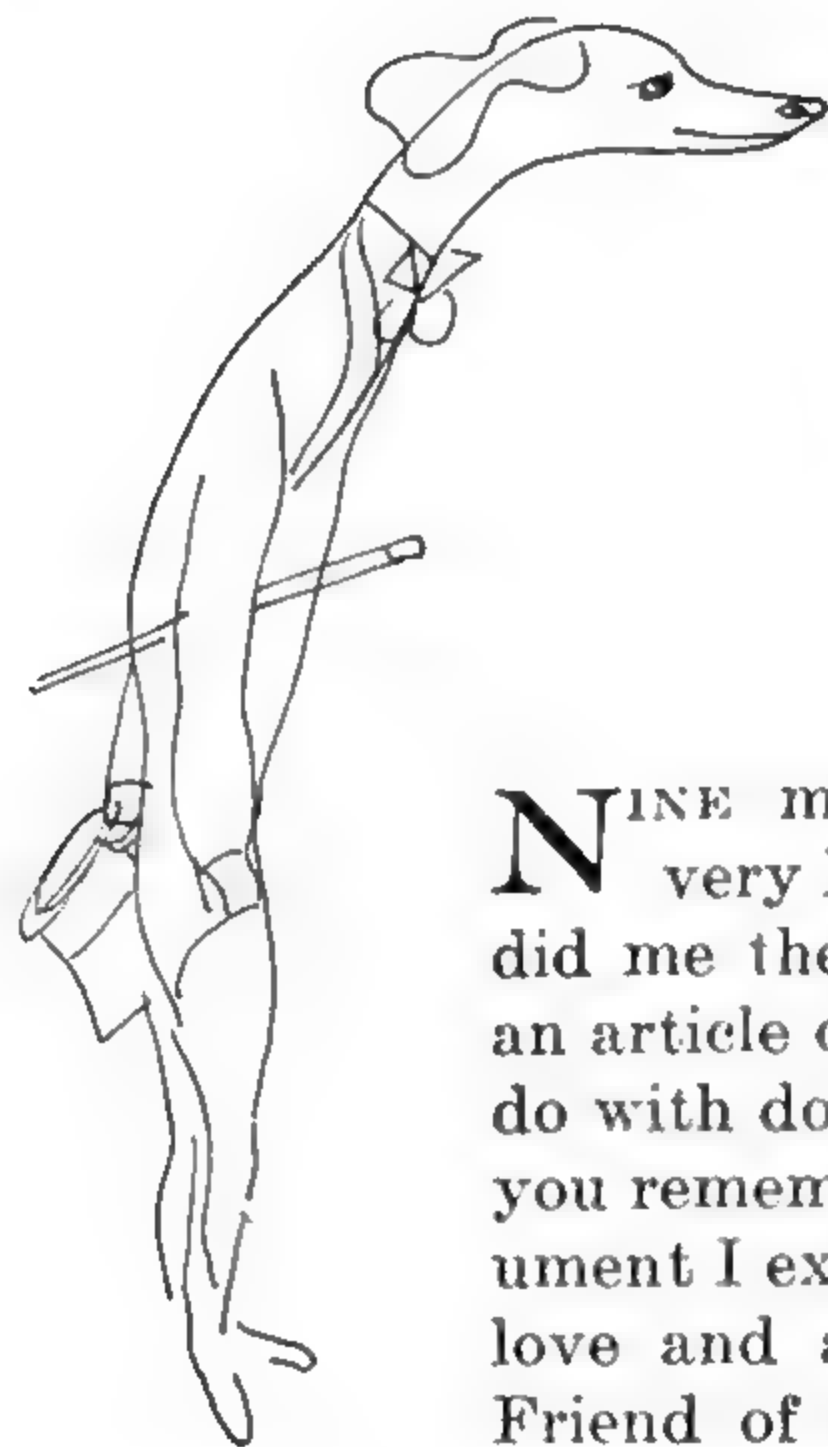
*“Whoa, Willy! Save yore lead! Ah’m just coaxin’ him down handy to the cabin—then
Ah’ll beat the stuffin’ out o’ him”*

Let's Have An Annual "Dog's Day"

Maybe you think you're kind to your dog, but has he known the comfort of a swimming suit or a mechanical tree?

by **ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE**

• ARTICLE •



NINE months ago to this very hour, this magazine did me the honor of printing an article of mine that had to do with dogs. Maybe some of you remember it. In that document I expressed unbounded love and admiration for the Friend of Man, but I spoke with somewhat less extreme

affection when I mentioned certain types of the Friend of Dog. I expostulated gently, ever so gently, with persons who in crowded cities permit their dogs to become instruments of nuisance for the annoyance of their fellow-citizens. I made it abundantly clear that I had reference only to such dogs as lived in apartment houses and used the sidewalks as their comfort-stations; and I stated repeatedly, with such command of the English language as is at my disposal, that nobody had the slightest complaint to make against any dog-owner who was courteous enough to restrain his dog from soiling sidewalks, barking at unseasonable hours, and otherwise infringing on the rights of the humble public. The total purport of my article was—"Dog as you would be dogged."

The result of the publication of my script was odd, but not unexpected to me. I had known that I was "asking for it"—and I got it. The Sound and Fury Department of this magazine has been swamped with barks and growls ever since; and my own personal mail has become such that Mr. Farley has written me a very nice friendly letter begging me to release no more dog articles, because his department simply cannot stand the expense of assigning many more carriers to my formerly somnolent mail route.

A number of these letters have been wonders. They have accused me of every known crime, including some that are to be found recorded only in the obscure pages of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. They have painted me as being—at heart—a wanton vivisectionist, a friend of Mr. Hitler, a moron, a skunk, a person who puts pins into babies' perambulators, a dog poisoner, a poisoner of the American press, a sadist, a liar, a cuss, an insomniac, an illiterate, and—worst and most wounding of all—as "that person." There were several treasurable curiosities among these missives—such as one letter whose writer required two pages in which to call me a nit-wit and four more pages in which to list the names of the forty-four impressive

Dog Societies of which he was a member. There was another letter whose writer alleged that his intelligent dog had scented the noisome contents of that number of *Esquire* even before the wrapper was opened, and had torn it to bits. (When I told this story to my own excellent police dog, Altair, he could hardly believe me; but he granted that he was only a country dog, and not up to appreciating the ironic subtleties of *Esquire*.)

I especially enjoyed one writer who gave my case an elaborate psychoanalysis that would have cost me thousands of dollars if I had got it from a professional. He made it clear that my objecting to dog dirt on city sidewalks was easily explained:—he said he was sure that I must be a short, extremely ugly man who wore lavender spats and was very repulsive to women and was very much afraid of women; and that because I was afraid of women, I extended my fear to the clear-browed radiant woman-goddess Diana; and that because I had seen paintings of Diana as Goddess of the Chase with her



dogs, I associated dogs with her, and so was afraid of them and all that concerned them. (I wondered a little if the opposite was true—and that if you were greatly fascinated by women, it meant that you were also greatly fascinated by Diana, dogs, and dirty sidewalks?) Yes, there were many remarkable letters. Indeed, gentle reader, if you have any curiosity as to how inventive the human mind can be when it is boiling with semi-articulate rage, I suggest that you write an article about dogs for *Esquire*. You will learn a lot.

But one characteristic of the mail you get may surprise you; at least, it did me. I kept careful count—and for every letter that denounced me as a monster of obscene iniquity, there were exactly 1.71 letters that hailed me as a Torch-bringer of Civilization. Of all my many good and noble deeds, none has ever rewarded me with so much gratitude as did that article—as letter writer after letter writer poured out to me his thanks for expressing an emotion that had long filled his own heart to bursting. (Perhaps you, gentle reader, were one of them? If so, pray accept my hand-shake.) As a result of these letters I came to the conclusion that, nu-

merous as were the persons who insisted that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights gave them the privilege of letting their dogs annoy other persons, still there were a large number of my surviving fellow-citizens who thought it would be very nice if all dogowners would be as considerate as most of them are.

The circulation of *Esquire*, however, suffered grievously for my sins. Two persons wrote indignant letters to the editor and in no uncertain terms canceled their subscriptions. They said that it mattered not a whit to them that in these pages were spread forth the spiritual riches of many of the most gifted writers and painters of our time: one article that besought dogowners to restrain their dogs was enough to spoil the whole show.

This made me feel bad. And it is to placate these two persons, and to win them back to the fold of *Esquire* subscribers, that I write this article—and present a proposal that will convince them that, in spite of my past errors, my heart has now slipped back into the right place.

What I propose ought to meet with a wide response. I propose that, since we already have a highly appreciated "Mother's Day" and "Father's Day," we institute another excellent custom—that we have an annual "Dog's Day."

On that day we would take pains to show our appreciation of our humble friend the dog, not merely by kind words and loving looks, but also with the more speaking eloquence of substantial gifts. Every right-thinking person will be with me in this proposal. I count on support not only from the butchers and dog-biscuit manufacturers and vendors of dog's sporting goods, but also from the normal warm-hearted citizen—he who at the behest of the florists and others interested has so willingly cultivated a love for his mother and his father, and has expressed it in cash terms.

Now, as to what to give on "Dog's Day"? Many ordinary gifts suitable for bestowal on this anniversary will readily occur to even the dullest mind. There are all the varieties of tempting dog-food that are so skillfully put up in tins nowadays, there are handsome collars and leashes, comfortable bedbaskets, warm and handsome outdoor clothes, and a hundred other desirable items of use or pleasure. But the really conscientious and prideful dogowner will want something rather

Continued on page 110



Horses, Riders and Circuses

Some circus horses, like shy, sensitive children, need to be coaxed to do their tricks, while others need a good smack

by ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

TO ME all horses—even the poor skin and bone patriarchs walking their last long mile towards a slaughterhouse on the edge of the city of Paris where horse viand is appreciated—are beautiful and perfect. But then I am an extremist and inclined to be much too enthusiastic when it comes to domestic animals. The cold, unfriendly world looks at horses—as well as men—with a “You’ve got to show me” attitude, so curbing my enthusiasm I shall try to do the same.

Among all horses who work for a living those in the circus come nearest to perfection, not only in the talent with which they perform their duties, but also as far as brains and sheer common sense are concerned. Race horses I think, are second. It is a known fact, for instance, that these animals know in the morning when they are going to run in the afternoon. A racer goes to Pimlico or Belmont Park and is groomed, fed, watered, exercised every day in the same way for three weeks. He keeps cool and blasé on the mornings of non-racing days but gets excited and all hot and bothered at sunrise on a certain single day when he somehow knows that he is going to race—even while his owner is still pondering whether to let the entry run! The owner, instead of vacillating, should take a look at his horse; the animal’s mood foretells the master’s decision.

This instinct in race horses is uncanny and inexplicable. And I may say that circus horses’ intellects are even more weird and wonderful. They know the order of a coming day even better than do race horses. Without ever having read the program, they know that the herd of elephants—whom they do not like very much—exhibits its antics just before the intermission, and that the venerable white *panneau* horse bearing the dancing ballerina goes out to work just after the trained seals wobble their way back towards the stables.

Of course, a great deal of this knowledge is due to training by experts. One of the best circus-horse trainers in America today is Captain William Heyer, a Hollander, who is the darling of the great Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey circus. I know Heyer from Europe, where he was in charge of equitation in several important circuses; but whether it was in Paris, Vienna or Amsterdam, he was always so encircled by admirers that we rarely had time for more than a rapid handshake. It was not until we met by chance late one night in the barroom of a New York hotel that we were able to have a long talk about circus horses and his artistry with them.

Even at such a late hour when most of the city was already snoring happily the captain was dressed in work clothes: black riding

jacket, black jodhpurs and patent leather jodhpur boots. Mrs. Heyer, who is also a circus-rider, was present too, but unfortunately she was not caparisoned in the marvelously picturesque bright dolman and shapely white satin breeches of an equestrienne of the big tent. And although she hails from the Soviet Union she wore the simple but well cut clothes of any smartly dressed woman of the Western Hemisphere. As is not unusual with married folks a little friendly squabble was in progress. It seemed that Mrs. Heyer had purchased a riding whip for her old father, who is also in the circus business in the Soviet Union, and instructed the captain to send it off. The latter argued that he had had no time to think about parcels; that he was up and about and teaching his horses at six in the morning after a bare three hours’ rest, not to mention the several performances daily. The shapely Russian lady at last saw the reasonableness of her husband’s argument when we changed over from Holland gin to vodka, and when the slight marital disagreement ended, we shifted the conversation to the I.Q. of circus horses.

In this connection we discussed particularly the act called Liberty, in which the trainer stands in the middle of a circle while the horses go around and perform their various tricks. This performance is familiar to every circus goer and it is a comparatively easy bout. They gallop—as many as twenty in a ring—and change formations and turn around and stand on their hind legs at a word from the master. But extra clever Liberty horses actually perform without any spoken command at all from the man in the center. A lift of the shoulder indicates to the horses that they have to do a certain task; a slight motion of the hand—often unseen by the spectators—conveys to the disciples the master’s wishes. Ringmasters like to work without words and with almost imperceptible motions since the effect is greater on the public and it seems as though the horses performed on their own initiative.

When Captain Heyer is compelled to speak—as in the case of young Liberty horses for instance—he does so in a clear, soft whisper. If he wants the horses to stop their careening around and immediately turn and face him, he takes a half step backward and utters the word: “Say!” This is Captain Heyer’s own invention for the particular performance and has nothing to do with the two other commands in use by ringmasters everywhere when they wish to order Liberty horses to do the same task. These two other commands internationally used are “Appel!” and “A moi!” Mr. Heyer likes the word “Say.” The Winchell of the ring, one presumes.

While Liberty horses are performing, Heyer

must continually quiet them and give them confidence. The captain claims that he really mesmerizes his horses; establishing connection with one of them and then having that animal transmit the ray of influence to the others. Sometimes this connection is broken by a misbehaving horse and Heyer senses instantly that something improper is going on behind his back. He does not turn around, but merely says the name of the horse in a threatening tone. I asked the captain how he knows which animal is guilty when he does not even turn around. He gave me a rather belittling glance, but remarked that it is not only the horses that have instinct and a high I.Q.

Horses like to take advantage of the turned back of a master and, whenever they can, try to get out of doing their act at all. People who have ridden in rings in a riding school or elsewhere will recall that the horse did not go around in a wide circle close to the wall but tried to make as small a circle as possible in order to save space and energy. However among Liberty horses—as among many other tribes of equines—there is a teacher’s pet, who bosses the others and reminds the defiant or lazy pupil that he must not shirk his duties. Most of the Liberty horses are on the side of the ringmaster though, and if a horse does get too fresh the others gang up on him and give him such a thorough going-over either right there in the ring, or later on their way to the stables, that the recalcitrant “actor” never forgets it.

Circus horses, like children, should respect but not fear their master. Before the trainer even starts, he must study each horse’s individual character, and in the beginning must deal with only one horse at a time. They are all different in dispositions; one must be harsh to some horses, while others are spoiled by the same treatment. One horse has to be begged to do something, just like a shy, sensitive and stubborn child, and would be deeply offended by a sharp word; another, however, may need a good smack. Many horses are haughty and quick to take offense, and therefore must be treated the way one would a person of that type.

It is of the utmost importance when teaching tricks to horses, to make them thoroughly understand what is wanted. When after prolonged and patient explanation they finally do comprehend, they will try to perform the trick. Therefore, patience is the first commandment in teaching circus horses. The trainer must constantly remind himself that what he can’t get today, he may get tomorrow. Once the horse shows signs that he understands what is required, the trainer must stick to it like a bulldog to a tramp’s pants. Now the defiant period starts; although the



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

horse knows what he must do, he refuses to do it; the will of man and beast clash. In the end the human will wins, of course, but it is a slow process. At first the fighting will last perhaps twenty minutes, then only ten, then a bare two minutes, and at last the horse will rationalize to himself: "Why fight? I want my reward, I want to escape the whip, and I want to go back to the stables." Thus a not altogether altruistic friendship is established between ringmaster and horse which may last forever.

Animals simply must be bribed; they love "baksheesh." The major trick in all this is the handing out of the reward immediately after the horse gives in. Also not making him repeat his performance more than a few times; and finally a quick trot back to the stables right after the trick is done. The horse will remember the last thing he did and will be eager the next day to do his act in order to get back to his box sooner.

Captain Heyer asserts that Liberty is not a great art and that the sacred "High School" is the only real thing in circuses. He adds sadly, however that the *Haute École* as a circus performance is becoming more and more rare. There are two entirely different kinds of High Schools; one is called: *Hoche Schule Über die Erde* and the other, *Hoche Schule auf die Erde*. *Über die Erde* means that every act in it is performed above the ground, almost in mid-air, while *Auf die Erde* means that the horses' hoofs are frequently in contact with the ground, and that the various beautiful, graceful steps are done with the constant help of the earth. *Über die Erde* is much more difficult than *Auf die*

Erde. The different steps in the former, which is the greatest and one of the most ancient of equestrian arts, are the *Levade*, *Pessade*, *Croupade*, *Courbette*, *Ballotade*, *Gallopade*, *Capriole*, *Mezair*, *Lancade*, and a few others the flowery names of which escape me. An *Über die Erde* horse can know only one of the abovementioned very difficult acts; few horses can learn more than one, and in general an animal will be taught the step for which he shows the most talent.

I have explained all this in a previous article, but I have never spoken about the *Auf die Erde* tricks as yet. An *Auf die Erde* horse knows all the tricks, does all the steps of this particular school which is placed in importance immediately after the *Über die Erde* school. They are named: *Le Trot Cadencé*, the rhythmical trot, in which the horse's hind legs are thrust far forward under his belly and his forelegs pause for a second high in the air before he puts them down again. *Le Trot d'École* resembles the *Cadencé* and so does *Le Trot Espagnole*; the latter is not really difficult enough for the High School but it is often seen performed in circuses. In *Le Galop à Trois Jambes* the horse canters on three legs; in the *Radop* the front legs make the movements of gallop while the hind legs remain motionless on the same spot; in the *Balancer des Hanches* the front of the horse trots while the hind legs gallop! The *Piaffe* is a wonderful pirouetting act. The *Renvers* and *Travers* are tricks not unlike those of a pianist when he desires to show off by putting his right hand where his left ought to be, while the left is playing on the treble keys; in other words, the horse walks cross-ways.

The *Changement de Galop à Temps* is very difficult since in this the horse changes his leading front leg alternately. *Le Galop sur Place* is done by the horse making all the movements of the gallop but actually staying in one place as if on a treadmill. *Le Galop en Arrière* is most difficult; the horse gallops, but instead of moving forward, seems actually to lose ground. There are other beautiful *Auf die Erde* steps, but they fail to impress a real lover of the circus, a veritable connoisseur. "Let me look at a horse doing the *Levade* of *Über die Erde*—not even perfectly, only so-so—and I'll give you all the *Auf die Erde* spectacles..." says Captain Heyer. And I know that he is truthful and honest about it because he has no *Über die Erde* horse and, his famous Hanover bred *Jojo*, although he knows thirty different tricks, is "only" an *Auf die Erde* horse.

There are very few classic "High School" riders left in the world today. In the circus world, a lady by the name of Baptista Schreiber-Myares, wife of Jesus Myares, owner of the biggest circus in Sweden, is regarded as an excellent High School rider. There are two others in Sweden who know the ancient art to perfection: Count Bonde and Freiherr von Essen and these gentlemen often give performances. In Holland a diminutive cavalry officer, Jongher de la Bouchère is the foremost High School rider; in Belgium it is Captain Henry Laame, commander of the military riding school; in Germany likewise, the commander of the Hanoverian military riding school, Von Steinback, delights with his wonderful riding. In Paris it is the famous Monsieur Cuyer. And

Continued in center of page 135

Memos in a Television Agency

Pardon our mentioning some of the problems that will begin when the public can look as well as listen

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

ATTENTION: MR. KRIEVALDER: The Barley Krinkley-Winkies Company is still dissatisfied with The Hour of Chuckles as we are presenting it, and threaten to go to a new agency unless we improve it. The orchestra is O.K. with them, and they think Bill Trevis is a swell comedian, but they are crabbing about the opening plug. Carl Blocker is simply not putting Krinkley-Winkies across. His voice is O.K., but he is not a television actor. Get rid of him at once, and get a new man in his spot. Change opening plug to following:

New actor gives very brief vocal plug for Krinkley-Winkies—say ten seconds—and then goes directly into act. Pours Krinkley-Winkies out of package, making certain that the label is plainly visible to the entire invisible audience. Get a better bowl for him to pour them in. The one we have been using looks like kitchen crockery, and we want to get across the idea that Krinkley-Winkies are eaten not just by ditch-diggers, but brokers, doctors, lawyers, etc., in the higher income brackets. Consult Miss Thatcher on this; she is tops on table decoration.

Carry this through consistently, and have new actor pour cream from silver pitcher, not bottle. Also must have sugar in silver bowl of same pattern, not present hearts-and-flowers atrocity that looks too five-and-dime. This whole opening plug must be style-stepped-up. Now that summer is here, have him put berries on top of Krinkley-Winkies, not bananas. Client complains we have been overworking bananas. *Caution:* Not too many berries. Audience must not be given idea that Krinkley-Winkies are just an excuse to eat fruit with sugar and cream.

Above all, get actor that eats Krinkley-Winkies with real relish, and shows it by facial expressions. Must not overdo it, but must look genuinely contented. Should smack lips occasionally but not too loudly. Must eat faster than Blocker did, although under no circumstances must he gobble. Gobbling would set a bad example for impressionable children, and get us in Dutch with the FCC. But Blocker was *too* slow. Last week he ran over a minute and twenty-two seconds, and Gus Werner's clarinet solo had to be cut entirely. And even though television is new, the public will not stand for plugs that are too

long. Kindly act on these suggestions at once.

ATTENTION: MR. FOLGER: Effective today your salary is raised two hundred dollars a month. The client is delighted with the job you are doing with the Subzero Icebox program, and feels that in Cora Gordon you have a girl who will make Subzero the largest selling product of its kind in the country. This girl has grace and charm, and in the feature plug at the fifteen-minute mark she

has a way of opening the Subzero and looking ecstatic that simply captivates her audience. Her timing is excellent, and she is very careful to keep her face towards the television camera so that everybody with a television set can see at once how pleased she is with Subzero.

The lighting and the arrangement of food in the icebox is also excellent, and is certainly showing results on their sales charts. The bottles of milk, beer and

soft drinks are skillfully spaced and accorded fine prominence, and you are doing a good job in changing the meats from week to week. I notice your sequence has been roast beef, chicken, leg of lamb and tenderloin steak, and that the script calls for a large ham on shelf number two for our next program. That is nice variety. The fruit and vegetables on shelf three are also artistically arranged, although, if I may make a suggestion, there were perhaps a few too many beans in there last

week. However the whole ensemble makes a fine picture, and is decidedly good television.

ATTENTION: MR. SMITH: Get hold of Dodge, and make an appointment for him to see me at once. I want an explanation from his own lips as to how he happened to cut himself with that Eureka Safety Razor. This has

seriously injured their business, and they are threatening to cancel their contract. Dodge, however, isn't the only one at fault. He was careful to turn away from the camera the minute it happened but the orchestra leader must have been asleep. He should have gone into a number at once. Dodge also deserves some credit for not yelling "Ouch!" Any more boners like this, and this firm will be finding its way back to radio.

ATTENTION: MR. KRIEVALDER: I am happy to state that you are doing a much better job for Klix Cigarettes than you are for Barley Krinkley-Winkies although that is not saying much. Your idea of having the entire orchestra light up Klix and looking relaxed between every number is a natural although I think you are perhaps going too far when you have Barbara Grayson sing her solo with a lighted Klix in her hand. I just do not think she is the type. Better leave that to the Master of Ceremonies. The orchestra is doing a good job, although their choice of *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* as a feature number last week was perhaps unfortunate. However, the client is well satisfied. Keep up the good work.

ATTENTION: MR. HORNBY: So far Superior Motors has failed to nibble at your tentative script for them. They think you have something when you suggest a series of half-hour dramas featuring pleasurable adventures in the Superior Eight, but that you go completely haywire when you suggest that a Superior should be brought into the studio and placed before the television camera. They feel, and I agree with them, that the whole thing would look ridiculously artificial and amateurish.

Aren't you aware that regular movie film can now be televised? That is your cue. The adventures with the Superior should be filmed by some big-time movie company with plenty of outdoor facilities and

then televised into the home. I am aware that you are handicapped because you have had nothing but radio experience to date, but I expected you to be resourceful enough to figure that out.

The episodes you have outlined, if treated in the way I have indicated, sound, in the main, all right, although Episode Five will have to be changed. It will not do to have a couple petting in the back seat of a Superior—or any other car for that matter—unless they are married or at least engaged. The way you have it, they have just met, and that would get us in trouble not only with the authorities, but we would have a thousand indignant telegrams from parents of adolescent children within ten minutes after the scene went on the air.

ATTENTION: MR. TRAVIS: The kid you have got to plug Maltysweet Milk is a natural, and is giving one of the best commercials in television right now. A lot of adults could well copy his style. He gulps down the stuff cheerfully without overdoing it, and is certainly making the youth of this nation

Continued in center of page 162





“Ha, ha. Listen to this, dear. Some woman shot her husband for constantly reading newspapers at the breakfast table”

The Bat and the Bird

When you play badminton you must learn to send with your wrist the smash, the clear and the drop shot

by TRACY PERKINS

• SPORTS •

IF you think you are big and strong and athletic, try playing badminton for the first time. The results may not necessarily cause you to revise your estimate of yourself, but you will have to admit that you are extraordinarily inept at this ancient—and contemporarily popular—pastime, and that the frail little hundred and two pound blonde on the other side of the net has made a monkey out of you. Of course hundred and two pound blondes have made monkeys out of big strong males for untold centuries, but in few pastimes, indoor or outdoor, does the monkeyship become more quickly or unmistakably evident.

This is not to say that a good little woman will beat a good big man at badminton, because I am assuming that our little blonde has had experience and competent instruction at the game whereas our hulking brute has not. Speed of foot and a long reach are undoubted attributes in battledore and shuttlecock, but mere muscular development alone counts for little. Accordingly, men players will beat women at badminton only when they have been at the game long enough to apply their superior strength and running ability effectively.

Most people who take up badminton have previously played tennis, and, as we go along, an occasional comparison will be in order. When you get out on a badminton court for the first time you will have in your hand a racquet or bat which, weighing under six ounces, seems ridiculously frail and to be strung with gut which is so fine that the slightest contact with any object would shatter it. But when you also seize a shuttlecock (now streamlined into the appellation of "bird") you will probably revise your opinion and decide that even as fragile an implement as a badminton bat will demolish the bird when you hit it. Compared to a tennis or even a squash racquets ball, the feathered, cork-tipped bird looks unbelievably delicate, and, as a rule, constitutes a tremendous mental hazard for the beginner.

Your teacher, standing in the court across the net, commands: "Hit it to me." Gingerly, very gingerly, because you are afraid you will shatter the feathers, you tap the bird. Miraculously, your racquet strings come into contact only with the cork tip, as they are intended to do, but your effort is otherwise un-

successful. Nine times out of ten, on this first effort, the bird flutters feebly into the five-foot high net—or even under it. A little sheepishly you retrieve the bird, take another try, and, perhaps, barely get it over the net. At this point your teacher says to you: "Now don't be afraid of hurting the bird; give it a good whack."

"All right," you think, "I'll show him."

You have now ceased worrying about harming the bird and are most concerned with avoiding making a fool of yourself. You now resolve to shoot the works and to knock that dinky little object way to blazes beyond the baseline, which is twenty-two feet beyond the net. So you take a beautiful tennis swing with plenty of arm power. There! That will show him the stupidity of asking a big strong man to put all his strength into a shot! Oh-oh. Disillusion. The bird gets over the net all right this time, and starts out at a pretty brisk pace, but half way on its journey it suddenly loses ambition and plummets to the floor a good ten feet inside the baseline—if your teacher doesn't bother to flick it back.

That is the irritating thing about a badminton bird—its habit of suddenly curling up and quitting on you after it gets off to such a lovely start. Balls don't do that; they keep on for hundreds of feet in games like golf and baseball, and sometimes—let it be said—in dub tennis. It is, of course, the enormous wind resistance of a shuttlecock's feathers that makes it take those nose dives, and drives the tyro frantic. Accordingly, his first mental hazard, fear of injuring the bird, doesn't last long, but in its place another one develops—intense irritation over his inability to make that pesky bird travel as far as he wants it to.

It is extremely important for a badminton player to be able to return the bird deep in the opponent's court when he wants to, and here comes the next contrast between the learning stages in badminton and tennis. The hard thing for a tennis novice is to get the ball *anywhere* in his opponent's court. At the start he is usually so wild that he isn't immediately confronted with the problem of avoiding giving his opponent easy shots to return. In other words when he is even good enough to give his rival setups, he is already beginning to progress.

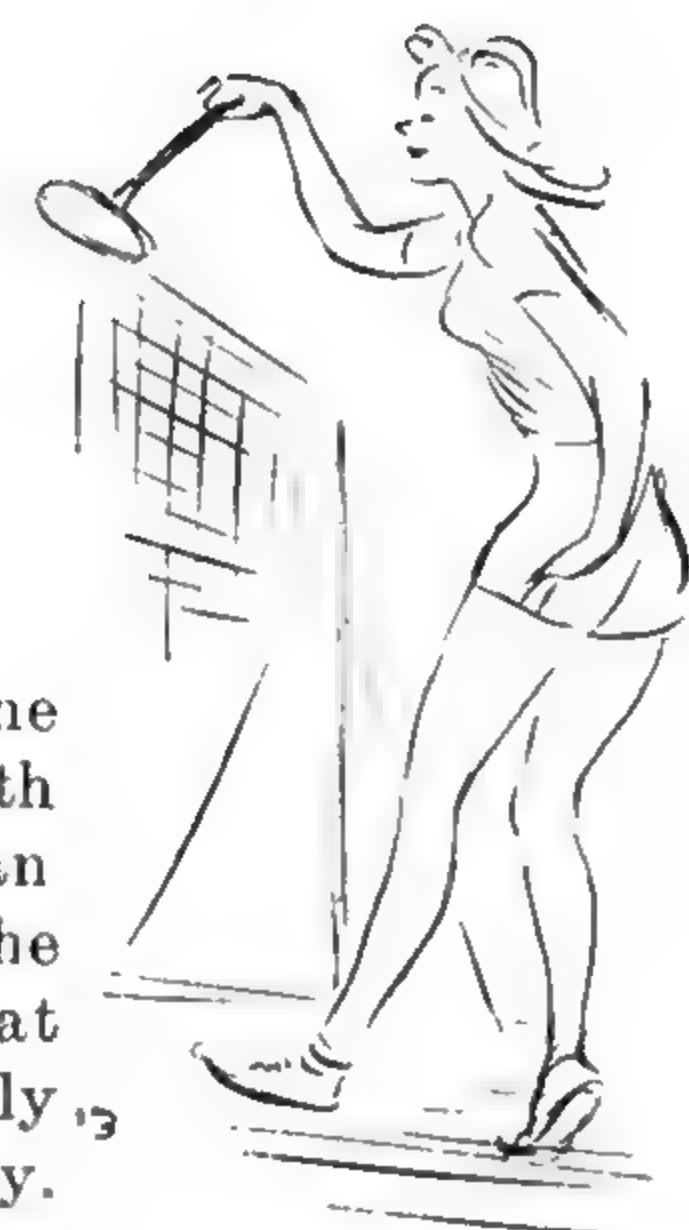
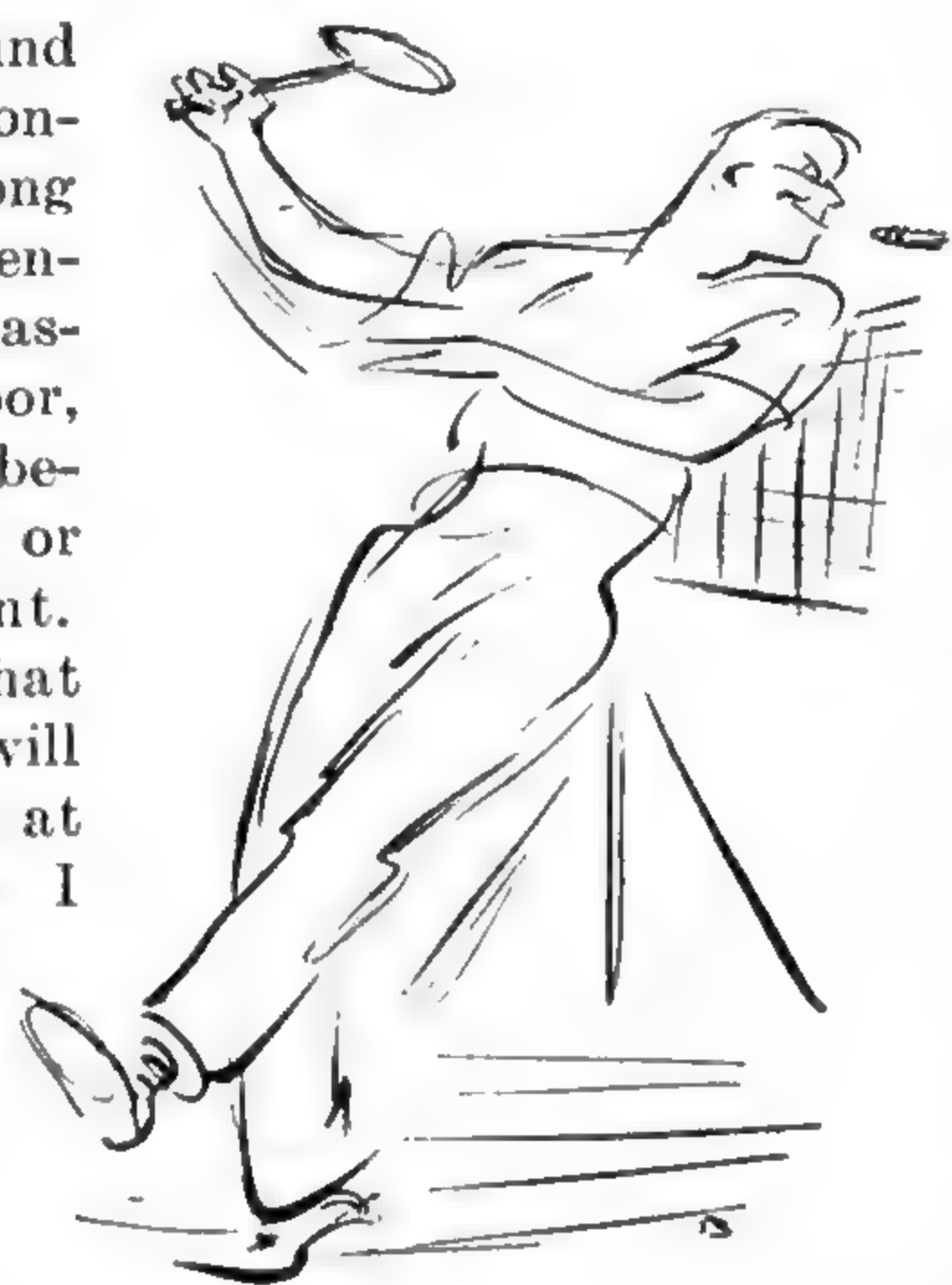
In badminton, on the other hand, anyone with fair physical ability can soon learn to return the bird—if it hasn't come at him too hard—reasonably, often into fair territory.

The only trouble is that these returns, being high and short instead of high and deep, are almost invariably setups for the opponent, and badminton is a game where setups are fatal, even when fed to mediocre players. They are fatal a higher percentage of time than in tennis, and the result is that whereas the tennis beginner is enraged at his inability to make any kind of fair return, even a weak one, the badminton player is enraged at his inability to keep his opponent—especially if it is our hundred and two pound blonde—from murdering everything he sends up.

One of the reasons for this increased vulnerability of setups in badminton is that the bird is only in play when it is in the air. In tennis, you can play the first bounce as well. A good tennis "getter," like Bitsy Grant, can retrieve many an apparent placement by getting to the bounce in time. The Kinsey brothers of a decade or so ago lobbed their way to a national doubles championship, many of these lobs being made off bounding smashes of their opponents, smashes that in badminton would have been automatic points the instant they touched the ground. The no-bounce rule puts the badminton player at another disadvantage. In tennis he can always let a ball drop on the chance that it may go out. If it doesn't, he can frequently get another whack at it, and thus atone for his faulty judgment. Nothing doing with battledore and shuttlecock. You must guess while the bird is in the air, and if you guess wrong, and it lands inside your territory, it is just too bad for you.

Given a game then where it is relatively easy to get the bird into your opponent's court, and mighty difficult—at first—to avoid having these returns knocked for a loop—how do you go about improving your game? Without going into technical details, suffice it to say that you must learn to get your wrist into your shots. Since the bird is extremely light, there is no necessity to apply body weight to the extent that it is applied in tennis. Moreover, it is usually coming at you so swiftly—and from so much shorter range than in tennis—that you haven't

Continued on page 114





“—So I sold my stable of horses”



"The island is small, yes—but it seems to be rich in natural resources"

Could Those Boys Write?

Guess what well-known writers are guilty of the following passages, then take heart, young scribblers

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I THINK the answer is NO. But judge for yourselves. Here are brief excerpts from works of the imagination, written not later than 1924, by men and women now famous. Three or four of them, I think, show some capacity for expressing thought or feeling in words; the rest are the most unpromising fine writers you can find outside of The Yellow Book. Yet the work of these writers at that time, is often regarded as a sort of Golden Age of Contemporary American Letters.

This isn't a guessing contest. I have put the names of the writers at the end, merely to let the judgment of the reader flow more freely—and not be dammed by the obstacle of reputation.

1. "The Baltimore Station was hot and crowded, so Lois was forced to stand by the telegraph desk for interminable, sticky seconds while a clerk with big front teeth counted and recounted a large lady's day message, to determine whether it contained the innocuous forty-nine words or the fatal fifty-one."

(Class exercise: accuracy of observation; how often do clerks "count and recount"? Accuracy of language: "innocuous," "fatal"; or discuss under "humor." Note "interminable, sticky" as a combination; compare with "large lady's day message.")

2. "Time was when a less pallid, a less senile regime held sway. Los Angeles has not always epitomized municipal prudery. In the past she wore vine leaves in her hair. She lured the newcomer with the sorceries of gaiety. She wore her strumpet garbs with grace and delicacy."

(Class exercise: what does all this remind you of?)

3. "The telephone in Walter Traill's flat stood on a table by the bed . . . One could do one's business, he used to explain with that curious avoidance of the first person singular which always characterized his conversation, one could make one's arrangements for the evening without interrupting the flow of one's inspiration, which always became congealed in an instant if one had to get up and run about in the cold."

(Note: Not an American writer; influential Englishman. Class exercise as above. Also—optional—guess whether this is a study of futility or not.)

4. "There isn't any liquor or dancing to tempt the menfolks, and there is an educational Chautauqua every January, with the very best entertainers, and finally New Chicago has, by actual measurement, more lineal miles of rocking chairs and nice women gossiping and knitting than Ormond and Daytona put together."

(Class exercise: discuss realism only.)

5. "Clipping the hedge was one of the few domestic duties that Mr. Wheelock could be

trusted with. He was notoriously poor at doing anything around the house. All the suburb knew about it. It was the source of all Mrs. Wheelock's jokes. Her most popular anecdote was of how, the past winter, he had gone out and hired a man to take care of the furnace, after a seven years' losing struggle with it. She had an admirable memory, and often as she had related the story, she never dropped a word of it. Even now, in the late summer, she could hardly tell it for laughing."

(Class exercise: discuss relation of this with preceding: distinguish between the two styles; consider possibility that No. 4 is a social study, No. 5 a study of private lives, and determine applicability of the style of each to its subject.)

6. "Thus he cried farewell to the Swan's daughter: and Queen Helen vanished as a bright mist passes, not departing swiftly as had done the other two; and Jurgen was alone with the black gentleman . . ."

(Inserted for the sake of the record. No questions.)

7. "... he glanced up and saw Theka emerging from the swinging doors which led to the kitchen. She bore a laden tray in front of her . . . She served adroitly at the table and . . . looked about for more stomachs to conquer. She espied Lancy and Eric . . . and came tripping daintily . . . there was coolness and remoteness and a business-like servility in her manner."

(Class exercise: Account for laden, adroitly, stomachs, espied, tripping daintily and business-like servility. Try to put other words in place of each of these. Do not corrupt the stern realism of the general tone . . .)

8. "But I had read fairly widely in folklore in my time, and a circumstance of the kind so doubtfully pointed at occurring under twentieth-century eyes seemed to strain and overpower credulity."

(Class exercise: tell exactly what this sentence means without re-reading it.)

9. "No, the Ashlands haven't entertained formally for years. And they've given up their lodge at Dobbs' Ferry. I saw it the other day; it looked like a blind, deserted

thing. They stick to their old house downtown—five stories, you know, stone-front, dwarfed all around by skyscrapers."

(Note: later in the story "Ashland went white to the very ears . . .")

10. "Upon the evening in question, Braceby did not return shivering from his hollow club, stand disconsolate in the mocking light of a Tiffany lamp and yearn for a little cottage with a wife . . . Braceby drove the impulse from him like a leprous thing, and resolved upon the instant to discharge his valet in the morning."

(Exercise: Is this by the same author as No. 9? Construe "thing" in both passages. Do you see the beginnings of a style in the omission of "and" after "club"? Do you like it?)

11. "And all the gods to whom we turned
With prayer and grief
and duleimer
Lie fallen, broken and un-
turned
With Proserpine and
Lucifer."

(This is really a puzzler. Think back and say who should have written it in 1876; think forward and say who couldn't have written it in 1924—and could have in 1939.)

12. "It was not until the era of Victoria, who was descended from a noble line of colossal boozers, that biographers began to be morbidly inquisitive about the alcoholic capacity of great brains. To be sure . . . there were plenty of kill-joy Puritans; but when they attacked a man like Marlowe they damned him as an atheist and blasphemer, and said nothing about his cups. They were concerned with the major sins."

(Instruction: This is clear, compact, interesting. The word "Puritan" is used in its proper sense; the passage is not by H. L. Mencken.)

13. "When he sat down under the light and took off his hat you saw that he had very red hair, with a bald patch on the crown, and the red, freckled skin which accompanies red hair; he was a man of forty, thin, with a pinched face, precise and rather pedantic and he spoke with a Scotch accent in a very low, quiet voice."

(Question: Can you see, hear, touch, and smell this character? Note that the first half of the descriptive sentence begins with movement and continues graphically, giving you a painter's picture, yet in common words, with a deliberate impressionistic spotting of "red." Then the whole face is blocked in, and from

Continued in center of page 147





“Signals, 49, 17, a word from our sponsors, ‘Insist on genuine Go-Go Gasoline,’ 64, 32, hike”

Eleven Boys Play Football

Despite the bunk you hear, the Notre Dame team is merely coached to play a game and not to perform a holy mission

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

• SPORTS •

IT WAS a crisp, clear autumn evening. The day was Saturday. God was in His heaven and the sun had completed the job assigned to it in Grantland Rice's football game leads; that of sinking below the western rim of the Yale Bowl, and sundry other Bowls and Fields.

Three sports reporters huddled in a taxicab, hotel-bound after a hard day's leg work covering a golf tournament. Each exhausted scribe was thinking of far-away colleagues who had been sitting cosily on their contented, calloused rumps observing and reporting for their public the glamor of football contests.

The rotund, merry one of the journalistic trio broke the silence to remark, "Notre Dame must have had twelve on the field again today in the last minute." The rotund one's father is a kindly old Protestant clergyman who would quail to hear his brilliant son imply that the Almighty had added to detail duties as marking each sparrow's fall, by becoming concerned with the outcome of something of such heavenly insignificance as a football game.

After due reflection, the bright young man of the three, a journalist for whom his Jesuit schoolmasters once had held high, spiritual hopes, retorted:

"There you go, complaining again that Notre Dame frames unbelievers by not eating meat on Fridays. How do you account for Texas Christian and Southern Methodist also winning close ones today? Did both of them have twelve in their 'games this afternoon?'"

The fat fellow laughed. "I can't answer," he admitted, "but I wouldn't be surprised to read that a Texas Christian kid intercepted a golden text and ran 85 yards for the winning touchdown. This football is getting too theologically complicated for me."

As the cab bumped along the ink-stained wretches continued their pleasant probe into the gridiron allegiances of divine Providence, becoming so engrossed in the subject that when the destination was reached they left the cab together arm-in-arm and headed for the bar at which they could repair the damage done to their vocal cords. The third occupant of the cab was left to pay the driver.

The cab driver had change for a \$5 bill, which in itself seemed to the third reporter more of a miracle than ever was wrought by celestial forces on a football field. While the change was being passed, the bulky cabbie remarked: "You can tell your fat friend who was making those slighting remarks about Notre Dame he is lucky I didn't stop the

wagon and feed him my fist. My name is Mulcahey!"

"Mr. Mulcahey," said the third writer—and I was that mug—"you need not let your passion be aroused. The lads were only in friendly, scientific research."

"Oh, yah?" snorted Mr. Mulcahey, and drove away.

For the benefit of Mr. Mulcahey, his co-religionists, and those gentlemen and ladies of other sectarian bonds between mankind and its Creator, I have taken an impartial look into the extent to which heaven is play-



ing favorites on football fields. One can begin such an investigation almost anywhere. For instance, at Northwestern University in the holy land of Evanston, Ill., there is Football Coach Lynn Waldorf, whose daddy is a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Northwestern is a Methodist Episcopal school. Its football rosters include such names as McGurn, Ryan, Daly, O'Leary. Such names must be very confusing when a Methodist Episcopal team is playing and the factor of a kid's religious affiliation is to figure, by some supernal method, in the score. It is just as perplexing as when the name of O'Brien appeared in the Texas Christian line-up.

Soft-spoken Lynn Waldorf, known as Pappy to his charges and sports reporters, couldn't tell you to what churches his kids go. Consequently it would be difficult and possibly embarrassing should Pappy, in a crisis, with 5 seconds to go and 6 points needed, offer up an earnest Methodist Episcopal prayer for one of his talented youngsters who was found, on later investigation, to be a Roman Catholic.

Were the same crisis to confront that young and personable genius, Elmer Layden, Notre

Dame's coach, Elmer also would be in a dilemma. He doesn't know the religions of all his kids! That may be somewhat of a shocking revelation to those who have the idea that all the youngsters who seek knowledge and athletic letters around the rim of Notre Dame's golden dome are Catholic kids. The religious roll call would be answered by Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Jew, Presbyterian, and God knows what other denominational recruits; of course, with the youths of the Catholic faith predominant in numbers.

It must be staggering to those who persist in the thoughtless sacrilege of lining up football teams on a religious basis to learn that the coaching, scholastic and spiritual executives of the various sectarian institutions of learning consider football as a game played by eleven boys, and not as a missionary ritual. If their kids play clean football, that's all the exhibition of religion that is desired of them, and that strictly on a non-sectarian platform.

It must also abash the enthusiast who fights religious wars, surreptitiously, in the grandstand or around the radio, to see the extent to which clergymen and coaches in charge of football at sectarian schools are completely content to have the game function as a character builder rather than have a touchdown scored, by God.

Inasmuch as Notre Dame is by far the most famous sectarian school in football annals, and as I am not of Notre Dame's league, I took an uncolored close-up of the Notre Dame football view, to see just what justification, if any, there is for the curious phenomenon which shows certain sections of the public identifying themselves with God by claiming He's on their side of a game employing a pigskin and 22 boys.

Walls of the room in a sprawling old building in which is the office of Elmer Layden, the pony of the Four Horsemen who became Notre Dame's athletic director and football coach, are covered by pictures of boys. The features of probably 2,000 lads appear. Pictures of four fallen warriors, fine-looking kids to whom death came untimely, are by a side of Layden's desk. Johnny O'Brien, left end of Rockne's last team, the hero of the one play that beat Army in 1930, is there. Joe Sullivan, captain-elect of the 1935 team, is in that gallery of boys who have gone to their eternal glory. Johnny (Tex) Young, right halfback in 1933, still lives in a picture by Layden's

Continued on page 155

Commence Firing!

Continuing the description of a
modern sea battle fought between
the navies of two major nations

by **COMMANDER R. R. SMITH**

• ARTICLE •

THE spotters in the tops can just make out the mast tops of the enemy column sticking up over the horizon. The range is 35,000 yards, and the C-in-C will be giving the order to open fire as soon as the rangefinders can pick up the image and get a reading. The first ranges will be too jumpy to use but will settle down as we close in to 30,000 yards. At this range the guns will fire at maximum elevation and the shells will fall almost vertically at the target. It will be thirty seconds after firing before the spotter sees the splash of the salvo. The chances of hitting at this range are small, but the advantage of landing a first salvo on the enemy is so great that it is worth trying.

The Commander of the battleship line has designated the fire distribution for opening fire. Now each ship trains directors, rangefinders, and turrets on its target. The word reaches the spotters and the spotting planes. The bearing indicator sends out a check bearing so that there can be no mistakes and another ship's fire spotted for its own.

"COMMENCE FIRING!" from the C-in-C. In an instant the order is repeated over every circuit and into the farthest reaches of every ship. In the turrets brawny plugmen swing open the massive plugs of sixteen-inch guns. Clanking shells roll onto loading trays. Telescopic rammers speed the shells through the gun chambers and into the rifling of the bore where they are stopped with a loud metallic clank as the copper rotating bands bite into the rifling. Rammers shove the heavy silk powder bags into the gun chambers behind the shells, the gun trays are swung clear and the plugs spun closed. Now the gun captain inserts a brass primer into the small firing lock attached to each plug and turns on the ready light to the turret officers' booth. From the level loading positions the gun muzzles are quickly elevated to the high firing angle of extreme gun range. The gun pointers keep the guns adjusted to the constantly changing ranges which pour through dials and indicators. The turret officers close their ready signals to the plotting room. When all turrets are ready, the word flashes to the gunnery officer in the conning tower.

At the correct instant of roll the master firing key closes. With a terrific pandemonium of noise the first salvo is off. Bursts of blue fire streak from the muzzles. The guns sharply recoil into the turret and slowly return when their recoil is spent. The ship takes a deep resistant roll. Heavy yellow smoke spreads over the firing ships. Smoke from the guns of the ship ahead roll down on the following ships. Acrid smells of burnt powder gases fill the tops, and slivers of unburned powder rain down upon the ship. The air clears momentarily when the guns are blown through with

heavy charges of compressed air. The plugs are spun open for reloading.

Now they wait until the spotters catch the fall of the first salvo. Only by the merest good luck will it land on the target, notwithstanding the fine precision with which the opening range has been calculated. A first salvo landing on the enemy would reduce his effectiveness tremendously.

In the distance, the enemy masts stand higher above the horizon, but the hulls are still invisible. Thirty seconds elapse before the salvo falls. The foretop and maintop spotters are sending down their spots just as the plane spot comes in. The spots vary greatly and the plotting room officer uses the plane spot. The range is still too great for accurate top spotting. The correction is ground into the fire control mechanisms and transmitted to the gun sights. The guns have long since been reloaded and as soon as the correction to the gun elevation has been made, the next salvo is off. Now the entire column is firing at long-spaced intervals.

There is a flash on the horizon as the enemy opens fire. Those in exposed positions wait an eon for the thirty seconds to pass before the shells arrive. They hit two thousand yards in front of our battle line sending up huge geysers of water a hundred feet high. As the air closes in behind the enemy shells, there is a reverberating roar like the rumbling of a fast moving freight train in the still of the night. The columns of water hang momentarily in the air and then sink slowly into the churning sea.

The hulls of the enemy column can be made out now. The range is closing steadily. The rangefinders are getting accurate readings for the first time. We are 26,000 yards from the opposite ship. The fire rate is increasing. The last report from the spotting plane is "No spot." The hitting range!

Overhead is one of our plane squadrons. It disappears towards the head of our column. Another squadron follows closely behind it. The roar of their motors bothers the telephone talkers. An enemy salvo falls two hundred yards short. The ship is drenched with a heavy spray. A single column of water rises in the sea six hundred yards over. They are getting the range. The column is maneuvered thirty degrees to the left for five minutes then back to the previous course. The next enemy salvo is a thousand yards short.

The ships are rolling heavily from the shock of the full salvos, and the formation is getting somewhat ragged. It doesn't matter as long as there is no overlapping.

The enemy bearing is dropping back on our beam and we are drawing ahead. There is an open space in his line as one ship has overlapped another. Now it is in the clear again,

but it is dropping behind steadily. An enemy salvo has straddled one of our ships which has been hit. The cracking impact of the shell can be heard over the gunfire. We are being hit again. They have the range. The column is ordered to make a smoke screen. Black smoke pours out of the stacks and blankets our line from the vision of the enemy while we make a sharp turn-away and open the range two thousand yards. The smoke screen is cut off, and the course resumed. When the wind has dispersed the smoke, the splashes from the enemy are seen falling short again.

The destroyer flotillas forming the left flank are seven miles ahead of the main column. The right flank destroyers five miles astern are bringing up the rear. There is a movement ahead as the flotillas speed up to thirty knots and start a wide swing towards the head of the enemy column. The cruiser divisions are ahead of them to protect their advance. The enemy cruisers are coming out to head them off. There is a running fight opening at ten thousand yards and closing quickly. The five-inch cruiser guns are firing at the rate of ten or twelve shots per minute and the damage is terrific. The enemy shells are riddling the stacks and bridges of our cruisers. There is a terrific explosion as a burst of fire pushes up the decks of an enemy cruiser. She is out of action and finished. In a moment the waters around her are swarming with men and wreckage.

The destroyer attack from ahead is developing fast. Our light forces are coming in from a position anywhere from six to eight miles ahead of the battle column. A destroyer squadron breaks off from the flotilla, stands across the course of the enemy oncoming column and heads for his disengaged bow to make a threat against a possible turnaway. A second column heads straight for the head of the enemy column, and a third squadron stands down towards the engaged bow of the enemy. The squadrons break up into four-ship attack divisions as they close the range.

Overhead the planes are swarming like angry hornets. Between the heavy gun salvos can be heard the whining pitch of diving motors. Enemy spotting planes are being shot down in single combat. Winged planes drop from the sky like burning meteors and plunge out of sight into the ocean. Fast pursuit divisions streak after enemy squadrons, fire into their tails and bear off only to be back in a moment to renew the attack. An enemy light bombing squadron attacks our cruisers which are leading the destroyer attack. The bombs explode all around them with an occasional hit. They are off and away pursued by our attack groups. An enemy cruiser division is coming out to head off the destroyer attack. Flying low, a squadron of our planes streaks



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

across the enemy cruiser front and lays down long white lines of smoke which quickly spread to form an impenetrable fog over the water. The destroyers stand on to the attack.

Under the oncoming billows of the smoke screen they get the last bearing of the leading enemy battleship. Five seconds later the torpedoes of the leading division drop heavily over the side, make a wide sweeping curve and straighten away on a course set to intercept the enemy. With a quick turn-away, the attacking division is out and on the run. The other divisions follow through and launch their torpedoes. Then they lay a heavy pall of low lying black smoke to cover their retreat. Before a single torpedo has completed its run the attacking destroyers are well out and reforming their broken ranks. Many are lost in the attack, some are afire. Others are limping slowly away hunting for cover in the rear of our battle line.

Our heavy gunfire has been reduced by half. Not one battleship has escaped being hit. Some are without upper works and some have masts hanging crazily over the side. No ship has all her turrets in commission, but over half of them are intact and steadily firing. The firing columns are not more than twelve thousand yards apart, and the side armor is now getting punished by the flatter trajectories of the shells.

Several of the enemy ships are on fire and two of them have drifted far astern. But the others are maintaining an accurate and deadly fire. The enemy destroyers are laying a smoke screen in front of their own battle column. Their heavy ships momentarily cease fire to

let the destroyers get by. Under cover of the smoke screen they maneuver to avoid our torpedo barrage coming down from ahead. But it can't be done in time. The torpedoes aimed directly at the head of the column are missing, but the fan spread of the others in the barrage are taking their toll. The enemy is reversing course, each ship doing a simultaneous come about. They are seen steaming on the opposite course when the smoke screen lifts.

Our spotting planes are long since out of commission, and most of our top spotting positions in the masts have been knocked out. Several are intact, but ships without fire control are getting information from those who are still functioning. Miraculously, some rangefinders have been unhit, but most of them are gone. Huge holes gape in the tops of turrets.

The heavy bombers from shore have reached the firing positions and are being sent in to attack the enemy. They are breaking off singly and in sequence and as they near the enemy line they dip heavily and let go their bombs. Some are wild, but others land and rip out terrible holes in the decks. Those that fall close alongside the ship are almost as vicious as torpedoes. The force of their explosion smashes in the lighter plates below the water line. The bombers do the worst destruction on the already damaged ships whose anti-aircraft batteries have been put out of commission by early gunfire. Some of the bombers crash close by the ships they are attacking; others are plunged into the sea with a hissing roar as the closing waters

squelch the burning wreckage. Long slicks of burning gasoline on the surface of the water mark the spots where the planes go under.

The right flank destroyers have been trailing the rear of the battle column. Cruiser divisions are with them. So far they have not been in the action. But as the enemy reverses column they are ordered to the attack. They are streaking away behind the cruisers cutting across the five miles separating the columns. They are going in without benefit of a plane smoke screen, and they are attacking at much closer quarters than the attack from ahead. The enemy fleet speed has been reduced to keep the ships together. Many of them have suffered a loss of speed. Most of their five-inch torpedo defense guns are knocked out of their mounts. A few of them are taking up a desultory fire as the rear flank squadrons come within range and some of them are hitting. The first group of attacking destroyers closes in to five thousand yards and takes deadly individual aim at the leading vessels. They are not throwing any torpedoes away now. It is not necessary.

Our submarines have been trailing the rear, unable to keep up with the fleet speed. Now they are ordered to stand across the possible advance of the enemy battle line headed in their direction. An enemy destroyer division is making an attack upon our rear ships. It is coming in from the port quarter.

The last ship in our column is hit with three torpedoes and takes a heavy list. Her guns stop firing and she drops swiftly astern. As she takes the water through the gaping holes she lays over heavily on her side until her

Continued on page 143

Evening in Paris

After a few drinks he imagined he was sitting there with Talma and that for once, he was master of the situation

by LYON MEARSON

• FICTION •

THE Place Blanche was as noisy and cheap as it had always been, and now the Moulin Rouge had been turned into a motion picture place, showing a full-length Laurel and Hardy feature.

Everybody in Paris was crazy about Laurel and Hardy, just as a decade ago they had been crazy about Boostaire Keetong. There were Laurel and Hardy clubs, and in the specialty shops you could buy Laurel and Hardy handkerchiefs with their pictures in the corners.

"It just goes to show," said George to himself, "that the prat fall is the only universal truth."

He remembered that the Moulin Rouge used to pack them in on the reputation of Mistinguett's million-dollar legs. He had always thought that they were overrated. There were a thousand extras in Hollywood with better ones. But the French knew what to do about legs. Three inches of white skin showing above a sheer stocking was more effective than nudity. Everybody knew that now, but the French invented it.

"A prat fall is the only universal truth," he said to himself. He liked it.

But Life, which was always giving him the lie, gave it to him again, and at that moment another universal truth walked past him, with that peculiarly aimless gait that the *fille du trottoir* affects everywhere, the pace of a person who is not going anywhere. He looked at her more than once.

"One of the Talma Leecraft women," he commented as she floated serenely on in the general direction of the Place Clichy.

It was an observation he had made

more than once during his life abroad and now it came back to him. Human beings weren't singularly themselves in appearance. He had discovered that they had their counterparts all over the world, and from this had come to the conclusion that people belonged in broad general classes of resemblance. Perhaps there were several dozen, perhaps several hundred different classes. It would make a nice piece of research some time. He was able to walk along the street and say: "There goes a Vi Winters woman, or a Dick Lister man, or a Sam Vandercreek man," and now at last he had seen a Talma Leecraft woman.

They did not resemble each other absolutely, of course. People who belonged in these classes had general characteristics, although sometimes these general characteristics crystallized into particular characteristics that were startling if you didn't know anything about the way people fell into the various resemblance-classes.

And now he had seen, for the first time, a Talma Leecraft woman, and she looked like her amazingly. It was almost shocking to a man like George, who walked the streets of the earth with Talma Leecraft, or the lack of her, on his soul.

Well, there was no reason why you shouldn't find her double among the sidewalk sisterhood in Paris. After all, these girls were a proportion of the population, and if you looked long enough and you had luck you could find the counterpart of everybody you knew.

Not that George would ever have wanted to marry Talma Leecraft. He was not in love with her. Her voice wasn't right; it was hard. And she was surprisingly shallow for one who gave out such an obvious sophisticated glow. You struck bottom very quickly with her. George knew all this, but he had wanted Talma for a long time and he had never been able to make the slightest headway with her. Apparently he was just not her type.

It didn't do anything particular to Talma, though a woman likes to have a man desire her, even though she doesn't feel that way about him. But it had done something to George. It had left him with a feeling of insufficiency, and from there it was not very far to the place where he began to doubt whether he was so hot, after all. Perhaps he was not so effective in life as he had thought he was.

Talma knew she did this to him. He spoke to her differently than he did to anyone else. He acted differently, more self-consciously. With anyone else he had an ease, an assurance, combined with his small pleasant man-



nerisms, that carried him far. With her he was never himself; he did not feel the safety in himself that he had grown up with and that other men and women had abetted him in feeling. She angered him because she could make him feel that way. He would have liked to hurt her. He would have liked to possess her once and then never go near her again. He would have liked to say biting things to her, but he could only be dull.

George had forgotten her for the past few weeks, and now a street girl had walked past him and brought it all up once more. It was disconcerting. He looked after her as she became one with the crowd walking to the Place Clichy. He wondered whether the mental reactions of people in these general classes had the same similarity. He supposed not, but it was not an entirely implausible notion. If you could be born with one you could be born with the other. Perhaps her voice had that same husky hardness that was so characteristic of Talma's voice. He would have liked to hear her talk. It would be funny if the voices were similar, too.

He turned and walked in the direction of the Place Clichy.

* * *

It was too much of a coincidence, but the voices were similar. There was a huskiness about it that resembled the voice of Talma, and Talma had the same trick of ending a sentence on a querulous up-note that is characteristic of the French women. As a matter of fact, now that George came to think of it, Talma's grandmother was French.

They were sitting on the terrasse at Wep-

Continued on page 167





“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself, Bertha, leading Mr. Blotz on?”

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Wise guys said plays about poets,
death, actors, or a boring female
would flop but they packed 'em in

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

HINT to an Ambitious Young Man.—If I were a young man with a few dollars in my pocket and with an interest in the theatre who wished to make a name for myself and a lot of money, both with a minimum of effort, I should promptly become a producer. Becoming one, my procedure would be this. First, I would go around and see nine-tenths of the already practicing producers. Second, I would determine from them the kind of plays they wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Third, I would add up the total of such plays and determine which topped the list. Fourth, I would then go around and see the producers whose qualms and dislikes thus headed the list and would find out just how violent they were in their antipathy to the particular plays. Fifth, I would thereupon go back home and check the plays at the top of the list which had received their most emphatic blackballs. Sixth and finally, I would then immediately and without further ado produce those plays and thereafter sit back, smoke two dollar cigars, take things easily, and live off the fat of the land.

The majority of our producers' ideas as to what will and what will not go with the public are and pretty nearly always have been the kind that the road to the poorhouse is paved with. And it has, accordingly, generally been either the young or the contemptuous older producer amongst them who, with a mind of his own, has walked off with the bacon. Twenty-seven established New York producers peremptorily rejected *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* on the theory that the public would not be interested in a play about a couple of literary people, and poets at that, whereupon one put it on and made a quarter of a million dollars with it. Thirty-odd years before, all but one producer in New York argued that the public would never for a moment stand for a play that began with a funeral and ended with a suicide, and the one put it on—it was Clyde Fitch's *The Climbers*—and, though the other producers seemed to be right for the first two weeks of its engagement, eventually amplified his bank account with it.

You can't ever fool an audience and get away with it, his fellow producers warned George M. Cohan, so George wrote *Seven Keys to Baldpate* and made a small fortune. The American public doesn't care for an evening made up of one-act plays, they told Noel Coward, so Noel produced not one but three different programs of one-acters and with his *Tonight at 8:30*, as he billed them, also garnered a small fortune. You can't get away with a heroine who is deliberately contrived to bore all other characters on the stage to death because it is a theatrical axiom that she will also bore the audience to death, they

informed Clare Boothe, so she gave her *Kiss The Boys Goodbye* with heavy misgivings to Brock Pemberton who said the hell with such bosh, put it on, and made all kinds of money out of it.

A play without suspense is destined to be a sure flop, say the producers. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, which has about as much suspense, in the accepted dramatic sense, as a baseball game played by two women's teams, thereupon confounded them by being a big hit. The producers shook their heads over a theme dealing with sexual perversion, and *The Children's Hour* came along and stood 'em up for 691 performances. The public was sick of war plays and war plays no longer stood the ghost of a chance, they argued, and along came *Journey's End* at the very height of their positiveness and chalked up a hit of resounding proportions. The public, according to these same statisticians, had had so many plays about Hollywood that another one wouldn't stand the faintest chance, whereupon George Abbott put on *Boy Meets Girl* and it ran for 669 performances.

People, it was maintained by the wise men, don't like plays dealing with actors—and *The Royal Family* embarrassed the wise men by drawing the aforesaid people in large crowds. Vaudeville is dead, cuckooed the same wise men, and *Hellzapoppin*, which was vaudeville from start to finish, wowed the town. And *The Streets of Paris*, which followed it and which was similarly composed of vaudeville acts, discountenanced the sages further by attracting such mobs of customers at the outset of its run that its producers, to clear the lobby, were compelled to raise the admission fee from the original \$3.30 to \$4.40.

It is dangerous, believed the producers, to attempt a love story between a very young girl and an old man; it is not only dangerous to the box office, they argued, but slightly offensive to audiences. And then *Accent On Youth* proceeded to run prosperously for almost an entire season. Episodic plays are a bad gamble, confidently stated the masterminds—and *Victoria Regina* ran for so long that Burns Mantle, who keeps check on such theatrical figures, stopped counting. Plays about death are also a bad gamble, contended the producers, and rudely paying no heed to their wisdom *Death Takes a Holiday* and *On*

Borrowed Time made all kinds of money. And then, further to discomfit them, *Outward Bound* contemptuously revived itself and was a huge success.

Mythological plays, bah! sniffed the box-office savants, whereupon *Amphitryon 38* kept box-office employees busy for many months. Plays of sordid ugliness, bah! bah! even more emphatically sniffed the Broadway brain trust, whereupon *Tobacco Road* started gaily on a five year run that at this writing promises to break all existing American theatrical records. Beware of plays touching on Catholic matters, ominously warned the producers, and Eugene O'Neill wrote and Arthur Hopkins produced *Anna Christie* to wide public acclaim. "What! An audience asked to go to the theatre at five o'clock and sit in it until 11:30? Crazy!" derided the producers. And *Strange Interlude*, disappointing them, took the town by storm. "Well," they reluctantly admitted, "maybe you can get away with it once as a stunt, but you can't repeat it." So O'Neill and the Theatre Guild practically repeated it with *Mourning Becomes Electra*. "The public apparently won't stomach a play in which a minister falls for a whore," moaned the producer of *Rain* while it was being tried out before sparse audiences

at the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia, "and anyone who wants a slice of it can buy it cheap." A week later *Rain* opened in New York, was a sensational success with the public, and ran for 648 performances.

I could go on with dozens upon dozens of further examples, but I assume that by this time the young man I mentioned in the beginning has already opened up an office and is ready for business.

* * *

Morality and Burlesque—Censorship in the case of burlesque agitates itself solely about sexual mo-

rality. It believes that once it has abolished strip-teasing and nudity it has done its duty by the public and preserved the latter's well being. The cheapness and vulgarity, the illiteracy and the shabby mentality of burlesque never, on the other hand, occupy censorship's attention for a moment. It apparently holds that it is quite all right to debase the mind and taste of the public to the lowest degree just so long as you don't encourage its libido. In other words, to carry

Continued in center of page 148



... the Broadway brain trust
sniffed at "Tobacco Road"...



"Today's the anniversary of our divorce, dear"

L'Ag'ya of Martinique

**Two bodies rock, leap, fall and
whirl into feigned attacks while
the drum beats out the commands**

by **KAYE DUNN**

• ARTICLE •

IN MARTINIQUE a road to the south leads up and up through cool green bamboo shaded mountain passes, then down again and into open, flat plains of rolling sugar cane. In the south is Vauclin, idyllic village of fishermen. Here, as in all villages of Martinique, on all feast days or at any slightest provocation whatsoever, the "ag'ya" is danced.

When I first sought dances in Martinique I was told that there was only the beguine . . . the national dance. Then, of course, the fox trot and the tango, the mazurka and the valse creole. The ag'ya was mentioned to me more than once, but no one seemed to see the qualities of the dance in this backbone of Martinique country entertainment. The ag'ya is known the entire island over. There is no hamlet or village where it is not danced at some time during the year. And a dance it is, in the fundamental sense of the word.

There are several explanations of the derivation and significance of l'ag'ya. It may have its origin in the Nigerian wrestling match, which is celebrated in the spring festival to the Earth Mother. Skill, prowess, strength . . . the Earth Mother must be proud of her sons. The Martiniquans themselves feel it for the most part only a competitive exhibition of strength on the part of the country fellows. They gather around the

ag'ya with the same bloodthirsty anticipation that they attend the makeshift prize fights at Theatre Gaumont, which calls to mind, even in the reaction of the audience, the combats of the gladiators in the court of Nero.

On the outskirts of the circle around the ag'ya, they place bets on the burliest or the wildest. They even offer ten francs to the man who will stain the torso of his opponent with the most blood, who will break the leg of his opponent in one of those amazing quick throws, or even his head or neck. "Just wait," they tell me as I am intent on following the movement of the dance. "They'll get all of that over with in a minute. That's just getting ready. Wait till they begin to fight. That big fellow there from Trinity killed a man in the ag'ya two years ago. Accident, of course, but nearly made it hard for the real honest to goodness ag'ya after that." And their eyes glisten as they offer another ten francs to get the preliminaries over with and really "show me something."

The ag'ya is also called "dammier." Delusue at St. Pierre explains that if I watch closely I can see the movements of the players follow the squares of a chess board. That they move in the set pattern of the checkerboard game their slave ancestors must have often watched under the shade of stately palms in some quiet garden of the old days.

Delusue tells me also that the dance was one of pantomime, at times, following the words of the songs. I watched that night at St. Pierre and felt that I could discern the pattern of a chess board; there is that principle in the ag'ya of a move, then a wait to watch your opponent, then a move again. I also observed the elaborate prancing, the falling on two hands and kicking the feet in the air of the two dancers during a particular song. The song was, "Gardez ça mule là, Comme il cavaye pie" (Look at that mule How he kicks his feet.)

But the pantomiming of the words of a song is more or less accidental. It depends entirely on what the words are, and how the actor feels at the time. It is the player of the "ti'bwa" (petit bois, or little wooden sticks) who sets the basic rhythm, the drummer, who indicates the movements of the dance—the advance and the retreat, the feints, the sudden whirls and lightning-like leaps in the air to sharp drops flat on the ground. He indicates the marking time as the two

opponents eye each other, each anticipating every gesture on the part of the other. He keeps them there, hypnotized marionettes on a string. Then he hurls them into an embrace and as suddenly tears them apart. He draws them to a crisis as their excitement and that of the crowd mounts, and again to a finale as they become exhausted. With true finesse of a stage manager he arranges and rearranges them to best advantage. With the quick perception of a director he senses reactions of the audience. As the hidden prompter in the little box beneath the footlights carries each breath of the opera singer, so he lives the performance with the two contestants. A real ag'ya drummer is a remarkable development. Others believe the ag'ya is a pantomime cockfight. But I have seen the dance of the cockfight in the cockpits of Jamaica, the cockfight itself in Haiti, and I find no parallel between the droll, staccato strutting, mincing movements of this mimicry and the deep roll of the ag'ya.

Monsieur Martino at Vauclin would have it this way. The *belair* is a dance Cariabe—his people learned it from their people, and so forth back to the early slaves who learned it from the now extinct Caribs. That Carib blood flows in his veins, he has no doubt. And indeed, the deep brown of his skin is redder, and the curl of his hair smoother than that of his fellow fisherman; without evidences of Caucasian intermixture. The *belair*, says Monsieur Martino, was danced by men and women, and there were usually more men than women dancers. Then a man and woman alone took the center and danced the *Ma'-jumbwe*, a dance more intimate and sexual in its import. There was jealousy on the part of the woman's mate, or another man who may have hoped for encouragement from her if he could have the opportunity to prove his prowess. So the jealous rival stepped in and became an adversary with the twofold purpose of overcoming his opponent and of exhibiting his own superior physical and personal attributes. He must show himself clever. He constantly invented new play. He must show himself witty. His new play, as well as ridiculing the other man, must amuse the spectators. He must exhibit his physical charms; there are definite periods of the dance when the two circle before the crowd with the sole purpose of exhibiting themselves for appraisal. He must be strong; at times the feats of these ag'yas are nothing short of miraculous. They surpass the tales even of the gladiators in pure brute strength, and the lightning trickery of ju-jitsu finesse. And always to the steady staccato of the 'ti'bwa and the throb and pulse and swing of the goat skin or bull hide stretched over the barrel-like drum and tormented by palms and



heel of the man astride. Monsieur Martino's explanation is very likely, well thought out, and deserving of further consideration. But I think of the Nigerian Earth Mother, and I am again at Vaucelin, on the shifting white sand under the two rows of coco-tiers leading to the sea. We are between the little chapel of Notre Dame de Pecheurs and the row of blue "canots" in their palm-leaf shelters. We face the sea, and the cobbled streets of Vaucelin wind in gentle ascent to the top of the hill, one ending in the market, another the cathedral, still another winding in and out and then circling the *hôtel de ville* to arrive with a little flourish at the public square. But these are only mock destinations. They all really terminate at the market, which is the center of the town from which radiate all commercial and social activities; and from the market all activities lead to the sea.

And it is to the sea, then, this bright morning, to see the ag'ya. The housewives have finished with the fish vendors, and the fish vendors have stripped the fishermen of the last silver 'p'tit bala-woo.' It is all over now, and the *porteuses* can spare an hour or two to rest their trays on the sand. Cupped straw hats of the fishermen, wide straw hats of housewives, madras and foulard in the white sunlight. The ag'ya itself is on a surprising patch of green touching the edge of the sand. It is not Julot this time, but the dry little Cisseaux, perhaps nicknamed that because of his biting wit. Constance has finished the Ma'jhumbwe, second movement of the belair. She is magnificent in gold jewelry, embroidered white chemise, and striped jup-la of the old days. Her fine black face shines with perspiration. She has danced from eight o'clock this morning, and it is now one-thirty. She is seven months pregnant. (But I speak of Constance and the belair elsewhere.) Now Constance has given way for the ag'ya, which as Monsieur Martino says, should be the order of things. I continue to think of the sons of Nigeria. This is the ag'ya as I know it. As I love it. No lurid spectacle under flickering kerosene torches, while callow-faced men place a price for the breaking of a companion's skull. No exhibition for the tourists to come and see and feel a little ill and go away and write about the savage beat of the tom-tom, the bloody attacks of the two naked combatants, and the mad, primitive frenzy of the onlookers. No stench from bodies that



PAINTING BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

"L'AG'YA OF MARTINIQUE"

have soured all day in the heat and excitement of the fete. No odor of white rum grown fetid in feverish mouths. No reeling and crowding and cursing to enter the ring and place bets and offer insults to a lagging hero. Such was the ag'ya at the fete at François, in the early morning hours. Now it is to the sun, and the small patch of green is the abundance of the Earth Mother, while the coco-palms overhead are heavy with green fruit. Alcide and Tel'mach are jesting with each other and the crowd. They are both in the tight-fitting, semi-nude striped tricot of the sailor, and Tel'mach boasts a ragged beret. They

make fun of each other in good-natured rivalry, and each tries to outdo the other in his demonstrations of wit and personal charm. This preliminary is all a part of the dance. The bright air is brittle with laughing and joking and anticipation—even the sea seems to scintillate in reflection of our mood. And then the staccato of the 'ti'bwa and the deep rolling response of the tambour as the drummers take their places. They play together like this for a moment, deciding on a song, falling into the rhythm of each other, preparing us for the rite. Under the magic fingers of Cisseaux, the tambour becomes

Continued on page 126



"You say he won't follow you?—he must be a dope"

Automatomania

**It was only normal for Plucker
to fall for the first girl he drew
from his marrying machine**

by ERNST BEHRENDT

• SATIRE •

PLUCKER was a professional inventor of slot machines. He was firmly convinced that a world where you could not buy everything by inserting coins in slots was as incomplete as a house without doors. His business career had started with the invention of a slot machine for flowers. Later he added automatic boot-blacks, manicure robots, and other apparatus which cut the hair, furnished living earth-worms for anglers, white collars for gentlemen, or balanced vitamin diets for pet dogs. Among his inventions there was even a slot machine which supplied customers with smaller slot machines for various purposes. But the most sensational of Plucker's devices was his matchmaking slot machine.

This apparatus consisted of a large box in which were the names, photographs, addresses and certain personal information about girls desirous of marrying. Anyone who wanted to meet a girl in order to marry her had only to insert coins totaling one dollar and turn a knob, whereupon the machine provided him with a sealed letter containing the necessary information. However, it was not blind Fate which determined one's choice. There was a dial in the front of the box, by turning which the slot machine wooer could point to the qualities he desired in his future wife. He could select one of fourteen hair colors ranging from Chinese metallic black to burning Irish red; he had a choice of ages from sixteen to seventy; he could decide on a girl with a preference for music, cooking, swimming, theatre or any other kind of entertainment. There were knobs for girls with strong maternal instincts and girls devoted to science and literature. Even the amount of money one might expect the girl to have was indicated by figures.

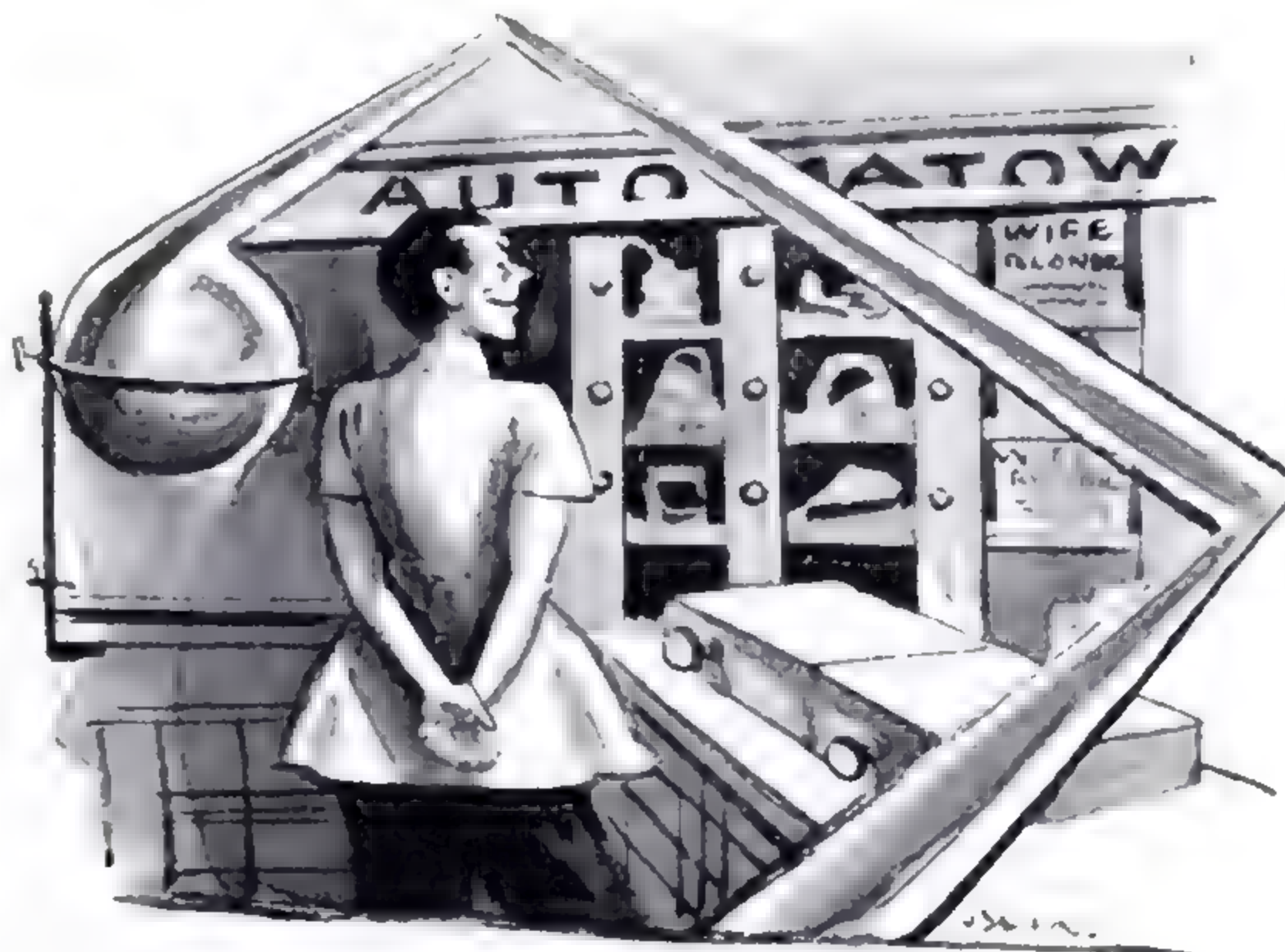
Assorting these features the customer could change the combination, until the whole corresponded to his dream-image of the ideal wife.

This slot machine worked excellently. It attracted many men who considered investing a dollar an easy, harmless way to make the acquaintance of potential brides. Many girls without social contacts were happy to establish them by means of the machine. They had to pay a fee of three dollars before their photographs and the information about them were deposited in the box, but even at that, there were so many applications that Plucker decided to expand by setting up twenty more marrying machines.

It must be mentioned that Plucker was not a mere faddist, devoted only to a theoretical interest in construction. He was practical-minded as well and enjoyed all the services which his machines provided. His pockets, even those of his pajamas, were al-

ways full of nickels and dimes which he used in his private life. His alarm clock went off in the morning only when he put a nickel in the slot before going to bed; when he got up he inserted another nickel in the wall, and his slippers moved along a flat rail from the closet directly to his feet. His electric razor started shaving after he had fed it another nickel, and many other gadgets, including the robot which turned the pages of his morning paper and the apparatus which decapitated his breakfast eggs, were perfect little slot machines which never refused to serve their master and make his life a happy one.

Being thoroughly satisfied with his other inventions, Plucker decided to test the marrying machine as well. He went to the nearest apparatus and inserted a dollar. By turning knobs and handles he expressed his desire for a girl between twenty and twenty-two years of age, platinum blonde, approximately five feet five inches tall, weighing about a hundred and eight pounds, fond of dancing, and with a good knowledge of cooking; moreover,



she had to have five thousand dollars. These qualities constituted in his mind the picture of the perfect wife. Although he was accustomed to all kinds of miracles from slot machines, his fingers trembled slightly when the box finally produced an envelope. He tore it open and saw the photograph of a beautiful girl. Her name was Patricia.

When he met her for the first time, she seemed to be even more beautiful than her picture, and Plucker was delighted that her appearance and character corresponded so exactly to the qualities which he had indicated on the dial. He found it quite natural that he fell in love with her, though it is open to doubt whether he cared for Patricia because she was charming and beautiful or because he saw in her the most brilliant product of his inventions. In her turn, Patricia admired his ingenuity and was grateful to the machine which had brought them together.

As she had no social contacts, she considered him as an acceptable wooer. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that they became engaged almost as automatically as they had become acquainted with each other. A few weeks after Plucker had seen Patricia for the first time he married her.

Their wedding dinner took place in a self-service restaurant where they indulged in dainties furnished by slot machines. If Patricia was somewhat disappointed, she did not show it. Plucker regretted that the railway tickets for their trip to the South had to be bought by hand and could not be acquired by putting coins in turnstiles. Similar regrets cast a shadow on the whole trip, but when the couple finally returned home, Plucker was happy again in his automatic world.

However, he had not foreseen that his wife would not appreciate the household's mechanization as much as he did. Patricia was at first puzzled, then angry, when she realized that she could hardly move in her own apartment without using nickels. The flatiron stopped working because she had forgotten to throw another coin in its slot. The hot water ceased to run; the butter jar could not be opened; even her nightgown remained locked in the closet because she had no nickel to open the closet door. When she complained, Plucker tried to console her, giving her a marvelous compact as a present. But when she tried to use it she could not lift its lid, and discovering a slot on the edge of the compact she realized that she was unhappy. Her unhappiness was not relieved when her husband constructed and installed an apparatus which changed dollar bills into nickels.

From this day her life was an open protest against her husband's slot machines. When she realized that she could not convince him that he was endangering the peace of their home, she began to sabotage his work. Wherever she found a slot machine in the home, she attacked it. One morning he found the nickel-slot of his electric razor filled with gypsum; another morning the alarm clock did not work, and on investigation he found gravel in it; then she fixed his slippers to the floor by putting coffee grounds in the machine. Similar acts gradually destroyed most of his inventions for the home.

It is obvious that in the long run matrimonial happiness could not thrive under such conditions. Plucker's protests did not stop Patricia's activities, which made life difficult for him. He was hampered, but neither incapacitated nor discouraged, and he was soon absorbed in the invention of a new slot machine. This machine was constructed to give you a dollar if you inserted your wife. ##



"I'm really a nose and throat man—but let's have a look at that leg anyway!"

The Glasses You Can't See

Wearing contact lenses, actors fool their public, swimmers dive without fear, night drivers eliminate glare

by THEODORE E. OBRIG

• ARTICLE •

DICK had only one-half inch more to push the accelerator before it would hit the floor board, when all further chance of immediate experimentation was ended by the shriek of a siren.

A police whistle decided for him that his new car had better be brought to as abrupt a stop as possible.

"Hi, Mercury, where's your license?"

"Here it is, officer. I just received the registration this morning."

"Say, young fellow, this driver's license calls for a pair of glasses when you're driving. Two charges against you."

"You're right on one count, but I am wearing my glasses."

"One more remark like that from you and there will be a third charge. You can't drink and drive in this town. If you think you have your glasses on, come along with me and tell it to the judge."

Putting the two licenses in his pocket, the motorcycle cop pompously led the short trip to the local precinct station. At the Captain's desk, he made his charge. "Speeding and driving without glasses!"

The Captain slowly looked over the driver's license and registration. "What have you got to say for yourself, young fellow?"

"Well, I was going a bit over forty, but I am wearing my glasses."

"That's what he told me, Captain, when I stopped him. If he is wearing glasses, then I've been rowing a boat down the parkway all morning. You had better have the surgeon examine his head."

"Captain, I would like to make a bargain with the officer."

"Go ahead."

Dick thought for a minute and turned to the policeman. "If I can convince you that I am wearing my glasses, will you withdraw both charges?"

"All right with you, Cap?" asked the cop.

"As far as I can see, the fine is as good as in the city treasury. Sure it's all right with me. I'm not blind."

With a grin and a gleam of triumph in his eyes, Dick raised his right eyelid, picked a glass covering from the eyeball itself, and placed it on the Captain's desk. He repeated the procedure with the left eye with a laugh and said, "Well, boys, I collect. You farmers will learn what Contact lenses are some day!"

The Captain's eyes opened and the cop's

jaw fell. "You win, feller. On your way and watch that speedometer."

At the rate contact lenses are being fitted all over the United States, we will not be able to fool the cops long. Every rookie will be taught that all lenses do not have to have frames to be worn.

About six thousand persons wear contact lenses. The fact that you may never have seen a pair is not surprising, for they just

can't be seen when worn. They are tiny saucer-shaped lenses made to fit the eye and worn under the eyelids. They may further be compared to the shape of the American soldier's helmet. The rim portion rests on the white of the eye while the deeper portion covers the transparent cornea of the eye without touching it.

There are many practical reasons for their use in sports and everyday occupations.

Ships' officers and yachtsmen, bothered by salt water spray when ordinary spectacles are worn, have only to blink their eyelids to clear their contact lenses.

Swimmers use them because they cannot come off when diving or swimming in rough water.

Automobile drivers use them because the disturbing and often dangerous reflection on spectacle lenses is avoided.

Actors and actresses of the stage and film, clergymen, and all those before the public eye are using them because they hide their defective sight and at the same time give them the security of normal vision.

Hunters, sportsmen, athletes and aviators find them more practical than spectacles because of the increased field of vision, the lack of hindrance and the fact that the danger of breakage is practically nonexistent.

Mining engineers, whose ordinary lenses become misty from the moisture and dust underground, find them practical.

Contact lenses are not made useless by rain, sleet, snow, mist nor steam as are spectacle lenses.

The cosmetic effect of these invisible lenses

appeals to both the young and the mature. No woman, or man for that matter, enjoys wearing heavy lenses. Contact lenses may soon become, "that extra pair for evening wear."

For skiing and other winter sports, the contact lens can be made with a colored corneal portion as a protection against snow blindness. The same colored contact lenses may be worn during the winter cruise or at the beach in the summer.

With larger power lenses the lack of distortion and wide field of vision is a great advantage. The contact lens, worn on the eyeball and moving with it, becomes a part of the optical system of the eye and produces the same vision regardless of the position of the eye.

In myopia or near-sightedness the vision with contact lenses is often better than with ordinary lenses.

The danger of breakage is practically nonexistent when the lens is worn. It lies in a protected position beneath the eyelids and, therefore, is afforded the natural protection given to the eye itself by the bony structure of the surrounding brow, cheek, nose and temple. There is no case on record in which injury has resulted to an eye through breakage of a contact lens.

In one case on record the contact lenses served as a protection. During an automobile accident, a man was badly cut across his forehead, eyelid, cheek and nose but the contact lens he was wearing saved his eye!

Three football players wore contact lenses during the past football season. One of them was the star of a Middle Western university team. No special protection was used for the eyes except to pull the helmet low over the brow.

Three members of the last Olympic ski team wore contact lenses when making the dramatic, breath-taking jumps. Ordinary

spectacles could not have been worn.

The comfort of the patient and the length of time that these lenses can be worn depends upon several factors. Primarily, the accuracy of the fitting is most important. With the new procedure used today, this factor has been made almost foolproof. Secondly, the mental attitude and physical make-up of the patient is important. Lack of fear of the lenses coupled with a determination to wear

Continued on page 170



Portrait of My Father

**He dug ditches, thrived on liquor,
read ten-cent novels and regarded
his children as none of his affair**

by JIM TULLY

• ARTICLE •

HE WALKED through life like a rock with legs. His shoulders were broad and stooped. A ditchdigger for sixty years, he held his gnarled hands in a half circle, as though ready to grasp the handle of a shovel. A blending of the peasant and the philosopher, his eyes had never known tears.

Nearsighted, he would hold book or newspaper with his left hand, his eyes stationary. He would move the object he was reading swiftly back and forth. This movement would continue through a long book.

He was born with the gift of life. His mother died beyond ninety. His father was near eighty. His grandparents verged on a hundred.

Without deep affection, he was a somnolent, witty, irreligious man. He would desert but not whip a child.

Neither age nor liquor made him stumble. If he ever thought of death, no one knew. Always with a smile, he lived as one who would last forever.

The silent and secret places in his heart were many. His compassion was a huge awning under which all could find shelter. He would give me his last dollar if I were with him. When gone, he paid no attention.

During six years in an orphanage he neither wrote a line nor came to see me. He was slightly more than a hundred miles away. When my sister, a dollar and a half a week servant girl, took me from the orphanage, we were unable to find him. When after several months he was located, I remained with him a few weeks, where he boarded at a farmer's house. He then placed me with a farmer a half-mile away. This man, who could neither read nor write, was brutal.

One night of zero weather, my father was forced to come to the house. The question of buying me "warm clothes" was uppermost in the farmer's mind.

They discussed the problem for some time. My father stepped on a cat as he was leaving. It meowed. "The cat's talking English," he said.

He had promised to send money for underclothes and a pair of felt boots. His promise unkept, I wore thin overalls and a thinner shirt that winter and the next.

Somewhere I had obtained a fifty-cent black hat. Much too small for me, it soon turned as red as my hair. With a spirit that would not accept the lashes of life, I ran away from the farmer in a year and a half. The pigeons I loved were cooing under the gable of the barn.

The farmer and his family would return in the evening. Giving the horses and cattle enough food to last them through the day, and pouring milk for the cat that had talked English for my father, I looked about the

house with wet eyes. No kind word had been said to me within its walls.

The farmer and his wife were first cousins and slightly mad. The chromos of their demented parents stared at me from each side of the room. A Bible, a huge volume called *Earth, Sea and Sky*, and *Pilgrim's Progress* were on a pine table. I had read them through many, many times. I wanted to take them with me. I refrained, as that would be stealing.

Taking all I possessed, poems cut from newspapers, I put them in a cigar box, and with heavy heart closed the door on the only home I had had since five, and was to have for fifteen years, and hurried down the road.

I drove a team that summer, hauling stone from a quarry. As I was not tall enough to curry or harness the horses, my employer made them ready each morning.

All through the long summer days I had dreams upon the wagon. They were a boon to a boy of thirteen.

My wages were three dollars a week. I did not know the different denominations of money.

Meeting my father when the season ended, he borrowed ten dollars from me, and never repaid it.

That winter, to keep warm, I worked in a chain factory. My wages of fifty cents a day hardly kept me alive. It was the same the next winter.

Three brothers and two sisters were scattered here and there. My eldest sister decided to bring us together. One brother, Tom, was far away in the army. He had served three years in the orphanage with me. A brilliant, belligerent boy, he had started me to reading before he left. Taken from the orphanage by a farmer in Kentucky, he left one morning and walked nearly four hundred miles to the section of Ohio where we were born.

Fourteen then, he was facing a world of trouble. The orphanage was miles out of his way. If it were known that he ran away, he might be sent to the reform school—the institution that haunted my youth. Nevertheless, he came to see me. Never having been alone in so large a place as Cincinnati, he left before night.

His term in the army ended, he joined us. Still a youth, on his way to Mexico to prospect for gold, we talked of our father, "Let others judge him, Jim," he said.

I did not always remember, though I never completely forgot.

On Tom's arrival we were together for the first time since our mother died. It was to be the last.

Tom was leaving the next day. Our father joined us.

Tom would not let me go with him.

I so wanted to go. "Don't take him, Tom," Virginia, my sister pleaded.

"I won't, Sis—he's too young." The powerful arm that was later to throw blows at Stanley Ketchell went around me.

"Sis and I are banking on you, Kid—don't let us down."

Our father heard the dialogue. I can still see him gazing out of the window across the bleak town in the direction of our early home. After some minutes he came to us.

There was a long silence. To break it, Tom said quickly, "Good-bye, Dad—good luck to you all."

He looked quickly at those he was never to see again and was on his way to Mexico.

Our father returned to the window.

After a while he said, "Let's take a walk, Jim."

We went in the direction of the railroad yards. A long freight was just leaving. My father heard the last rumble of the caboose before he moved.

Then he said, "Tom's gone—it doesn't seem like you and him are my sons," and walked on with me in silence. Long after I became known the scene still haunted me. Tom was my idol. Without him I never could have been. My father had only seen him a half-dozen times since he was a little fellow. He divined then the qualities I have never since doubted. His letters to me received at General Delivery windows at widely separated places, revealed a genuine writing talent.

He did not want to be a writer. He wanted me to be. I have felt always that his was far the greater talent. He was killed at twenty-six.

Soon after he went away, my sister, Virginia, left for Chicago, and my father to the seemingly never ending digging of ditches in northwestern Ohio. I became a road kid and did not see him again for seven years. At twenty-one, I determined to leave the road.

With the passion for reading inculcated by my brother, I read constantly in the libraries of the land. Every day found me during all of one winter at the Cooper Union library in New York. Obtaining my "coffee and rolls" before nine in the morning, I would remain until nine that evening.

I had learned how to handle a pair of boxing gloves during the years as a road kid. I had also seen many try to get away from the grip of the wanderlust by trying something more prosaic. I entered the prize ring in Lima, Ohio, twenty miles from my birthplace. It was a main bout.

With my name across the state as having held Chicago Jack Tierney to a draw, I went to see my father.

"I'm not sure it's the right way out for

you," he said. "Why not?" I asked. "It's easy money. Ketchell said Tom would have been a great fighter—why can't I?"

"I'm glad Tom wasn't," my father said, "and I hope you won't be."

Filling his glass again, he said, "Of course, it's none of my business."

Eventually knocked out in San Francisco, I wrote to tell him I wanted to give up the ring forever. He sent me a badly spelled letter in reply, advising me to do so. It was the first letter he had ever written.

We did not meet for ten years. My first novel was creating a slight stir. He saw himself in harsh colors.

"It's the truth," he said simply, and he made no other comment.

The book had again brought to life family feuds long dead. He smiled grimly at the incident of Tom Lawler, my mother's brother, not speaking to him for twenty-five years. Coins were needed to place upon my mother's eyes. My father had two silver dollars loaned to him by Tom Lawler. They were used. Lawler was indignant, as the money had not been loaned for that purpose.

His favorite among my mother's wild tribe was John Lawler, who served fourteen years in the Ohio penitentiary as a horse thief.

Invincible, unbreakable, he was still under forty when the gates of the jail, then the most cruel in America, opened for him. When it was thought another indictment was out for him, he was taken out of the state by his wild brothers and my father.

My grandmother was lying dead, not living to see him free. His brothers and sister, who was my mother, and my gorilla-built father were about her coffin on the night my uncle fled the land. Supposedly peasants, they were more like Irish brigands with verve and grandiloquence.

"Good-bye mother," the drunken horse thief then yelled back to the woman he had ruined. "May your bed be made of roses in Heaven."

In a roaring rain they took him down a muddy road and put him, with a valise full of whiskey, on a train for Canada.

Years later, while at the Columbus penitentiary to interview Harry Pierpont and Charlie Makeley of the Dillinger gang, I was to say to the aging warden, "I had an uncle who did fourteen years here." He looked at me in a horrified manner. That one should talk of such things!

Changing his name, the man who had loved horses enough to steal them, became a coachman for a banker, whose one daughter he married, and remained in Canada until his death, forty years later, a leading citizen.

The 160-acre Lawler farm had been heavily mortgaged in a hopeless effort to save him from prison. It was bought by the wealthiest land owner in the county. Tom Lawler, a

younger brother, married his daughter.

It is still owned by the Lawlers.

A woman had waited for John Lawler.

"Did he take her with him?" I asked my father.

"No," was the reply. "He was confident he could pick up another when he got there."

His father's father, old Hughie Tully, had been a ditchdigger for more than fifty years. Between them they had shoveled a continent of mud. A peddler of laces and linens in the South for three years before the Civil War, he turned from them to the ditches of Ohio. Though he could dig a ditch across a mile-wide meadow without the deviation of a foot, he did not lose his love and knowledge

difference remained. If he did nothing for me as a boy, he asked nothing of me as a man. He parried all questions concerning me with, "I don't remember."

He had a gift of analysis. While he did not calculate events and circumstances in connection with character, he often summed up a man in a line, and himself as well, as in the case of my uncle.

His sisters and mother were deeply religious. He allowed them their belief with indifference, and remained at heart an agnostic. If others discussed such subjects in a mixed gathering, he was silent. To the issues of politics, he was indifferent, but liked dramatic incidents in the careers of demagogues and other leaders.

Of Catholic background he had sympathy for the Protestant, Charles Parnell. A man was all right who got mixed up with a woman.

He never ceased to admire the bachelor Grover Cleveland's supposed remark when confronted with the evidence that he was the father of an illegitimate child. Asked what to do about it, Cleveland said, "Print it—it's true." Of Cleveland's stolidity, his narrow powerful mind, my father was not unaware.

He seldom made comment on what I had written. When my book, *Circus Parade*, reached him through the Literary Guild, he read of the four hundred-pound strong woman who had committed suicide for love and said, "Poor devil!"

I once read to him the story of "Black Boy," the mighty Negro pugilist in a drama of mine by that name that Paul Robeson played. The Negro had been stripped of everything, even the illusion that his high yellow girl was white.

My father did not move. I have never forgotten his pose. He might have been leaning over a shovel at the end of a hard day, as the lashing fury of the fates crowded in upon the uncomprehending bruiser.

When all was over and the black, beaten fighter left the scene cursing, my Irish parent stirred slowly and remarked,

"Well—he was a hell of a man."

When years before I had lost, for business reasons, to a pugilist in the town of my birth, he said, "It's all right Jim, I understand."

It was a wild melee in the hands of Art Simms, one time great pugilist, and myself. All our money had been wagered on a local fighter, against me. When I fainted him in the first round, it dawned on me that he did not know the first rudiments of the ring. He was awkward and scared. I worked in close in order to make the encounter look real, as Simms, who was in his corner, and I had several thousands on him to win. In desperation after several rounds, I jolted him on the jaw. The blow was glancing, and I had "pulled" the force as much as possible. It caught him on the "button" and he sank—with all my money on him. Simms rushed in

Continued in center of page 120



DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

of matters dealing with laces and linens.

Both heavy, sardonic men, their laughter was controlled and incisive in liquor. Though they drank heavily and talked much, they seemed not a part of the men about them.

It was my father's habit to buy ten-cent novels with paper backs. He would have with him always, at least a half-dozen such books. I first knew of Hardy, Flaubert, The Duchess, Bertha M. Clay, George Eliot, and other diverse writers through him. He did not discuss them with me, and so far as I was ever aware, he saw no difference in Marie Corelli and Flaubert. A kerosene lamp was all he required. No matter how great the noise about him, he was oblivious. The book was moved back and forth until it was finished. Huddled near him, I would also read.

When my name grew as a writer, his in-

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of three dramatic tales reviewed this month, the only one which wowed your reviewer is *The Painter and the Lady*

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

THE prize package of a slim month is William Blake's *The Painter and the Lady* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50), under which vapid title is a story such as we had a right to expect from the author of last year's best selling *The World Is Mine*.

It is difficult to classify *The Painter and the Lady*, or even to tell its highly packed and quick-paced story. Stéphane Sabatier and the beautiful Arlesienne, Simone Lamouroux, are the main characters. The book follows their growth, showing how they found themselves and their place in a world full of big business devilment, Croix de Feu fascism, labor trouble—full also of beauty and meaning which demand to be expressed in paint.

This is the kind of reviewing gabble I dislike, this talk about how the characters "found themselves," and how they "grew." It doesn't mean a damn thing. Let's abandon that line. Here in this book, set in the south of France, is the story of a number of people whose lives intertwine: the Huguenot brothers, Stéphane and Onésime; the women they chased and that chased them; the women they caught; the rich Renouvier family, wine capitalists; Levy-Ruhlmann, the ruthless millionaire, and miscellaneous working people and blackguards.

There is so much action and suspense that the tale could be classed as melodrama, except for exceptions: the characters are vivid people; and the author has a mind which can be heard speaking its piece in biting social satire over the action. The setting in Provence and Languedoc is full of color. You want to visit all the places mentioned.

I have only one objection to enter, and that is against an unnecessarily tragic ending. But I don't want to give the climax away. It is seldom you find colorful drama of the romantic school married to ideas.

Two other novels of the month are tales of social significance plus melodrama: *The Hopkins Manuscript* by R. C. Sherriff, author of *Journey's End*, and *The Gladiators*, by Arthur Koestler (both Macmillan, \$2.50).

The first is a fantastic affair. Thanks to the excavations of the Royal Society of Abyssinia, somewhere in the 21st century, the Hopkins Manuscript is discovered in the ruins of London—the only record, aside from a Keep Off the Grass sign and a mile-post, that civilization ever existed in Britain since

the visit of Julius Caesar in 55 B.C. This ms found in a small vacuum flask tells how the moon almost destroyed the earth, and how the greed and folly of European man finished the job at the height of the reconstruction period.

It seems that in 1946 the moon struck the earth. It did a lot of damage by hurricane and flood, but obligingly fell into the Atlantic Ocean, flattening out like a pancake—because it was hollow. It filled up the ocean, making Europe and North America one. Steps were taken to parcel out the moon, and the British were given a corridor to connect them with the Mediterranean, when suddenly a scientific party discovered that the moon, thought to be less valuable than a hunk of cheese (except that you could now run a railroad over it) contained iron, coal, oil, gold, and platinum. All bets were off and the nations, true to old form, scrambled for hog shares. Another world war flared, and when Europe was bled white, the Orientals came in and cleaned up. Europe not only collapsed, but was sunk without a trace (except for the Hopkins' manuscript and the signs aforesaid) like the Cro-Magnons of old.

Sherriff handles the improbable skillfully, with a careful attention to the little things which adds to the verisimilitude and heightens the irony. Petty mortality and its poor little preoccupations are set off against cosmic-social collapse. The story's weakness is in uneven distribution of emphasis. Two hundred out of 352 pages are devoted to the build-up—the days leading to the moon crash. Result is that the pre-moon stuff gets too much of a pawing over, leaves too few pages in which to make credible the "collapse" of Europe.

Every reader will probably have an objection or two of his own to enter over Sherriff's international fracas. As a stout 100 per center, I protest that we Americans would have kept the lamp of culture, civilization, and routine pettiness burning while Europe went to the dogs. Someone else might point out that once the British fleet was wiped out and also Britain's imperial sea path, pieces of the Empire such as India would immediately have announced their independence. However, every man is his own historian of the future, and part of the fun of Sherriff's book is arguing that it would happen otherwise.

Arthur Koestler's *The Gladiators* is a stirring enough yarn to stand on its own. As a

historical novel I fancy it better than the rather successful *Count Belisarius* by Robert Graves. This piecing together of the gladiator and slave rebellion of 73-71 B.C. reminds one, as no doubt it is intended to do, of his own day and age. With WPA strikes still more than a memory, and dear old General Harbord (who might be an old Roman pro-Consul out of this book) arguing in a well-bred way that people on relief should not be allowed to vote, and attempts at Sun States being made in Russia and Mexico, you can feel as you read this story that two thousand years ago is only yesterday.

From the gladiatorial stables of Lentulus of Capua, seventy fighters escape, terrorize the countryside, defeat a posse sent after them, and begin to attract to their revolt the slaves, the serfs, and the poor from all over Italy. Their leaders are Spartacus the Thracian and Crixus the Gaul, the one earnest and intelligent, the other stolid and sensual. As the revolt grows, attracting thousands and then tens of thousands, a split develops. The Crixus gang goes in for murder, rape, and pillaging.

Spartacus grows in character with the revolutionary baby he finds on his hands. Helped by some radical philosophers he evolves an idea of a Sun State, a socialistic brotherhood of towns of ex-slaves. He defeats the Romans and begins to build his city, but "greed, dissension and treachery set in, and Spartacus, on the threshold of success, is forced to use terroristic methods to preserve the Utopian ideal." The communistic hordes destroy their own city and disciplined freedom, and go off on the hunt for license. One group is defeated and massacred in the north, the other under Spartacus in the south.

The story moves, helped by plenty of action, and with characters that need only a business suit or the striped trousers of the diplomat to be up to date. Whether the author has a message in mind for us as political animals, and if so what that message is, these are questions that reviewers and readers will be fighting out. The rebellion of Spartacus has been used before this in political argument. The German communists after the World War called themselves Spartakists, and one of the largest sports clubs in the Soviet Union bears that name.

There's no doubt in my mind that Koestler had his eye on today all the time he was writing about B.C., but it's puzzling to disentangle his doctrine. Did he have totalitarian Germany in mind? He is an exile from Hitler. Or Russia? Or only the world situation in general, which in a broad way resembles the ancient "depression" of the days when Caesar was a young New Dealer of 30?

Koestler seems to say that the poor will

Continued on page 173





Reason Regained

Now that it's safely behind us,
we can look back with a smile
on the follies of prohibition

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI Esq.
Bombay, India
Care of Mileh Goat
My dear Mahatma:

They tell me that you and your people have gone in for a curious experiment called Prohibition, and that the Moham-medans, who personally don't drink, because their Koran forbids the use of alcohol, are oddly enough raising hell about this innovation, along with the Parsees. It seems to matter to them that taxes are taking a jump on account of the Government's not getting any liquor revenues any more.

In all fairness, I think I ought to inform you that we here in America went through a similar experiment—tried it for exactly thirteen years, ten months, nineteen days, seventeen hours, thirty-two and one-half minutes. And when it ended, six years ago come December 5th, those of us who were still alive and not blind, felt as though we'd stepped in something and were stepping out.

Take, for example, our hotels, which are the natural centers of our social life. During Prohibition these couldn't give the service they were built to give. The guest who wanted a drink had to bring his own. And many a room occupant, lacking any liquor in his baggage, made a deal with a bellhop to obtain some—the bellhop getting it from maybe the bootblack around the corner who had underworld connections. And thus did skulduggery creep into the best regulated personnel, transforming supposedly loyal employees into sub-rosa retailers of gangster wares. Dear old ladies would have shivered in their suites if they had had an inkling of the influences the management daily combated.

The blight fell heaviest upon the hotels' dining rooms. Flask carriers would rally for banquets, allowing the hotel the opportunity to sell "setups" which, though charged for at fantastic prices, brought in very little profit. But the ordinary diner-out didn't care to tote when it was so much simpler to go to a speak and get all he wanted. As a result, the hotel dining rooms were deserted and the speaks packed, offering meals cooked and served by erstwhile hotel employees who didn't wish to starve.

You see, Mahatma, a big hotel happens to be a corporation with an army of stockholders and bondholders and often a mortgage held by an insurance company. Such an establishment just couldn't risk getting padlocked. Whereas a speak was a makeshift joint lurking in a seedy ex-residence, fixed up at a minimum of expense. Theoretically it didn't exist, so if the dishwasher chanced to



be a syphilitic, no one was any the wiser.

Though seemingly beneficiaries of the system, many speak proprietors longed for Repeal. They were decent fellows at heart and sick of the hocus-pocus, the shakedowns, the corruption and the threats they lived under. Trained in the arts of cookery and service from childhood, they wanted to be restaurateurs, and this was the only way. It galled them that a lousy law had made their ancient and honorable profession criminal. Since it was legally shady, patrons felt free to act as they please, kicking aside social standards with a gusto as of the gutter. Social Register daughters swilled till they were stinko. Matrons got shrilly pally with notorious mobsters—for, after all, it would have seemed like lack of appreciation to act distantly toward the "remarkable chaps" who kept the hooch flood flowing and chose such exemplary brand names for their stuff, with forged labels and everything.

Anything could happen. A friend of mine was at his pet speak in New York's East Forties one evening when in came two big strapping Federal men with the cheery announcement that they weren't asking for any money this time; all they wanted was a meal and some drinks, which they proceeded to get. Things became so chummy that the two visitors were coaxed into doing a "sister act" of song and dance, in the best galumphing style with falsetto coyness. The fact that Uncle Sam was paying their salaries and expenses—though this meal and drinks were

bummed—didn't seem to worry anybody. It was Enforcement in all its glory.

Typical too of Prohibition's little peculiarities was a procedure worked out in Rhode Island, near a community where I was a cottager. Liquor from Rum Row was fetched to shore at night by members of the U. S. Lifesaving Station, in the station's own boats, and then transported by U. S. postal truck. I saw the truck myself and met its driver who was doing so well in his after-hours labors. A speak in Union, New Jersey, the front of which carried a notice that it had been padlocked by the Government, bore a supplementary card stating that patrons could find mine host at his new address around the corner. The apex of idiocy—if anything so nationwide *could* have an apex—was reached in Atlanta, Georgia, where the Law solemnly seized forbidden beverage stocks and then auctioned them off to the public. An eyewitness informs me that prices were wonderfully cheap and that prospective consumers looked happy over their bargains. The Government could readily congratulate itself that *some* of its citizens were not complaining.

Raiding was a picturesque and a much publicized pastime. The most celebrated ax-wielder, the late Izzy Einstein, showed me his private memory books, four atlas-sized tomes, in which his exploits were recorded. Destruction which this one agent had wreaked upon real estate values amounted to millions of dollars, and he had ended the careers of chop houses and restaurants famous for a generation or more. Just doing his assigned duty, you understand. But doing it a bit too conscientiously, for he raided some wrong places, and eventually found himself out of a job. In his opinion, Prohibition was destined to be permanent: the Drys considered it a success, and those who profited by it thought it was swell.

A New Jersey probation officer told me of what had happened to a bootlegger who had attempted to play the game straight. Having been a reputable business man in a business which Prohibition had ruined, this fellow decided that he would switch to the field where the money was, but would retain his ethics, if possible. So he got himself a fleet of trucks and went in for transportation on a large scale. The difficulty was, he couldn't get the right sort of truckmen and handlers. Only ex-cons and shifty characters were on for it, because though the pay was good, the work was "a bit special" and occurred only on certain nights, at short notice. By about the second week he was in this business he discovered that his employees were working on

Continued on page 175



1. "Homer," we said, "we know that these new Glacier Twill Ties are *very* handsome. We also want to know whether they are as *phenomenally* long-wearing as we think they are. Will you keep tying and untying one till it is worn out?" Homer agreed.



2. "It makes a dandy knot," Homer said, as he tied busily. "Not bulky or skimpy, just right." Two hours later he completed the 50th knot with the tie as neat as a pin. At the 100th tying it was still in good shape. But Homer's shape was awful.

The Story of Homer and our Glacier Twill Tie



3. At the 156th tying, the Glacier Twill still refused to break down. Homer broke. Said his fingers hurt, and stamped out. He wouldn't come back until we called the whole thing off, which we decided to do, for 156 tyings is a LOT of wear for *any* tie.



4. Go to your Arrow dealer and see these Glacier Twills for yourself. The patterns are the *smart* patterns for the season. And *twill*, besides bringing you long wear, has an unusually rich, expensive look. Price is just \$1. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN
—BY ITSELF!

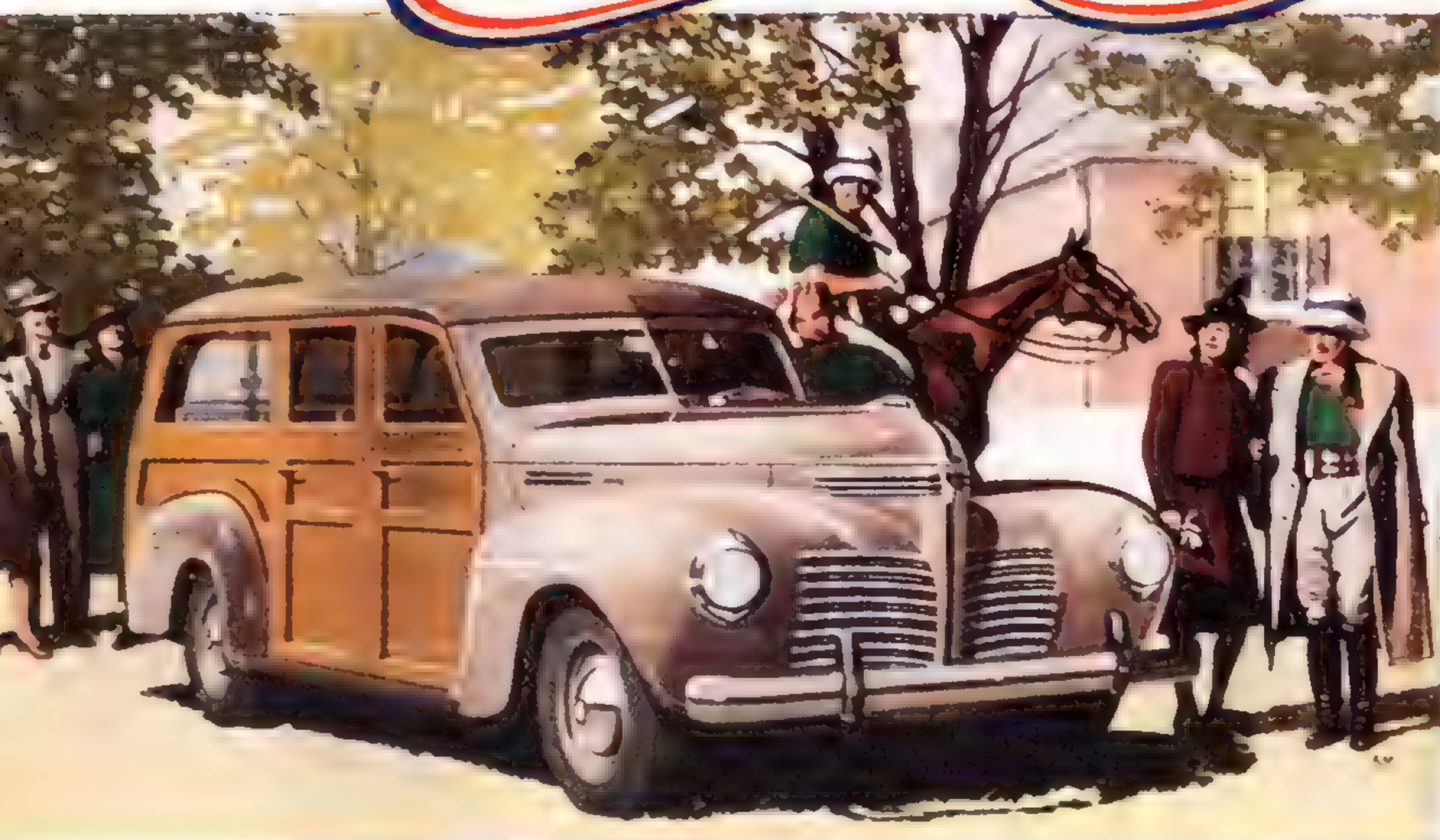


PLYMOUTH PRESENTS
THESE SMART NEW

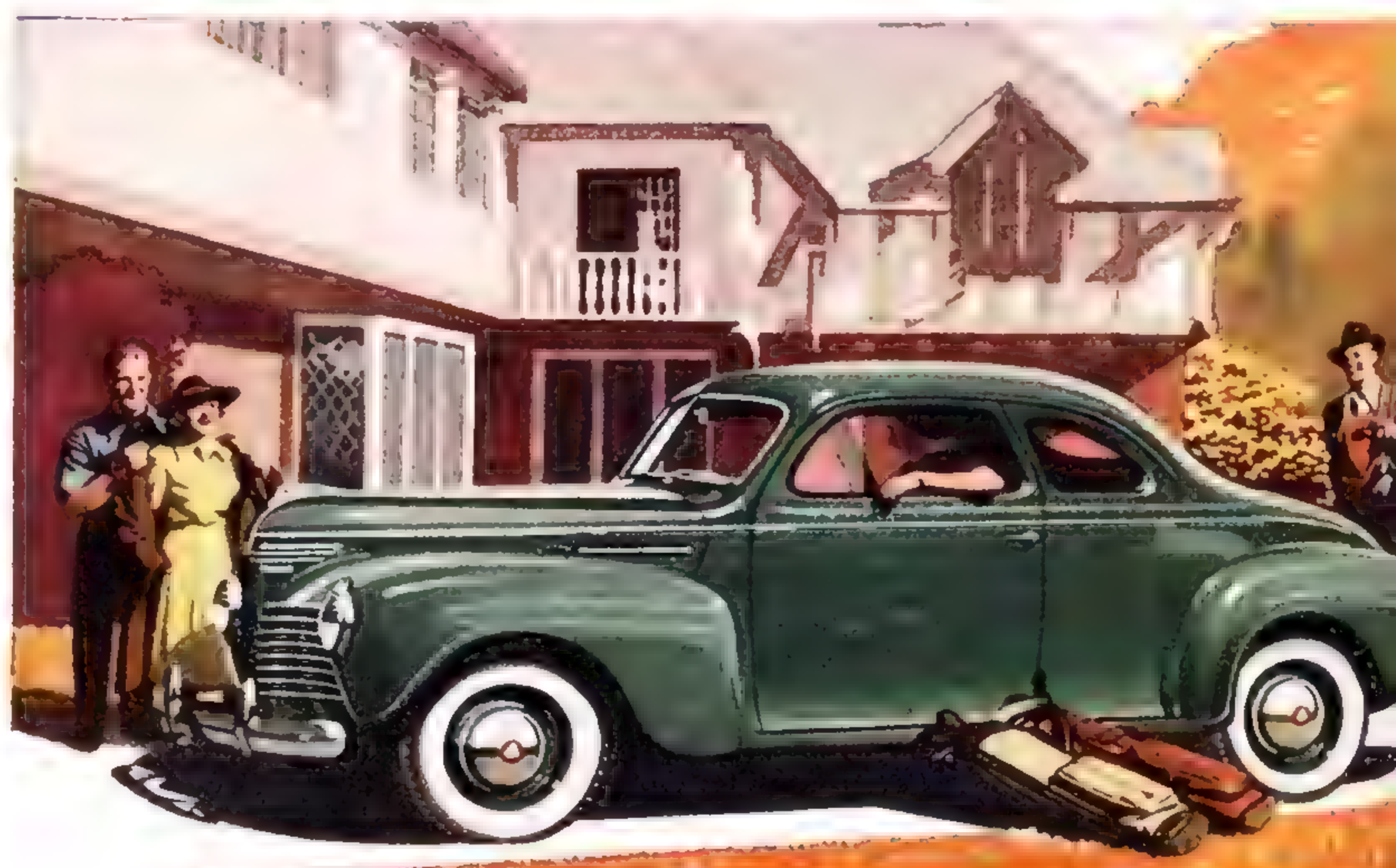
"Sportsmen"
for 1940

HERE THEY ARE...the new 1940 editions of Plymouth's famous "Sportsmen"! Bigger, roomier, more superbly beautiful than ever... amazingly luxurious automobiles at *low prices!*

The new 4-Passenger Convertible Coupe features the famous power-operated top... wider, genuine leather front seats with auxiliary drop-type seats in back... 50-65% brighter road light. New engineering and designing combine to give you the great *Luxury Ride!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.



1940 PLYMOUTH STATION WAGON—the most stylish, yet most economical. The smart maple and ash body is longer, wider... mounted on the De Luxe chassis. New safety glass windows slide sideways... auxiliary seats are easily removable!



1940 PLYMOUTH 4-PASSENGER COUPE...a smart new beauty with auxiliary drop-type seats back of the driver's seat. Huge, rear deck luggage compartment... running boards are optional... and it has Plymouth's great *Luxury Ride!*

1940 PLYMOUTH

**THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY
WITH THE LUXURY RIDE**

Roulades and Cadenzas

The Immortals get an earful
of *Bach Bay Blues*, *Fable in
Sable* and *Barber's Hitch*

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

RICHARD WAGNER has called a pow-wow on Walhalla to demand action against Tin Pan Alley. This popular sport of tinkering with serious tunes, he claims, has gone far enough. And he proposes to put an end to it.

Not that he personally has been damaged. No tune pirate yet has dared to pilfer his *leit-motif*. But it will come. For whatever fad starts with Tchaikovsky inevitably ends at his door. Of that he is sure. And before this craze has spent itself, he figures not only his *Pilgrims' Chorus* and *Evening Star*, but his *Preislied*, *Ride of the Valkyries*, *Traume*, even his Grail themes will be doing double duty for the dance maestros.

He says Tin Pan Alley has always been a thieves' paradise, that filching original tunes is nothing new. "And don't let anyone tell you our tunes are not original," he blusters. "We composers enjoy squatters' rights the same as everyone else." Liszt, as he points out, has had to endure hearing his *Liebestraum* mutilated beyond recognition. Dvorak has stood silently by while his *Humoresque* has been combined with everything from *Old Folks at Home* to *Beer Barrel Polka*. But most members of the Composers' Union have become hardened. They didn't put on sackcloth and ashes with Saint-Saëns when *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice* was dumped into the sugar bowl or with von Flotow when *M'Appari* was stomped into fame. Some of them even chuckled the day Handel lost his wig during Divine Service, when he heard an organ grinder across the street playing *Yes! We Have No Bananas!* They thought this was good for the old stuffed shirt.

Ravel rather expected his *Bolero* to be imitated. It wasn't a real bolero, anyway. But never in his wildest hallucinations did he dream his *Pavanne pour une Infante Défunte* would become *The Lamp is Low*, a vehicle for languorous Dorothy Lamour.

Some of his contemporaries envied Ravel. Debussy won a cigar the day *My Reverie* topped the best-sellers list. Tchaikovsky went high-hat and refused to speak even to Wagner when he had two tunes on top. Rimsky-Korsakoff asked to be moved out of the Russian quarters in the Elysian Fields when three of his numbers—the *Flight of the Bumble Bee*, *Song of India* and *Hymn to the Sun*—were recorded in swing versions. Carl von Weber complained that the Radio City Music Hall was using his name in ads without doing a thing to pep up his music. How could he be expected to compete? Grieg has been busy writing thank-you notes to Ray Noble for reviving *Peer Gynt*, while Felix Mendelssohn has sulked and been unable to digest a single meal since he heard Alec Templeton was improvising *Mendelssohn I'll Mow You Down*.

Furthermore, it's been impossible to finish

a rubber of bridge with any of the old boys whose tunes are on The Hit Parade. They're constantly dashing off to get the latest returns, and most of them keep one ear on the New Friends of Rhythm, hoping to hear one of their tunes.

These swingers-of-the-classics (a group from the New Friends of Music) have treated *Droschky Drag* (after Tchaikovsky's *Andante Cantabile*); *Capriciousness Number Twenty-Four* (after Paganini's 24th Violin Caprice); *Barber's Hitch* (after the overture to Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*); *Bach Bay Blues* (after Bach's Organ Fugue in G minor); and *Fable in Sable* (after Tchaikovsky's violin concerto). You should hear their records!

Richard Wagner is disgusted with all this. "Cheap stuff!" he calls it. His tunes belong to the ages; they're evolved from the realms of philosophy. And against any rascal who swipes them, he threatens a suit for defamation of character. He'll insist on the death penalty for smugglers who arrange his motifs, and boiling in prune juice for those who play or broadcast them. If necessary, he will dispatch the Wanderer to check up on infringements, Loge to burn their manuscripts, and Donner to thunder until silence reigns again. It's OK with him if they use Brahms or Richard Strauss. In fact, he recommends the *Hungarian Dances*, the *Wiegenlied*, themes from the four symphonies, *Elektra* and *Salome*, to every arranger who can manipulate them. But trafficking for profit with his music is verboten.

He rejects the contention that the use of his tunes will help dry up the output of screwball jingles such as *Hold Tight* and *Three Little Fishes*. He isn't swayed by the fact that jazz bands have accomplished what all the music pedagogues, lecturers, writers and Nicholas Murray Butlers in the land couldn't do: putting immortal tunes in the mouths of the masses. To put hard-working contemporary tunesters in competition with the greatest musical colossus of all time is manifestly unfair. Besides, Richard Wagner contends he has been a philanthropist long enough.

He was satisfied to relinquish performing rights in his music to the community when his copyrights expired. During his lifetime he got most of the gravy and enjoyed making music dramas. But why let the results of his labor be distorted and used to puny ends, when he doesn't even get his name on the

piece—and if he does, people call him Wagner instead of Vahgner?

He has always been in favor of Communism as against Private Property, but the present practice of making Communism the rule as to works of art while Private Property remains the rule for everything else is the bunk. Like Gene Buck, he is going to see that something is done about it. He does not propose that others should exploit a single semi-quaver of his music without paying him or his heirs their share of the dough.

* * *

An additional communication from the celestial regions includes the impressions of the inhabitants of Mars on the occasion of their recent proximity to the earth. It reports that the harmonies of the spheres were less deranged by sounds emanating from our direction than previously. No longer were the orchestras of the Western Hemisphere giving off vibrations that jarred against the orchestras of the Eastern.

This, in case you are unaware of it, is because the International Standards Association met in London early this spring and decided that, in spite of differences over the issues of aggression and encirclement, the "A" to which the orchestras of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France and the Netherlands will henceforth be tuned, is to be exactly 440 vibrations per second—the "A" we have known in America since the World War.

Now you may reasonably wonder what the practical effects of this are: whether it is the act of international reformers in pursuit of a commendable ideal, or whether it is merely a market operation of the customary European variety, with which we are now entirely familiar.

Let me explain its implications. For decades the pitch question has plagued the musical world. It exists because our leading experts will not agree on what the most satisfactory pitch is. If I write a piece of music and put down the note A, meaning the first A above

the middle C on the piano, nobody knows precisely the pitch of the musical tone I want to be sounded. All that is certain is that I mean it to be a third higher than the note I put down as F, and a fifth higher than the note I put down as D; but this is like saying that a dime is a tenth part of a dollar, which, however explicit, does not settle how much a dollar is (further than it is obviously

Continued on page 131



The Candid Cameraman

Since the gals are so much
deadwood, Hollywood
goes in for all-male casts

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

IF YOU want to get away from women these days or nights your best escape is into the neighborhood movie, provided you keep your hands in your own lap and your eyes fixed on the screen. For the era of co-educational films is ended, or at least is in recess. We are having a bunch of pictures in which the casts are (a) all male, or (b) all female.

Maybe the whole thing is a purely scientific investigation designed by the bureau of economics and research, with the object, once and for all of determining whether there is a direct or inverse ratio between the sex in the theatre and the sex on the screen. In other words whether more men on the screen draw more men into the theatre or more men on the screen draw more women into the theatre or more women on the screen, etc. (There is also a series of baby pictures and possibly the stop-watch men are counting the rise and fall of baby-buggies parked on the sidewalk.)

Another theory, favored by this department, is that the industry has at last come to the view so long propounded here: that women can't act, and has also come to realize the second proposition propounded here: that movie audiences have come to desire acting on the screen. If actors are wanted and women can't act, Hollywood finds itself confronted with a dilemma to which there is one classic and historical solution, and one common-sense solution. The historical solution, practiced in Elizabethan times, was to have boys enact the roles of women; and after watching such a female waste heap as *Hotel for Women*, theatre lovers may come to the conclusion that the barring of women from the Shakespearean stage was not so much the result of moral qualm over the offense of females exhibiting themselves in public, as of plain suffering at the offenses to artistic sensibilities, in the way the girls read their lines. The answer was simple; let men, even boys, take over the job.

The cinema public, however, depends a little too much upon the pleasures of the eye to accept this rather literary solution, and it may be for this reason that our leading producers have hit upon the counter expedient, an even simpler, and in many ways happier device: that of producing screenplays which require no women in the cast.

The movement is yet in its trial stage; and naturally, it is the hope of the industry to

lead the public gradually into a taste for all-male screen epics; furthermore, it is necessary for the producers to disguise their final intention for fear of offending that old-fashioned section of the public which believes in equal rights for women. To accomplish this, and it might be conceded, to provide employment for, as well as to take advantage of the talents of the few truly exceptional females who can act, the industry is making a few all-women epics alongside of the all-male pictures; but it is our suspicion that the quota for women pics is about half that for men.

There is a third theory. That is, that the film industry is responding with a cumbersome and inchoate, but nevertheless a gradually coalescing, intelligence to the undefined but felt want of the public for pictures that do something. The public cannot sharply voice what it wants except by rejecting what it does not want, and to establish a consistency of taste requires a long period of sharp watching, as innumerable factors must be taken into account. Are they staying away from pure love stories because the last crop was badly acted or unamusingly written or because they are tired of love stories? And did the success of *Love Affair* in the midst of a series of failures mean they want trivial tales of romance again or that the appearances of Charles Boyer are infrequent enough so that they come to see him no matter what he is playing? These imponderables make the de-

termination of popular taste a long, slow matter. But if we accept the prevalent theory that the motion picture is an escape in that it supplies what is lacking in the life of the audience, that it gives man a vicarious life in which his hungers are fulfilled, then we might conclude that the picture trend feeds the greatest hunger of the moment.

Quite simply, the public goes instinctively for the type of picture which contains the vitamin lacking in its psychic diet at the particular moment; and viewed on a great mass scale, this determines picture trend. Naturally there is always some appetite for ro-

mance, for success stories, for comedy, and well-prepared dishes of any type will always find takers; but if there is a run on one particular staple we may assume that this tells of a particularized hunger.

In this year of world-wide suspense and long inaction, the great hunger seems to be for doing something—for activity, accomplishment, for logical and progressive action

if possible, but if not, then even for desperate action as a release from waiting in crisis. And it is perhaps an odd thing that human activity does not offer too many situations in which men and women accomplish things together. As soon as work-absorption or large-project absorption begins, there appears to be a polarization of the sexes; and it is through this circumstance, certainly not through deliberate choice, that motion pictures, when they respond to the do-something hunger with films of people doing something, find themselves out of the co-educational field.

Certainly there will be those who say, why, the greatest deed and the greatest adventure of all is in the finding of a good mate, and the founding and raising of a family; films have made use of this theme, too. It is perhaps significant that in the current public mood the action of finding a mate, which used to be plenty satisfying, is insufficient; and so more and more babies are born and raised on the screen. But the family adventure does not satisfy that craving for accomplishment unless it is a part of some large social movement which at least gives the illusion of progress: for instance, a family pioneering into new territory (as in our recent cycle of super-westerns) or again, the cavalcade type of film in which the family is symbolic spectator-participant in the life of a nation.

If it is true that the trend away from love films is rather a trend toward films of people doing something, then the dominance of all-male epics is readily explained on the basis that men still do most of the doing. This is not expounded in the sense of male superiority (in contradistinction to the earlier mood of this piece, in referring to women as actors) but rather we make this point in objective mood, as an observation. We would be very willing for women to have complete equality in activities, if they really could do all the things men do. However, let us not get aside into the battle of the sexes.

Actually, the most recent series of films about men doing things, in the absence of women, does not show them doing things of great significance, except for one instance—*Stanley and Livingstone*. The other all-male epics are rather examples of the instinctive, almost brute-like response of a great industry to the felt craving of a great audience. The industry knows the audience wants activity, action, and it responds first in purely physical terms, gives them chase, noise, shooting, but gradually it will give them more and more films which reveal purpose and social progress through the kinetics of fight, struggle, chase.

The purest and dumbest example of brute response to this social hunger is in such films as *Beau Geste* and *Four Feathers*, fight-action pictures in which adventure is thought to be

Continued on page 101





ZORINA
(Warner Bros.)
Harrell Photograph



ZORINA
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 98

its own excuse. Both films are produced on the grand scale, with costs running into the millions; both employ the highest skills and the most proved sure-fire devices in the cinema craft. If they fail it is not through any fault in execution but because they lack a substance which the public wants. The producers have heard correctly that the public wants action; but some producers have not quite understood that it wants action with meaning.

Beau Geste is the flattest flop. This is no time for a re-make of the foreign legion fable, gallant as it may have been in another era. This creaky classic, some will remember, tells the tale of a noble English lady and her brood of mostly adopted children, and who stole the family sapphire? For one night when they are all grown up and the jewel is being examined prior to selling it to relieve the mortgage on the old castle, the lights go out and when they go on the jewel has disappeared. So the boys all enlist in the foreign legion, each thinking thus to prove that he, and not any of his brothers, was the thief. After they have all been killed off fighting the Arabs, all but one who returns to marry the girl, it is revealed that the eldest of them (noble Gary Cooper) really stole the gem that night because he knew his noble foster-mother had sold the real gem—which belonged to her brother—years and years ago and put a fake in its place and that her ruse, to get money to raise her brood, was about to be unmasked. So to protect her he stole the fake. *Beau Geste*, all sigh, which translated means a noble gesture.

So William Wellman went out into a Paramount desert and built a city of tents and a couple of oases and wavered between shooting the adventure epic straight or giving it a slightly stiff, period-piece style, and came off with something that moves fast but is sometimes comical where no comedy is intended. And if there is confusion in the audience, think of Wild Bill Wellman, director-producer, who, when it was all over, laughed it off with the remark that he didn't think what the hero did was a beau geste anyway. Mr. Wellman is no more cynical than his audiences and when the hero looks like a dumb cluck to him he looks like a dumb cluck to the audiences.

But this is supposed to be merely a film of action, it isn't supposed to mean anything, the moral is only a bow tied at the end, to say "there were heroes in those days." The only trouble is that scenes of white men shooting down hordes of attacking savages one by one, whether they are red Indians or brown Arabs or black Negroes cannot be offered as pure disassociated action, like muscle exercises, to the modern audience which is war conscious and always thinking in the back of its mind "if

we go to war what will we be fighting for? What is worth fighting for?" and which is therefore examining any picture of fighting from a moral point of view. Maybe this is why the French government got very mad at Paramount's picturization of the foreign legion in *Beau Geste* even though a foreword took pains to say that the picture wasn't supposed to give the remotest idea of life in the foreign legion, it was just a picture. And this time the foreword was obviously sincere, it was not the usual formality to forestall libel action. The French government got mad though because it realizes that pure disassociated fiction no longer exists, and that the audience mind of today wants to know what all the shooting is for; and that the picture makes it look like French legionnaires shoot just for the sake of shooting and seeing natives fall dead. *Beau Geste* will almost undoubtedly be barred in France; some government officials were even miffed enough to hint at punitive barring of other pictures from the same studio, because the proffered advice of a staff member sent over free as a technical aid to the studio in the making of *Beau Geste*, was ignored. However, peace has undoubtedly been restored, by now.

Closest to *Beau Geste* in derivation and manner is the British re-make of another shoot-the-Arabs epic, *Four Feathers*. A comparison is fruitful because the British film comes a step closer to modern motivation.

The tale, by A. E. W. Mason, is of a lad born into the Faversham family, whose men have for generations been officers in the Colonial forces. But General Faversham suspects his son of being a born coward. The screenplay, by R. C. Sherrieff, who knows the futilities of war, opens with a deftly satiric version of a formal stag dinner party. In an ancient, heavily wainscotted baronial hall a group of veteran officers sits around a long table, cheerfully telling stories of old campaigns. Their inbred acceptance of violence and death is pricked with dynamic irony by Mr. Sherrieff, as they rise to toast the lad whose birthday they are celebrating. The lad has been terrified by their cheery tales of torture and worse, endured in honor of the single virtue they know: unconditional, unthinking bravery. He runs off to bed.

At this point it looks as though *Four Feathers* is to be an exposure of the waste and stupidity in this military code of honor which brands physical cowardice as the greatest moral failing. Harry Faversham grows up, becomes a sensitive young man, follows the family tradition and enters the service but is never at ease in it. He becomes engaged to a general's daughter, but on the eve of his regiment's sailing for Egypt to avenge a ten-year-old defeat in the Sudan, he sends in his resigna-

Continued on page 102

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

Good

Bad

Beau Geste

A production of this magnitude can't help having some pictorially impressive scenes; the first approach of the military column to the fort of dead men is such a scene, and the shot of a body whirling down a sandhill is memorable. See main review.

Outmoded subject treated with little verve and with laughable carelessness in many details. Gary Cooper looks decades older than the brothers who are within a year or two of him in the kid scenes. The all-night battle is really silly, with the soldiers dying like when kids say bang, you're dead. No one is ever wounded—except Gary, who lives long enough to kick the commandant, who was so tough he was exiled from Siberia for brutality!

Each Dawn I Die

Cagney and Raft as super-toughs in a rattling good prison picture. Maybe double-stars like this will put an end to double-bills.

The feeble pretense at making a prison-reform story out of a straight action thriller.

Four Feathers

Gorgeous technicolor desert scenes, and river scenes of hordes of Arabs pulling British expedition boats à la Volga boatmen. Ralph Richardson, comedy star of *Wings Over Europe*, does a fine job as a blinded officer, except for one spot where he is required to go mad, too.

The horror is spread on somewhat thick, what with vultures diving at carcasses, and all. See main review.

Hotel For Women

Ann Sothern's caricature of a blonde making a date over the phone.

Cheap attempt to exploit Elsa Maxwell's inexplicable fame. The dame is a sententious bore.

I Stole A Million

Raft is, by golly, becoming an actor, maybe because the soft-hearted crook roles give him more opportunity than the straight toughie roles he used to get. An earnest attempt to show how an honest hack driver got forced into crime. Excellent dialogue.

Story is too episodic. A few too many steps in the crime sequence.

Lady Of The Tropics

A laughing girl, Gloria Franklin, can't act, but is so vivacious she steals all her scenes with Hedy, the latest glamor mummy.

The Ben Hecht screenplay is incredibly stodgy. Nothing but a series of Taylor kissing Lamarr in different wimples.

The Old Maid

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, on their mettle, turn in mature performances equal to the best on the stage or screen today. Davis has dropped the jittery attack for which she was criticized in these columns; claim is that it was all due to casting. Anyway she proves she can act with restraint and power; her portrayal of the frustrated mother, in the latter half of the picture, is memorable. Miriam Hopkins gives her role less characterization but stays with Davis all the way through and even tops her once or twice.

The problem of the piece is no longer a vital problem, so that interest in the story becomes literary rather than living. The dialogue, by Casey Robinson, is wooden.

Our Leading Citizen

Bob Burns' speeches to the town industrialist who wants to go after munitions contracts are worthy of the Rogers tradition. Especially the one about white crosses over soldiers' graves as plus signs on the ledger. The outbreak of the strike is good. See main review.

Plot becomes confused through the efforts to discredit all labor organizers by identifying them in the character of an "outside red" who calls everybody "comrade" and plants bombs.

Stanley and Livingstone

Spencer Tracy gives another ace performance, as the reporter who found not only adventure but a worthy cause in his long lone trek into Africa in search of a lost missionary. Real restraint in avoiding melodrama, substituting meaning. Good scene where Stanley tells off the doubting geographers of the Royal Society, though it parallels the Muni scenes in *Pasteur* and *Zola*.

The slight attempt at romantic interest should be eliminated as there is not enough to satisfy the love-hunters, and just enough to annoy all others, especially when a recital of Stanley's diary, calling and calling the girl's name, accompanies his fevered trek.

Unexpected Father

The climactic scene where baby Sandy interrupts a couple of adagio dancers.

Slow and ponderous humor, after *Bachelor Mother*.

Winter Carnival

Pretty ice scenes and relaxed collegiate atmosphere, as a change from the phony collegiates usually shown. With Ann Sheridan.

Story lacks punch.

OH, CHARLIE, PLEASE GET A BARBASOL FACE!



GET IT SMOOTH, get it handsome, hoe off that half-cut stubble. Throw away old-fashioned methods that tend to dry and bite the skin, even cause coarseness and roughness. Get a tube of modern Barbamol. Get yourself a Barbamol Face and get results with the gals. Sold at all drug stores in 25¢ and 50¢ tubes, in huge 75¢ jars. Five Barbamol Blades, 15¢.

SAILOR, WHAT'S THE SECRET? Better results with Barbamol—in hard water or soft, hot or cold—because it's a modern shaving cream—made with beneficial oils that not only soften the beard, but actually soothe and help protect the skin—from your razor while you shave, from harsh weather after you've shaved.



HELLO, JUNIOR! There's something about you that reminds us of a Barbamol Face. Smoother, cleaner, fresher, younger-looking skin—never touched by a razor. But that's the way it feels, after shaving with Barbamol!



For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 98-101

tion. The next day he receives cards from three of his closest friends, fellow-officers in the regiment. Each card has a white feather stuck through it. He tries to explain to his girl that he thought he was really doing the courageous thing by resigning from a service in which he was unhappy, by refusing to go on a military expedition which seemed to him a purposeless waste of life and force; but he senses that she too believes him a coward, and himself adds a feather for her, to his collection. There ensues a period of self-doubt, in which Faversham is assailed by the universal misgivings that every man must feel when his conscience drives him toward pacifism, and the social mores drive him toward war. He wonders whether it is really physical cowardice, deep in himself, that has swayed him to the excuse of pacifism. And he knows he will not rest until he has tested himself physically.

So the young man goes to Egypt, lets himself be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, to assume the guise of a member of a certain tongueless Arab tribe. His ambition is through acts of bravery to force each of his former comrades to take back that white feather. And thereupon he enters on a series of adventures that gives the film every excuse for action. Dervish raids on desert outposts, sunstroke and lashings, a horrible trek across parched miles, leading his blinded and half-crazed former comrade, while vultures wheel overhead, imprisonment in a filthy dungeon with Arab hordes who are forced to fight for scant food dumped in slop troughs, mass escapes, pitched battles in which concentrated squares of British musketeers shoot down hordes and hordes of mounted tribesmen—through all this, Faversham fulfills his self-dare, and proves himself more courageous than the most unthinking militarist.

Thus far, the film carries its audience through terrific action, and yet permits the vantage point of an idea, a truly timeless dilemma is in process of solution, for in all times, men have sought a way to distinguish bravado from bravery, in themselves. To be a truly fine film, *Four Feathers* wanted only an honest conclusion. From the beginning, the apparent goal was to be the denunciation of the military code of bravery by a man who, against his own conscience, had submitted to it only in order to prove himself by the standards of the militarists themselves as a man worthy of denouncing that code. The proper resolution of the film would be either for Faversham to lose his life trivially and wastefully in satisfying the code, or for him to make some contemptuous gesture after having satisfied the code—a gesture such as resigning again from his regiment, when his honor had been restored. Instead, the film ends on a note of

banality; the victor comes back and gets the girl. So the original theme has to be discounted; *Four Feathers* becomes only another picture glorifying action for the sake of action.

But in that sense, it "has everything," for the Kordas have packed their thriller with all the shocker tricks in the bag, outdoing *Beau Geste* by at least a few thousand dead Arabs, hundreds of vultures, and an actual bayoneting.

Next to war, the prison epic affords the widest opportunity for brutal assault upon the senses of the audience, and full advantage of such opportunity is taken in *Each Dawn I Die*, a series of slug-fests, knifings, solitary tortures, and machine-gun escapes, with a cast of heavies that probably outweighs any previous assemblage of tough screen males. Cagney and Raft in one picture ought to be enough, but add Alan Baxter and Victor Jory and George Bancroft and Stanley Ridges and a whole flock of old-timers and you've got the boogie-woogies. In fact this epic is so tough that Maxie Rosenbloom is the softening touch. The shooting is so constant the sound effects might just as well represent a boiler factory. Here again there is a slight attempt to present a moral basis for action, as prison reform is suggested; but there is no real analysis of the brutalizing effect of the jail.

Nevertheless, the crowding of so much power and action into one picture can only be a direct response to the felt demand for films that do something, even though they only punch bare-fisted at a stone wall.

There are, of course, many ways in which meaning can be given to bare action; *Stanley and Livingstone* is an example of success in this direction, resulting in a film of maturity, that is nevertheless a thriller. The story has plenty of thriller ingredients. First it is a reporter-hunts-man epic; but instead of being a petty crook or a whimsical heiress the hunted party is a missionary in the African wilds. Not only is this an account of the greatest single exploit in the history of journalism, an account which dignifies the tenacity-trait held to be the supreme virtue in journalism, as the bravery-trait is idolized in military circles; *Stanley and Livingstone* evolves from a man-hunt story into a story of pioneering, with the opening of the African continent to civilization as the ultimate vision. And incidentally the stoppage of slave-trading at the source of supply. Producer Darryl F. Zanuck, who usually is unstinted in his use of spectacular catastrophe, from forest fire to tornado, has been unusually restrained when one considers the inviting Tarzan possibilities of Stanley's trek through the jungle, and has instead permitted the screenplay authors, Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson to develop the adventure of an

idea, at least as strongly as the adventure of physical danger. Of all these films of men in action, *Stanley and Livingstone* is by far the most gratifying.

As for the things that women can do: they can go to jail, they can go to school, they can be nurses and photographers' models and run orphanages for war babies, so far as recent women-without-men films are concerned, and none of these themes, at least in the pallid treatment received, presents opportunity for action which the civilian of today can accept as vicarious release in these months of waiting and suspense. This is not to say that there are no great themes of this order; certainly a film could be built around the crusade for women's suffrage, and around the problems of women who work. But such items as *Hotel for Women* are no help in the momentary competition of one-sex pieces: and *The Old Maid* is again an introverted theme, the special story of a woman spending her life keeping secret her motherhood: an out-moded theme for today. *Further Escape*

When movies were just beginning there was a Frenchman named Méliès who created fantastic reels on such subjects as *Journey To The Moon*, reels in which the super-human possibilities of the new medium were joyously explored, for the motion picture was taken as a means of conquering the bonds of time and space, of entering worlds of magic. Many lofty critics still regard this first reaction to the use of motion pictures as the purest expression of cinema: a direct, child-like escape from reality. Now we still hold to the escape theory, but we have refined our understanding of escape until we know that even the most realistic of films is based upon this same psychic motive.

The latest and most gorgeous technical achievement of films is to be found in MGM's *Wizard of Oz*, and in purity of approach it goes right back to Méliès, for once more the motion picture camera is used to take the audience into a land of fantasy. The film is pretty close to a masterpiece. For the Frank Baum stories of *Oz* had that translucence of meaning which makes fairy tales and philosophers' tomes kin. Much of the satiric symbolism of *Alice in Wonderland* is in the Baum characters; the straw scarecrow who was full of ingenuity and resourcefulness but thought he needed a brain, and finally was mighty pleased with a diploma; the tin woodman who was loyal and kind and thought he had no heart, and was finally pleased with a "token of esteem" that ticked: a watch in the form of a heart; the cowardly lion who was brave enough when his friends were in danger, and only believed he was brave when he had a medal on his chest.

It is not really strange that this fairy tale has for its central symbol the identical parable that inspires one of the deepest philosophic novels of all time, Kafka's

The Castle; for in both, the characters are in quest of a God-power who resides in a Castle, and by their quest they acquire the very things and qualities which they wish to beg of the Power; and when they finally come to the Castle, the Power appears not to exist.

The unworldly characters of the *Wizard of Oz* are performed to utter perfection; Margaret Hamilton as the green witch is something Disney could never equal in *Snow White*; Ray Bolger's straw man is an unforgettably pathetic and brave creature danced with great spirit and art; Bert Lahr as the Lion and Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman complete a trio that seem not to be human actors at all, but the very creatures of Baum's imagining. To my taste, Judy Garland, though she plays extremely well, is a little sweet for the child; I would have preferred someone pert like Virginia Weidler. And Billie Burke lacks the touch of impishness that was in Baum's witch; but she is a beautiful vision to behold. The use of midgits for the Munchkins probably could not be avoided; they do their parts well, and are costumed with so much verve that, in general, the feeling of unease which many people experience in watching midgits perform is dispelled.

These are mere details. On the whole, Victor Fleming's *Wizard of Oz* is a gorgeous thing, and producer Mervyn LeRoy should feel well rewarded for the great trouble it was to put together. Many of the lyrics are clever enough for Gilbert and Sullivan; at least one song about Oz being a Wizard because of the wonderful things he does, should become a double-meaning hit among sophisticates. *Misleading Citizen*

The story around Paramount is that they started out to do a real picture about labor in *Our Leading Citizen*, got scared that they might be too radical, half way through, so dumped in a lot of red-scare stuff; and then decided to please everybody with a patriotic finish. That pretty well sizes up the film. The story of the strike, as it develops, is the most honest strike presentation in film history: we see the origin in a ten per cent wage cut made only so that the industrialist can underbid competitors on steel orders for munitions abroad. Most of the members of his board of directors are against this kind of business but he bullies through his measures, and imports thugs as strikebreakers. Up to then John Moffett's screenplay might have come right out of the La Follette committee records.

But at this point an "outside agitator"—note that the strike is already in full swing—drops off a train and proceeds to call everybody comrade and to urge the strikers to blow up the plant. In fact at a union meeting he practically announces that he has planted a bomb which will explode in one minute! From there on the thing gets pretty screwy. A worker is shot dead by the chief strikebreaker. The citizens call an indig-

Continued at top of page 104



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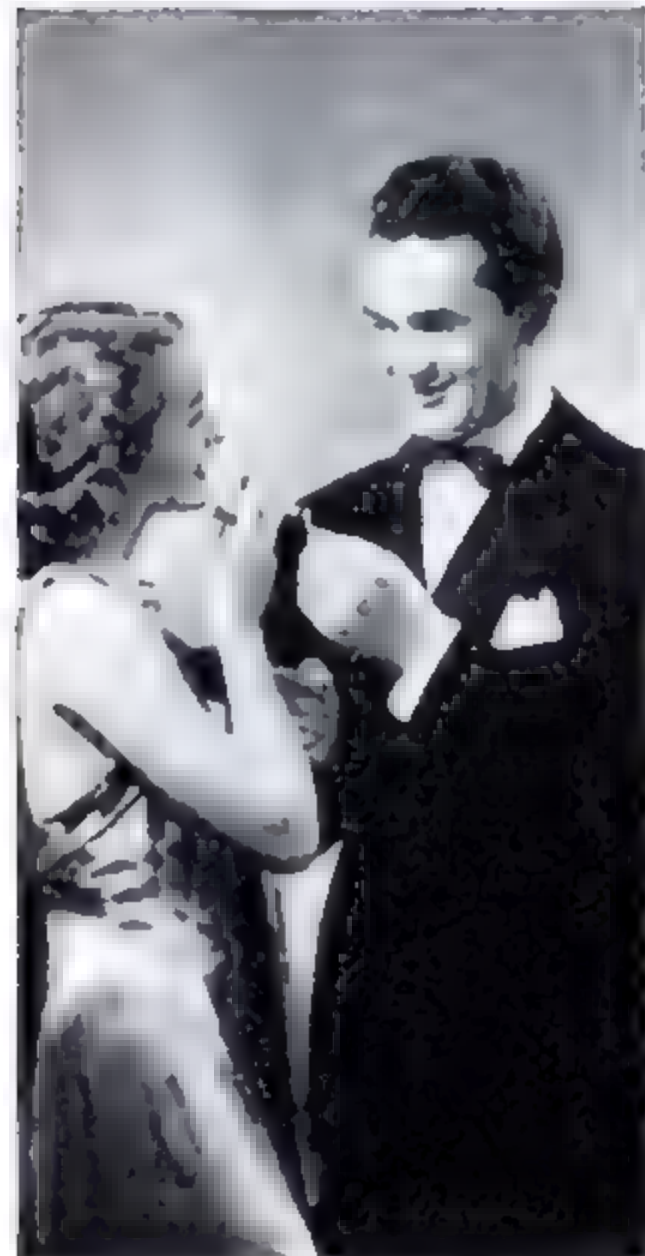
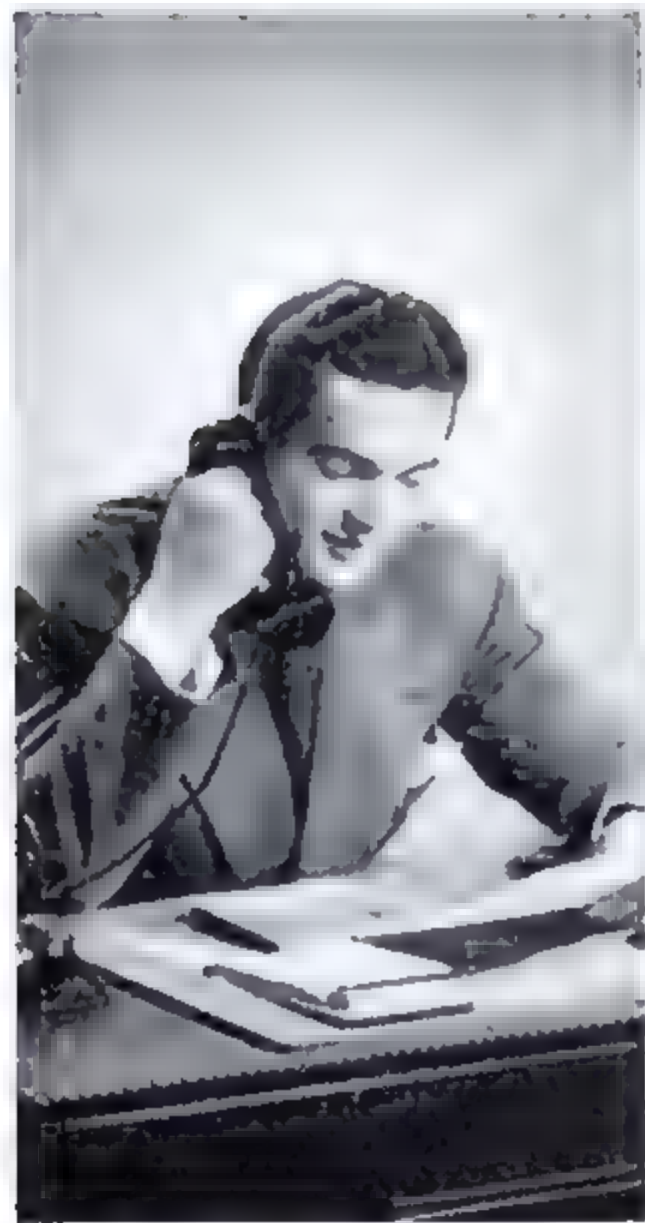
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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 98-101-103

nation meeting. The industrialist rescinds the wage cut. Whereupon the strikebreaker and the comrade-caller hold a secret meeting and decide to work in cahoots promoting more terror. The industrialist meanwhile is trying to elect himself a senator, and all is cleaned up when Bob Burns, the town lawyer, in person beats up the strikebreaking thug, and gets nominated for senator.

Oddly enough the film is replete with strongly uttered truths, and would ordinarily win complete acceptance from the working public. Apparently, however, the acceptance which the Burns character wins from the audience, as a man in sympathy with the workers, is intended to make the audience agree with him about "outsiders" causing all the trouble when it is obvious that the trouble was caused from the start by a needless wage cut. And the picturization of a phony communist and a strikebreaker as "outsiders" is in-

tended to carry over to mean all outside union organizers. This is straight reactionary hokum, worked by the usual anti-labor trick of implying that all labor organizers are reds.

It doesn't get by for the simple reason that the trick is so obviously phony as to confuse the plot of the picture. Some folk, on coming out, and explaining the plot, took it for granted that the comrade-caller was supposed to be an agent provocateur, sent in to pose as a communist and to plant violence on the strikers. For certainly real communists don't go around calling strangers comrade. Viewed as a provocateur the character and the plot make sense. The picture could have been clarified by inserting a scene in which the provocateur is given his orders; or by cutting him out entirely and leaving the strikebreaker to do all the mischief. As it is, the film seems to have a rather nasty intention and a balled-up plot.##

On the Record

Stokowski's Tannhauser is so thrilling it's embarrassing

by CARLETON SMITH
• RECORDS •

ARTURO TOSCANINI and Ludwig van Beethoven have been collaborating on the latter's Fifth Symphony. The finished product will be available next month, and unless I am mistaken Santa Claus will carry a full pack of them. No admirer of Toscanini can afford to miss this album. Dynamics, phrasing, the singing melody, the integrated whole. Toscanini's unmistakable hallmarks are there, but the quality of tone is not what we have known. According to my ear, Toscanini has never drawn from his NBC Symphony the richness and beauty of tone that he evoked from the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall. In large measure, that must be due to the acoustical properties of NBC's Studio 8-H. The orchestra sounds as if it were playing in a horseblanket.

But the Maestro likes it. He is willing to compromise on depth and sonority in order to have more precise tone values. He wants an eighth-note where the score says there is an eighth-note, and not an eighth-note plus reverberations. Of course, being nearer to the orchestra, he may hear a more familiar and sonorous tone than we. In any event, he insists on recording in Studio 8-H, and, in addition to such delectable tidbits as the overture to *William Tell* and *Perpetuum Mobile*, Mozart's great *G Minor*, Beethoven's 135-year-old *Eroica* and Eighth in F major have been cut there. For me, this last, the shortest and happiest of the incomparable Nine, is the most satisfying. Posterity may

call itself blessed that it can hear Toscanini's performance.

* * *

"What the hell good is a conductor if he won't conduct!" is a pertinent remark around Philadelphia these days. Leopold Stokowski, after much hemming and hawing, agreed to extend the period of his visit to the Philadelphia Orchestra this winter: He will conduct four weeks instead of three, twelve or thirteen concerts instead of nine. Apparently, the world's No. 1 record salesman is not interested in being hitched again in the orchestral harness. Life is more glamorous elsewhere.

Fortunately, since Hollywood has no orchestra comparable with the Philadelphia, his film recording still takes place in the Academy of Music. While on the spot, he sandwiches in a few recording sessions. Recently, he pressed up another version of the world's best-selling discs: the Strauss Waltzes, *Tales from the Vienna Woods* and *Beautiful Blue Danube* (Victor 15423). They are sliced up, of course, each to fit a single side, and are alternately hectic and rushed. Life may be like that in Vienna today, but it wasn't in the days of Johann Strauss. Stokowski's vagaries of tempo and inexplicable eccentricities are as unmistakable as the brilliance and suavity of his orchestral tone.

I must confess the more I hear of the dauntless Leopold's latest contribution to Wagneriana, *Tannhauser* (Victor M-530), the less objections I find to it. Time was when I was certain that Miss

Continued on page 107



FRONT-PAGE fashion news today is *who wears what* to the country. A step across the city limits, you'll find: bolder tweeds; covert semi-sports suits; reverse calf "chukkas"; corduroy breeks (Scotch for slacks!) And top of the list...these Stetson Rustics.

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“Let’s see, which one of you gentlemen is Abraham Lincoln Jones?”

On the Record

Continued from page 104

Garbo's boyfriend was the prime mutilator of Wagner's music dramas. The pity of it was that he possessed both the talent and the will to debase a work of art. Lesser men could only hack at its body. Stokowski attacked its soul, transformed its spirit, mangled its being. Now, either he is taming down in his old age or I am growing more tolerant in mine. Perhaps it is just that his brand of sensuality is more suited to Venus' backyard than to the temple of the Grail. Anyway, I admit that those sides devoted to the Overture and Venusberg Music and the Prelude to Act III of *Tannhauser* are not entirely a perversion of expensive opportunities.

True, he takes liberties, persists in substituting the Stokowski nuance for what we have come to believe is the Wagner nuance. He exaggerates dynamics, alters phrases, and tempi, tries sleight-of-hand tricks to make effects, achieves in short one of his "magical transformations."

Yet, one overlooks much, so rare is Stokowski's ability to make exciting sounds, so accomplished is his talent for weaving the threads of the orchestral loom.

If your gramophone will take it and the neighbors don't object, you should not be without this album. It's the best of Stokowski's Wagner and, at moments, the excitement is downright embarrassing. In fact, to make this confession complete, I may as well admit that I am endlessly filled with admiration for what Mr. Stokowski accomplishes and I imagine my feelings are shared by all who can tell one conductor's reading from another's and by some who can't.

I have been told Stokowski left in the vaults at Camden for early release: Shostakovich's *Fifth Symphony*, Debussy's *Fetes and Images*; and a condensation he arranged for Disney's coming films, including excerpts from Bach's *Eine Feste Burg*, *Toccata and Fugue*, Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*, Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, Moussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain*, Schubert's *Ave Maria*, Debussy's *Claire de Lune*, Stravinsky's *Sacre de Printemps* and Beethoven's *Pastorale Symphony*.

The rumor persists that the Musicians' Union will sooner or later take steps to prevent the Boston Symphony—the nation's only important non-union orchestra—from making discs. Let's hope that's only a rumor. Nothing would be a greater catastrophe, for that organization consistently reaches higher and higher levels in its recording. In fact, more superlative and epoch-making albums come from Boston these days than from any other city. The most recent, the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Jascha Heifetz fiddling, is in certain respects the best—and incidentally the costliest—recording ever made. I

understand that unslakable perfectionist, Serge Koussevitzky, has cut into wax among other things Beethoven's Second, the *Missa Solemnis* in D major, Debussy's *La Mer*, the Brahms' Fourth—and, if he approves the technical details, 1940 will bring them to you.

* * *

Lily Pons sings Victor's album of the month—a month in which we celebrate the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the first New York performance of *La Somnambula*, the seventy-seventh of *Dinorah*, the seventy-second of *Romeo and Juliet*, the sixty-eighth of *Mignon*, and the fiftieth birthday of Amelita Galli-Curci. This new album by our reigning coloratura contains more than hackneyed claptrap or cinema ditties. She ascends, as usual, the most perilous heights known to the human voice, she imitates the Music-Box, but also, in Fauré's *Roses of Ispahan*, Liszt's *Comment-disaient-ils?*, Debussy's *Green* and Hue's *A des Oiseaux*, she expresses emotions of a tender and wistful nature generally unknown in the kennel of coloraturas.

Sopranos who specialize in fireworks are in the class of tight-rope walkers and trapeze artists. They balance precariously, swoop and glide and dart in high altitudes and generally fill the air with suspense, and, like tight-rope walkers and trapeze artists, garner more attention than Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, the *St. Matthew Passion*, or *Pelléas*. The yokels understand them.

Miss Pons is no exception. She has been adroitly presented: ballyhoo about her has been full-blown.

This past summer she broke attendance records, and established new all-time highs at Lewisohn Stadium, Robin Hood Dell, Milwaukee's Stadium, Chicago's Grant Park, and the Hollywood Bowl—in fact, wherever she appeared. And I never heard her in better voice. She was more secure, more relaxed, more convincing, more successful—if there can be such things as degrees in her success. The fragility and beauty of her middle voice, its ineffable timbre, brought tears.

Lily Pons has always had taste, an unfailing sense of the rectitude of things artistic and otherwise, and she has shown a desire to get away from the moth-eaten cadenzas of her trade. But it is her maturing interpretive powers, the beauty and inner warmth of her voice—which, incidentally, has not yet been fully captured by the gramophone—plus the fine strokes of poetic insight which she reveals now and then in her interpretations of great French music that place her among the first half-dozen mistresses of song.

Would that this country possessed a theatre of proper proportions in which she and other artists—whose best work is lost in the Metropolitan—could add to their artistic stature and our profit. In

Continued on page 108



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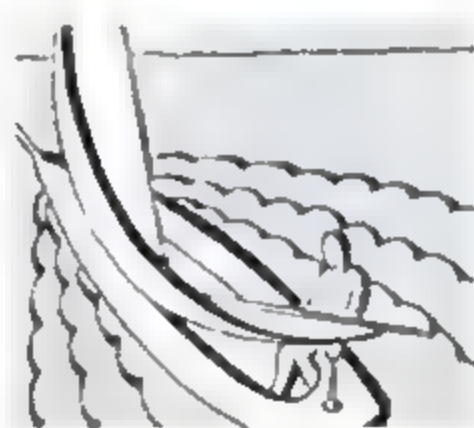
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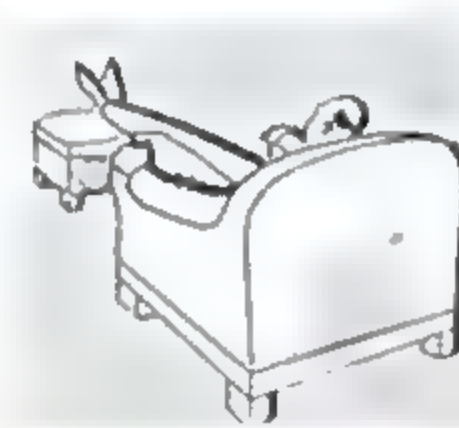
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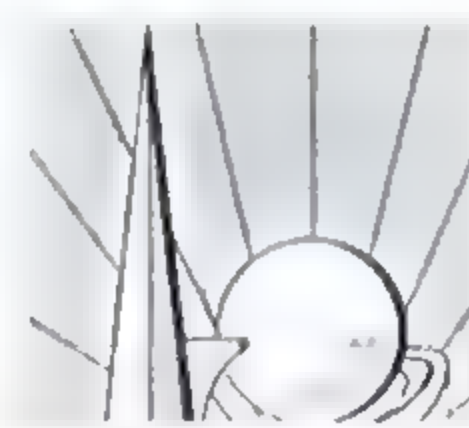
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On the Record

Continued from pages 104-107

this land of skyscrapers and excess-profits taxes, is such a dream impossible? I am convinced that in rare scores, which we now see but never hear, she would give us many moments' exquisite pleasure.

But before I go further, it is perhaps wise to warn you not to risk your farm on what I say about Lily Pons. I am one of those who would be on hand fourteen hours before she appeared, if only to have a glimpse of her. About her I am willing and anxious to believe the utmost. As I have said before, it is one of the evidences of that intense susceptibility which is my chief qualification as a critic that good or bad art, and good or bad potentialities, are a personal matter between me and the artist. I hate performers who butcher music. I want to destroy them. But I am no less extravagant in my praise of an artist who can realize for me the full value of a great work or transfigure an ordinary one. Lily Pons is such an artist; and she is also a rare human being with a large spirit. A child of nature, without enemies, she can make a stick bloom.

But to come back to her discs.

These constitute a Pons recital in themselves: their worst feature is crowding—the shoving together, with no break, such items as *A des Oiseaux* and the *Musical Snuff-Box*. The best feature, in addition to Miss Pons' singing, is the orchestral accompaniment of André Kostelanetz, for example, in *La Capinera* and the *Blue Danube*. To say the orchestra fits the voice like the proverbial glove to the hand is an understatement. My advice to every singer who wishes to embark on a career is to marry a musician of the caliber and sympathy of Mr. Kostelanetz.

* * *

James Joyce knocks flat your Christmas problem. First, not one in 50,000 will have it. Second, everyone will be complimented, as it presupposes a discriminating understanding. Third, it is a never-ending delight to those who are susceptible to the music of the spoken word. It is Mr. Joyce's reading of his own *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, obtainable only at the Orthological Institute, 45 Gordon Square, London (for 25 shillings, roughly \$5.75). Unforgettable and unique, it speaks for itself. #

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(BLUEBIRD)

Sunrise Serenade; Moonlight Serenade; Glenn Miller. B-10214
I Can't Afford to Dream; Comes Love; Artie Shaw. B-10324

Decca Records Inc., New York

(DECCA)

Stephen Foster Melodies; Frank Luther and The Lyn Murray Quartet. Album 15
Deanna Durbin Souvenir Album; Deanna Durbin. Album 35
Johann Strauss Waltzes for Dancing; Harry Horlick. Album 5

El Rancho Grande; Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider; Bing Crosby and The Foursome. 2924
Heaven Can Wait; Sunrise Serenade; Glen Gray. 2321
Beer Barrel Polka; Well, All Right; Andrews Sisters. 2462

Famous OLD FORESTER

EXPENSIVE? .. YES ..
BUT AS THE LABEL SAYS,
*"There is nothing better
 in the Market!"*

THERE is no finer tribute to the superb taste and high quality of Old Forester than its 70-year-old reputation as "America's Guest Whisky." This mellow whisky costs a little more, as a "guest" whisky should. But the spirit of true hospitality calls for Old Forester, a rich whisky, friendly to your taste. Why not try it? And let your enjoyment of this rich, mild Kentucky bourbon be increased by the assurance of the hand-written message on the label—"There is nothing better in the market."

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY
 COMPANY, INCORPORATED

At Louisville, In Kentucky
 Since 1870

100 PROOF



*"There is nothing better
 in the Market"*

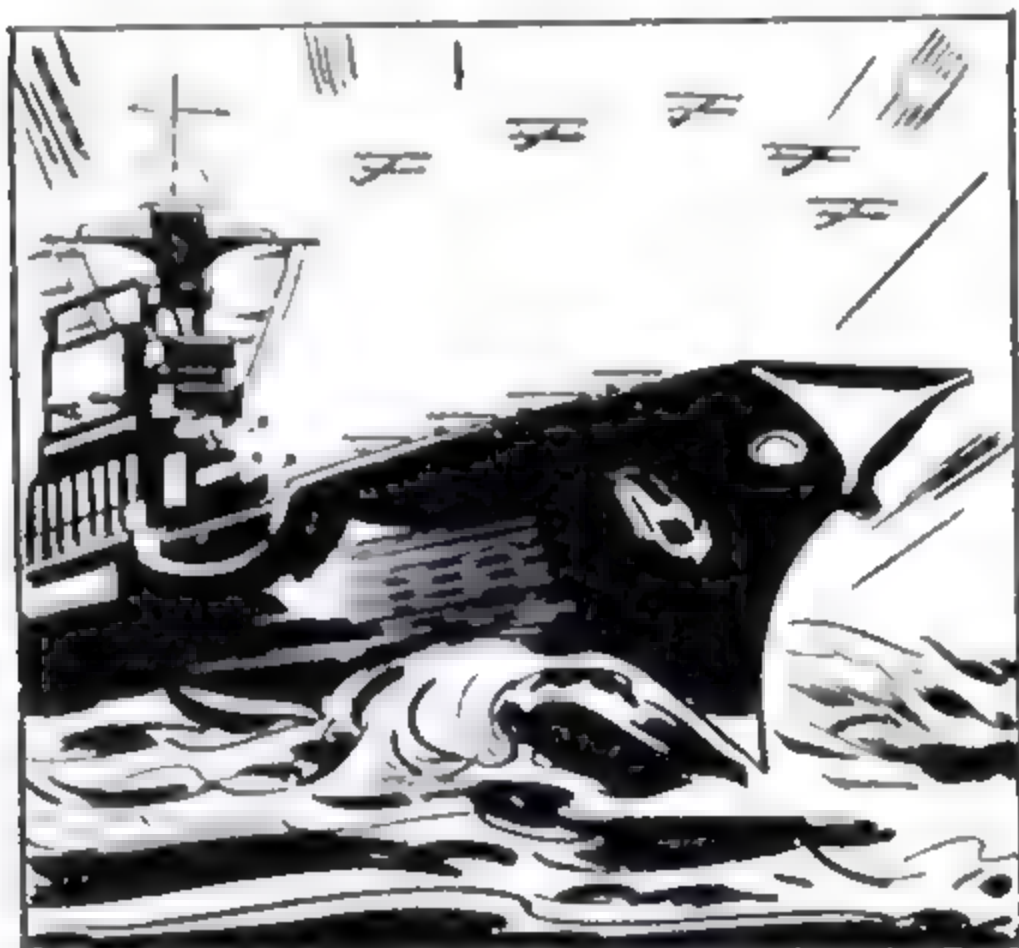
**LABEL AND FORMULA
 UNCHANGED THROUGH
 THREE GENERATIONS**

Famous OLD FORESTER

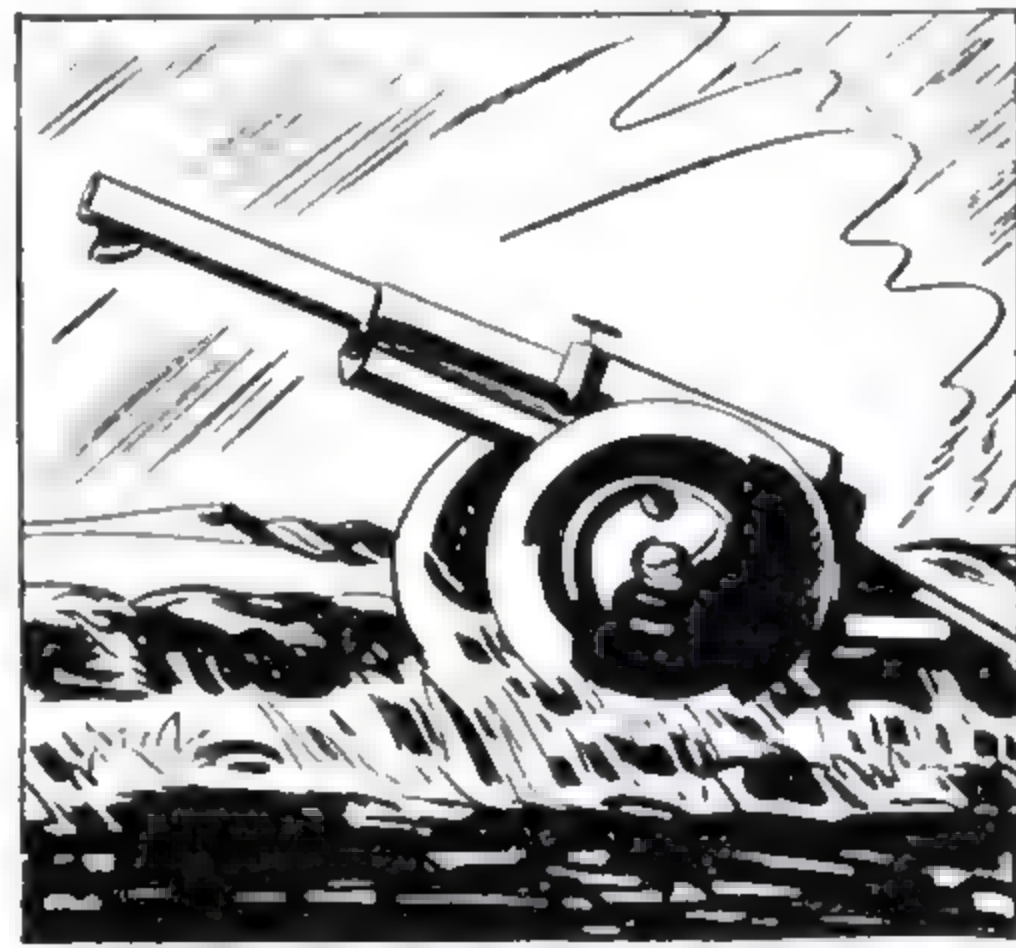
America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870



The vital equipment of the United States Marine Corps is protected by "Prestone" brand anti-freeze. *The Marines know!*



The United States Navy has long used "Prestone" anti-freeze because it will not fail! *The Navy knows!*



The United States Army relies on "Prestone" anti-freeze—because they don't guess in the Army. *The Army knows!*

"PRESTONE" anti-freeze is used in more automobiles than any other brand of winter protection—because there's no other anti-freeze that can match it. Guaranteed in writing. Contains NO alcohol. One filling lasts all winter long.

NEW
LOW PRICE
\$2⁶⁵
PER GALLON



"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks and identify products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Let's Have an Annual "Dog's Day"

Continued from page 67

special for his gift; and it is for the purpose of aiding him that I have made an inspection tour of the smarter shops, and herewith present a little list of suggestions. It comprises not all, but some, of the latest novelties—some of them recent importations from England that are offered by our better tradesmen. If at first sight they seem costly, it must be remembered that fine handiwork for a select clientele never has been and never can be offered at sweatshop prices.

Now let us begin our inspection—

(1) AUTOMATIC COOLING-BLANKET

Not all dogowners realize the intense discomfort a dog must suffer when, on a hot summer day, it emerges from the cool air-conditioned apartment-house suite to which it is accustomed and is suddenly taken out into the broiling furnace of a city street. Man has sweatglands in his skin to cool him, but the dog has none. For the dog, the whole situation is unnatural, and its protective heat-regulating nerves do not respond as readily as do those of a country dog in summer. To alleviate this situation, an enterprising New York firm has devised and put on the market a very light thin blanket that can be fastened securely onto the dog before taking him out into the heat. Between the two layers of the blanket is enclosed a wafer-thin layer of blotting paper which is impregnated with two chemical substances whose constituency is a trade secret. When exposed to heat, the interaction of the two chemicals has the property of true refrigerative effect, so that the blanket becomes very cool and absorbs the excess heat of the dog's body. It is guaranteed not to fall in temperature below sixty-five degrees nor to rise above seventy; hence it can produce no chilling result. The effective operating time of the chemicals is stated to be four hours—quite long enough for all ordinary purposes. To recharge the chemicals and restore them to their original power, all that is necessary is to roll up the blanket and place it in the icebox for one hour. Then it will be found to have regained its efficiency, and is all ready for another venture forth into the inferno of our city streets.

(2) PAVEMENT SANDALS

Residents of Washington, New York, Chicago and other cities where the summer pavement can at times be like a hot griddle, will appreciate this offering. The sandals, made in light Mexican leather and woven in the manner of the familiar and fashionable *guaraches*, come in six sizes; they are readily fastened to the dog's feet by means of light leather thongs, and assure protection from the scorching-hot cement and asphalt underfoot. They will be much appreciated by considerate World's

Fair visitors, whose own aching "dogs" give them sufficient hint as to what the unprotected feet of their pets must be undergoing.

(3) ST. GOTTHARD HANDBAG

This timely summer offering is named in memory of the Pass of St. Gotthard in Switzerland, where many snow-buried travelers used to be rescued by faithful St. Bernard dogs who struggled to them with small containers of revivifying liquor fastened to their necks. The present device is in the form of a neat handbag resembling a lady's ordinary *porte-monnaie* and is carried nonchalantly in the hand; but it is lined with rubber, and contains a supply of water that can be used to alleviate the thirst of the dog in the course of long hot shopping expeditions. As many of us have found to our annoyance, it is not always easy to procure water for a dog in the rush and bustle of a department store; and any woman who has noted that fact will find that this clever invention supplies a need long-felt by humane dog lovers.

(4) MECHANICAL TREE

Very few of our principal city streets are embellished with trees; and the natural desire of a dog for these masterpieces of nature is therefore cruelly thwarted. "Only God can make a tree," sings the poet; but one inventive manufacturer has proved the poet to be wrong. There is now on the market a neat device resembling a slightly bulky umbrella—but no larger than Mr. Chamberlain's—which can be carried by a pedestrian without making him noticeably conspicuous. When he goes out for a walk with his dog, he takes this invention along; and as occasion presents itself, he merely touches a spring on the handle—and lo and behold!—the supposed umbrella unfolds itself into a very fair imitation of a small tree-trunk, with roots, branches and leaves all complete—which can be set upright on the sidewalk for the pleasure of the grateful dog. Replacements of worn-out mechanical parts will be made free for a period of two years from date of purchase.

(5) NAUTILUS BATHING SUIT

On swimming parties, some dogs do not like to accompany their owners into the water. On beach picnic-parties, no owner likes to have his dog go into the water and then return wet as a sponge and shake a shower of drops onto the guests. Both difficulties can be obviated by means of this simple and ingenious novelty—It is a carefully modeled envelope of transparent cellophane, with places for the legs, tail and head of the dog, which is slipped onto the animal and fastened securely by means of a waterproof zipper. An opening is left at the nostrils for breathing. Encased in this amusing bathing-dress—which will cause gales of laughter among your friends—your dog can venture in-

to the wettest waves without being uncomfortable himself and without causing subsequent discomfort to others. After the bath, out of the casing he comes—as happy and as dry as new! And best of all, your pet has been perfectly safe while in the water—for there are inflated air-pockets along the back of the suit which act as life-buoys; and even though he chanced to be carried out to sea by wind or tide, he would still drift, like the Chambered Nautilus of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, until he was picked up by a liner.

(6) CINDERELLA FIRST-AID KIT

A neat squarish handbag, very inconspicuous, containing small dust-pan and scraper and trash-repository. Convenient for persons who have much occasion to exercise their dogs on the sidewalks and who are scrupulous about not causing offense to later pedestrians.

(7) KITTIE CAT

A life-size model of a smiling cat, made of stout leather, and accompanied by three assorted colored coverings of genuine cat's fur. By changing the coverings in daily rotation, dogs who love to attack cats can be perpetually entertained with the illusion that it is a new cat each time who is their victim. Colors offered are white, black, Maltese, tan, grey and spotted.

(8) TOSCANINI BARK-SILENCER

A simple, comfortable device that fits over a dog's head and, by means of scientifically arranged Aeolian strings, transforms the sound of normal barking into a very fair imitation of the music of the popular song, *Three Little Fishes*. This invention will be much appreciated by persons living in hotel rooms, who are often annoyed in the middle of the night by the complaints of their neighbors that they cannot sleep because of dog barking.

(9) HAPPY HEART ABSENCE-RECORDS

Several of the leading gramophone record shops are offering this season to record any human voice as it utters dog talk and pet names—out of which matrixes, permanent discs can be made at trifling cost. These records can then be played to the dog in case of the master's enforced absence, thus preventing the animal from feeling ill at ease when left in the care of strangers. The well-known advertisement showing the dog listening to "His Master's Voice" was doubtless the origin of this idea; one only wonders that it was not put into practical use long ago.

(10) OVER-THE-MOON PRESSURE BASKET

Many dogs suffer severely from the effects of high altitude as experienced in making airplane journeys. This air-tight basket is equipped with an ingenious automatic regulator by means of which the pressure of air inside the container is kept constant for as long

a period as is desired—thus ensuring the dog a comfortable trip.

(11) DIGNITY DOG-WEANER

The name of this invention is somewhat misleading until one grasps its exact significance. It is a full-size and lifelike papier-mâché image of the owner of the dog; it has movable arms, rolling eyes, and a smile that are all run by clockwork. In case of the owner's sudden death, this replica is used for a few days or weeks as a substitute, to spare the dog the grief it would otherwise suffer from the sudden shock and to keep it contented during the period while it is growing accustomed to the love of a new master. The invention helps thus to "wean" the dog's affection away from the deceased and toward its future protector, in a gradual and psychologically normal manner. Naturally this invention is a rather costly thing to purchase, but it is well worth the price in downright dog-satisfaction.

(12) PSYCHE ATOMIZER SET

We all know that the dog's smelling apparatus is much more highly developed than ours, and far more sensitive to the pleasures of smell. Hence, what more likely to bring delicious entertainment to our little friend than a symphonic succession of scents, conveyed to him by means of synthetic perfumes that are sprayed to him from atomizers? There is now procurable at several dog's furnishing shops a convenient pigskin case which contains twelve tall slender atomizers, silver mounted, each one filled with a different variety of those perfumes that are most likely to please the doggy fancy. Owners can derive considerable entertainment by devising pleasing programs, wherein odor follows odor with attractive variety and appropriateness. The choice of perfumes provided is

- (a) Autumn Woodland
- (b) Spring Meadow
- (c) Gloucester Fishing Wharves
- (d) Central Park Grass
- (e) Rich Man's Garbage Can
- (f) Poor Man's Garbage Can
- (g) Dog Show
- (h) Barnyard
- (i) Florist's Shop
- (j) Butcher's Shop
- (k) Iron Railing
- (l) World's Fair

(13) INVENTOR'S DELIGHT

There are many other attractive dog gifts on the market—but instead of listing further specimens, we are going to suggest as our thirteenth item that you give yourself as well as your dog a treat! Enjoy for yourself the keen pleasure of inventing a homemade device that will just suit the idiosyncrasies of your own dog, and experience the lasting satisfaction of fabricating it with your own hands! How happy that will make you both!

And now, in conclusion, we venture to wish you, sir and madam and dog, a very very merry "Dog's Day," and many many happy returns of them! #



Braeburn, Marvel and HiBoy, pose in that order at left. Braeburn—the new Wide-Tred wing-tip with flaired sole. Marvel—easygoing Tweed-leather Brogue with crepe sole. HiBoy—offers toe-room comfort with a sturdy, soft-treading sole.

Dyke is The Name of the husky, Dutch-Boy Brogue, at right. Note rocker-bottom, thick crepe sole and sturdy stubbornness of this latest Bostonian for Fall.

● Are your feet happy? Alive! Alert!

Make no mistake—only fitted feet are happy feet—only when shoes are fitted *in action* can they feel right, look right! That's why Bostonians are *Walk-Fitted*—why their foot-form inner-soles are built to match not only the shape, but the *action* of your feet. And what a difference that makes—in the way you step, stand and walk.

Test Bostonians yourself today! Be *Walk-Fitted*. See why a million men call Bostonians "the shoe that makes friends with your feet."

Bostonian Shoes... Whitman, Mass.

\$7.50 to \$11.00



Bluchers Are Back—and Wellington (above) explains why. Wide-Tred double sole, bold punching, plus Bostonians' antique Bootmaker finish.



What Men Don't Like About Women

Continued from page 42

subject and personal—is the way they run. You know—knock-kneed, on the balls of their feet, swinging their fannies from side to side. A man likes a woman that can lope.”

B. A man likes a woman who walks in step. He feels ill at ease with one who takes two steps to his one and a half. The resulting see-saw effect is grimly ludicrous as soon as you're aware of it.

C. A woman should keep the stocking seam straight on the back of her legs or go into a nunnery. As etiquette demands that her escort trail her a good deal of the time, the rear view gives him plenty to think about. A woman caught with her seams cockeyed is never the same thereafter to a man.

2. Women in Repose.

A. Although it is old stuff, the round table grand jury resolved to make it a matter of record that those women are contemptible who pat themselves into place in public, wriggle in their armor, or pull down their girdles, and that they get themselves married (or supported) only when they have something like indiscreet letters to enforce respect.

B. Resolved, That this applies extra to the woman who wears a too-short skirt, which she spends the evening pulling down to cover knees not worth seeing, as if to

remind every man present that he is a potential lecher, is probably snooping for a glimpse of her thigh, and is “undressing her with his eyes.”

The Professor put it that on the whole women do not talk less well than men about books and affairs. The college girl has more ideas and expresses them more originally than her mate. The American women are doing more reading, lecture-listening, and traveling than their men.

The Professor's theory is that men dislike women in the mass because women are always in the way. They are in the way getting on or off buses. On the bus or in the subway station they have to take time out to grope for the dime or nickel. They go in and out by the wrong doors. They are a traffic hazard; the rhythm of the city is beyond them. The more complicated life gets the more helpless they are, and the more men will dislike them—in the mass. The Professor hurried to say that this tendency had no bearing on the decline of the birthrate.

Let's skip gum chewing, unpunctuality, “Do you like this hat?” and the little woman who is forever ogling the other women present and making catty remarks about them. I'm ready to skip a lot, because, as Loren Carroll puts

it, “What's one man's chicken is another man's croquettes.” What's poison to some of the boys at Marx's is nectar and ambrosia to others. Either you take them flat-heeled or you put up with the birdlike mincings of the French-heeled.

For example, a man named Paul Gallico shocked the ladies with an oh-so-nasty article about how bad they looked when they tried sports—the sweat, the stringy hair, the face screwed up in intense effort, the fake complexion gone blotchy.

The boys down in Marx's have voted Gallico a meatball. Some men don't like to see their women as messed up as most men look. But we Marxians are stern men who want our women tough, fit, and vigorous. We would trade the whole kit-and-boodle of Elizabeth-ardened, Saksfifthavenued packages for just one free-moving, open-hearted, fun-loving woman who is in there batting the ball around and forgetting for once that she is the member of a “sex.” At least they say they would take her—after six beers—perspiration, unkempt hair, splotches and all, even if she is good enough to lick them.

With one exception. As the man with the walrus mustaches laid it down, a woman in trousers, slacks, or riding breeches is outside the

human race. “A woman is a fool to call attention to what the Lord has already given her too much of.”

At the same time that Misogynist Horton was debunking the Sex, a big city daily was trying to Do Something About It in a constructive way. It offered prizes of \$25 for the best letters on the subject: “What do you think it is that makes women most attractive to men? Is it style? Beauty of face or figure? Sense of humor? Which is more important, a big heart or soft, doelike eyes? Could it by any chance be a good mind?”

The boys at Marx's passed this around, figuring how far \$25 would go in beers. But nothing like that came of it.

I don't know the answers, and I don't presume to speak for the jury. But I would like to tell the Woman's Page Editor that I do not think it is by any chance a good mind. Because during one of the noisy bull sessions at Marx's a girl who probably had a good mind, and certainly had soft eyes (made more doelike by a couple of martinis), kept poking her head in the doorway and informing the boys about drooping socks, vests that worked up over middle-aged paunches, and the gooey ends of cigars.

That, I think, is what men don't like about women. #

I SEE LOVE COMING INTO YOUR LIFE... IF YOU CORRECT THAT ONE FAULT WITH PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC!

No Other Leading Brand Can Match This:

1. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL, sensational, safe Germ-Killer, Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts water. No other leading brand can do this!
2. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL tests show these results. Gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth by as much as 97%. No other leading brand can do this!
3. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading brands used full strength. No other leading brand can match this!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your breath sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

OLD CROW

Bottled-in-Bond

RYE OR
BOURBON



A
TRULY GREAT NAME

AMONG
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

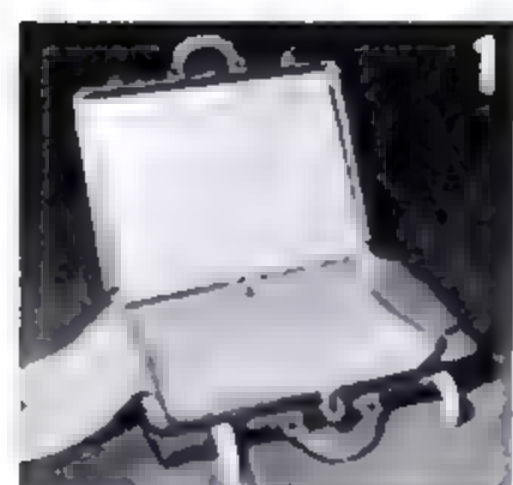
Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used exclusively in the distillation of Old Crow Whiskey.

*Today, as for generations,
Old Crow continues to be
the chosen favorite of those
who know and appreciate
the finest*





A gentleman's bag that keeps clothes immaculate. As rugged as its name, and as practical as only 60 years of Hartmann skilled experience can make it.



1 Raise flap, remove hangers, fold vests and lay in bottom of case. Place trousers as shown.



2 Place coats on hangers and replace hangers on fixture. Arrange sleeves free from wrinkles.



3 Swing flap down over coat. Fold trouser legs over each end and across flap smoothly.



4 Fold sleeves over front edge of flap. Then bottom of coats. Fasten zippers. And that's all.

An outstanding gift for a man—The Knocabout, by Hartmann, has that nonchalant appearance that men like because of its soft, resilient construction. Handsomely finished in whipcords, canvases or the finest of leathers. It is priced from \$16.50 to \$210.

HARTMANN
Luggage

THE HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

Write for this free booklet illustrating the proper and simplest way to pack both men's and women's apparel for travel.



The Bat and the Bird

Continued from page 72

time for a long swing with the accompanying preliminaries. A quick well-timed snap of the wrist is the thing to work for as it is the speed with which the racquet is moving when it hits the bird that counts.

Proper wrist work, then, is the chief essential in making the bird go where you want it to, and the next question, of course, is: where do you want it to go? This is an extremely important question because—I think those who have played both games will agree with me—tactics play an even more important part in badminton than they do in tennis. Let me first answer it negatively. You *don't*, as I hope I have made clear, want the bird to go high up in the air and just over the net. This allows your opponent to fire at close range from a deadly angle, gives him an even more certain kill than does the corresponding short lob in tennis, and the maddening thing is that you will find yourself doing it four out of five times when you first start badminton.

How to prevent this? Speaking generally, there are two ways. The first is the "clear" which corresponds to the deep lob in tennis. In this—because you have now learned to use your wrist effectively—you send the bird deep to your opponent, so deep that it would land just inside his baseline if he let it go. As a rule he can get to it if he is any good, but from that far back, he can seldom smash it for a placement. You have deprived him of that sharp close-range angle. And remember that the bird, after it has traveled a certain distance, suddenly slows up. His returning down-smash—if he elects to smash—will slow up enough so that you can usually handle it. Your opponent, then, usually replies with another clear or the second type of keeping-out-of-trouble shot.

This is the drop shot. This, as you would expect, is a soft shot that barely clears the net and drops towards the floor. If delivered well, it cannot be put away because it is below the level of the net when your opponent gets to it, and he is, accordingly, forced to hit up. When he does this he may hit up only to the extent of replying with another drop shot or he may hit up with a clear—sending you scurrying to the back of the court, faced with the necessity of starting things all over again. There is a temptation to classify the clear and the drop shot as defensive shots, but this is perhaps too much of a generality. Although their purpose is to avoid sending up birds that can be killed, they are also frequently offensive, designed to put your opponent in a hole and often intended to be outright winners.

Let us then designate the smash not as the only offensive shot, but as the most aggressive one. Its object is to score a placement or at least to draw a forced error from your opponent. You smash when

the bird comes high enough and short enough so that your judgment tells you it can realize one of these objectives. You smash hard, and down, and short—just as short as you can without putting the bird into the net. Your object is to smack the bird onto the floor *before* it gets to your opponent.

There are other shots to learn, but when our big strong man has attained reasonable mastery of the smash, the clear, the drop shot, and the serve (which, delivered underhand, is either a clear or a drop shot) he will have progressed to the point where the little girl across the net no longer makes him look utterly ridiculous—unless she happens to be very good indeed. For simplicity's sake I have been talking in terms of singles, although the doubles game is favored by most badminton enthusiasts. Incredible as it may seem, there is many a man who prefers the mixed game to the unmixed—a sharp contrast to tennis where I could name more than one male who would rather go to a concentration camp than play mixed doubles with his wife—or even his girl friend. The average man shies away from badminton singles because it entails a tremendous lot of running, but feels that mixed gives him just about the right amount.

Badminton players are inclined to stress the strenuousness of their sport in comparison with tennis and the squash games. This is a moot question, one that has precipitated many bitter arguments, and I will stick my neck out only to the extent of muttering a timid "maybe." All racquet games are strenuous in proportion to the skill of their protagonists, and while a doubles match between four grade-A badminton players is hardly a siesta, it is, I maintain, no more strenuous than one between top-notch tennis teams. Badminton singles, for the playing time involved, must be conceded tougher than tennis, but too often this comparison is merely an academic one. The fact is that with average run-of-the-mine players, singles is seldom played in badminton whereas it frequently is in tennis, so if you are concerned with what the difference in strenuousness probably *will* be rather than what it *could* be, you are pretty safe in assuming that as an average player you'll get just about the same amount of exercise from the two games.

You'll get plenty from badminton; let there be no mistake about that. The rallies are often long, a court takes plenty of covering, and the continual whacking away at that funny little bird brings a lot of muscles into play. And perhaps the greatest exercise it affords is that of learning to exercise control over your temper when you first take up the game and discover to your discomfort that bone-crushing power comes off a poor second to a dexterous wrist and a wily brain. ##

Dobbs

TEAL



"Field & Stream"
Gamebird Mixtures



THE HAT FOR TOWN AND FIELD

The virile good looks of a Dobbs Gamebird Mixture is something no other hat has . . . or can have. It is born of a new Dobbs discovery — a new way to blend finest furs into new original colorings and rich-textured felt. This new Dobbs is on the slightly rough side — and you can treat it as rough as you like. Triple stitched edge, and a felt band, set off by a cocky gamebird pin — are the final touches of masculine adornment. A complete range of beautifully blended mixtures including Mallard, Teal and Grouse make these Dobbs Gamebird Mixtures perfect complements for rugged wear — business as well as sport.

GROUSE



\$7.50

With Cavanagh Edge . . . \$10

MALLARD



Dobbs

New York's Leading Hatters

FIFTH AVENUE • PARK AVENUE

A V A I L A B L E I N F I N E S T O R E S E V E R Y W H E R E



Cabaña brown beach slacks, red canvas sport shoes with crepe soles, and yellow 6 x 3 rib lightweight wool hose.

Cabaña green beach slacks, Norwegian slippers. Alternate anklets at left: natural color rib cotton, Argyle plaid.

Fall-Winter

Sharkskin suit, brogue shoes, navy silk hose. Alternate hose: garnet French type lisle, grey chevron stripe.

Blue-grey worsted suit, blucher town shoes, rib silk hose. Alternate hose: blue silk wool, blue 2 x 3 rib lisle.

Esquire's



Cruise and Southern Resort

Rubber beach sandals, terrycloth robe. Alternate anklets at right: yellow mesh, green mesh with white top and foot.

Lightweight wash suit in hemp color, light brown and white resort shoes, white lisle rib hose with horizontal stripes.

Cheviot suit, wing tip brogues, cable pattern hose. Alternate hose: camel color wool, modern Scotch plaid wool.

Tweed suit, Norwegian shoes, wide rib hose. Alternate hose: blue wool with plaid motif and antique Argyle wool.



Worsted suit, town shoes, fancy rib lisle hose. Alternate hose: French type lisle, garnet silk with clock.



Midnight blue tailcoat, patent leather oxfords, silk dress hose. Alternate hose: black silk, silk with clock.



Gabardine downhill ski trousers, yellow pile slippers, heavy wool ski socks. Alternate hose: two colorful wools.



For active skiing: black ski boots, worn with natural color wool hose and anklets with blue and white border.

shoe, hose and suit wardrobe



Glen Urquhart suit, monk front shoes, 6 x 3 rib wool hose. Alternate hose: herringbone wool, diagonal pattern.



Shetland tweed suit, Norwegian shoes, Argyle wool hose. Alternate hose: Scotch plaid, herringbone rib in wool.



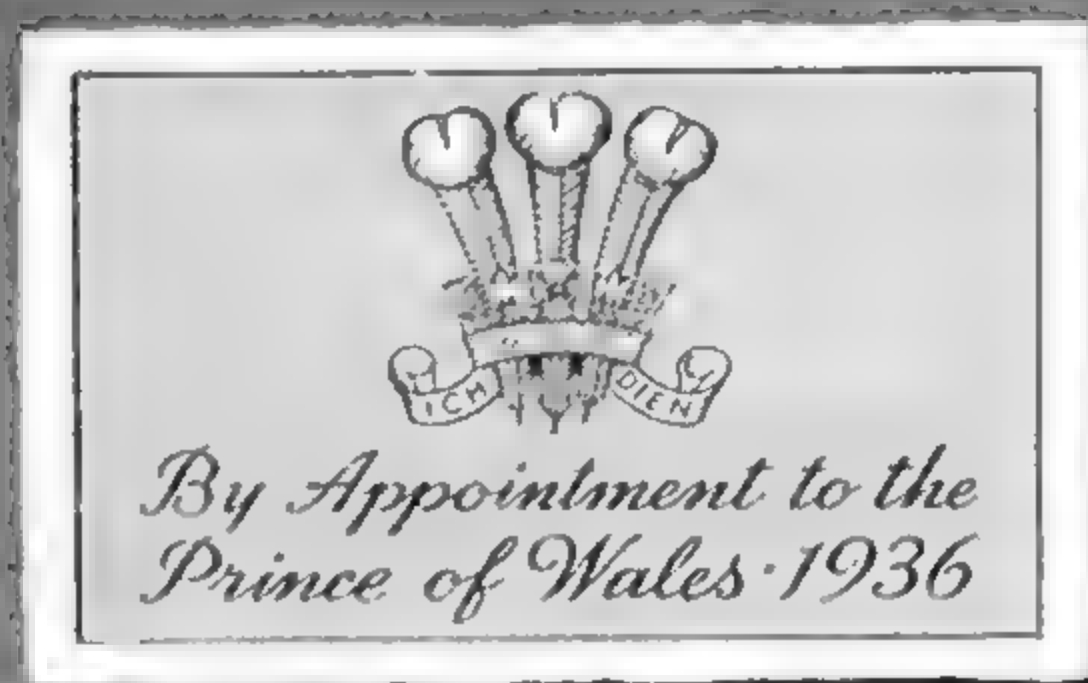
For after skiing: blue gabardine ski trousers, red hand-knitted ski hose, sheepskin lined slide fastener boots.



Velvet cord breeks, peasant type shoes, heavy wool hose. Alternate hose: wool peasant pattern, wool diamond pattern.

Ski and Northern Resort

Fall-Winter



Compare VAT 69
and you will be
convinced that it
is definitely
No. 1 in Taste!



8
Years
Old
84 PROOF

"Quality
Tells"



Be Kind to Your Shoes

How to treat the various leathers,
and a word on the merits of trees

by **FASHION STAFF**
• WEARABLES •

His wife had run off with the chauffeur. His son was a convicted forger. His daughter had no visible means of supporting her ermines. His business had gone into bankruptcy. So he wore shoes three sizes too small for his feet, as taking them off at night was the only pleasure left in life.

Shoes should be a pleasure to all, yet so few know how to get the full quota of comfort, value, service and appearance from the many types fortunately available today. "Many types" is a phrase used advisedly, for a cardinal sin against your soles, arches and disposition is the continued and unbroken use of a single pair of shoes. Daily change and alternation not only give your feet a flexible rest, but allow the detrimental perspiration to dry out of the leather. Alternation also automatically prolongs the wearing life of each pair of shoes by cutting down on their abuse.

The days of lawn bowls in a sennit straw hat, blue serge trousers, stiff collar and black bulldog shoes have passed. Today shoes reflect personality and specific occasions in the same manner as a sports jacket, tweed suit, tailcoat, corduroy breeches or a summer sports ensemble. Shoes are no longer just black, brown or white. Your feet are in the fashion parade and should show change of pace as the background is shifting from town to stadium to links to ballroom.

Shoes are not like a theatre ticket which provides only a limited short time of enjoyment. Shoes are an investment. The degree of their quality governs the amount of their dividends in not only appearance, but comfort and health as well. Their maintained appearance is a matter solely up to you. Every rough abuse, be it routine wear, accidental or careless neglect, has a corrective treatment. But in any event, genuine quality will more quickly respond to suggestions given here which are authentically based on proved experience.

Aladdin needed no shoe trees because Arabian fashion decreed curled-up toes. Today these shoe supports with width and length adjustments work magic on maintenance of original appearance. As a suit needs a hanger when not in use, so should a shoe be treed while resting in the wardrobe closet.

Dryness and dust warp and crack fine leather. Dampness and darkness combine to foster mildew and leather rot. A saddle soap-sponge treatment should be followed after drying by a cream polish to restore luster. Shoes that have spent a puddle-jumping and gen-

erally rainy day respond best to a slow drying on shoe trees, away from forced or abnormal heat. When dried, cream polish should slowly be worked into the leather. Boot-blacks who reach crescendos of speed with brush or snapping rag can burn leather instead of better it.

A shoe bag should cover every shoe that travels in trunk or suitcase as a precaution against soiling the accompanying clothing. Turned inside out and over the hand, this same protector makes an ideal polisher.

Heels will hug closer and keep from stretching out of shape if you always introduce your foot with a shoehorn while the laces are pulled loose.

Incidentally, twisted laces will snap sooner than carefully flattened ones. A broken lace is like gravy on your vest, as also is a rundown heel. At the first sign of thin soles have a competent cobbler repair with a full sole and not a compromising half-sole, which may not only develop unsocial squeaking traits, but may also throw off the true well-fitted last of the original sole.

Shoes that take a shine should be polished before every wearing and rubbed free of dust after use. Reverse calf or buckskin require a soft wire brush treatment to keep the nap from matting. White buckskin needs polish that will not rub off and this should never slop over on the sides of the soles or heels, which respond best to warm water washing followed by an enamel varnish. Brown and white or black and white sport shoes are best turned over to a patient reliable bootblack.

Patent leather shoes that lack luster or show wear need only a touch of white dressing rubbed in with a soft cloth to bring back their original ebon brilliance. When wearing a new pair of patent leathers, it is wise to warm the shoe to foot temperature before actual use, or cracking, impossible to repair, may damage the brittle surface.

Wax calf should be boned with a smooth stag horn to prevent scuffing. Follow this with a coating of old-fashioned shoe black instead of paste or liquid polish. A few treatments will result in a patent leather luster. New shoes can be seriously damaged if the untreated leather is not immediately sealed and protected by thorough polishing.

So many shoes today are designed expressly for rough or country wear that adding waterproof qualities to them is a primary essential. Following a saddle-soaping to cleanse the leather and after the cleaned shoe has dried, liberal

Continued at top of page 120

Party Partner



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If she's old enough or young enough to wear a lovely evening dress, she dotes on her Playtex Make-up Cape... includes it whenever she goes week-ending... to proms, debutante parties, country club dances. It's a party partner that's as jealous of her good looks as her escort! She slips it over her pretty shoulders whenever she powders her nose or combs her hair, to protect her charming ensemble. Saves cleaning bills! Made of smooth liquid latex with a little swing pocket to hold puff, etc. Heavenly blue, shell pink, daffodil yellow, and gardenia white. Gift packaged, \$1.00

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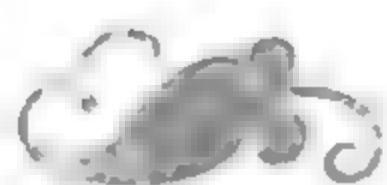


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Seagram's Ancient Bottle Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

AT AMERICA'S FINEST BARS AND PACKAGE STORES



Be Kind to Your Shoes

Continued from page 119

portions of neat's-foot oil may be worked into the leather uppers and rubbed into the welt around the sole.

After each subsequent wearing more oil may be added. This same treatment keeps ski boots supple and waterproof.

A few words about rubbers and galoshes. While low inch-high waterproof rubbers may be easy to slip on without crowding the corporation or straining the sacroiliac, they expose much of the instep to mud spattering and stain.

Try completely covering rubbers, for today they are available with clever embossing that resembles an actual wing-tip shoe making them inconspicuous. Do not expect cloth-top galoshes to keep out water. For snow they

serve, but cross-country tramping in slushy weather calls for water-proofed hiking boots or all rubber overshoes. Do not wear galoshes over good shoes longer than absolutely necessary for the close confinement causes perspiration and the overheating of the leather.

Shoes will last longer if slippers are an evening hour habit. We don't recommend a back to the little-woman—pipe—slippers—Morris-chair movement, but even the entertaining bridge host can secure smart looking easy feeling slippers in the height of taste and fashion.

For cruisers headed toward southern beaches, a word—investigate sandals, you'll find sand comfort without burning your barking dogs.

If the shoe fits—put it on.##

Portrait of My Father

Continued from page 91

to the ring at the count of six and dragged him to his corner. Knowing the advantage of confusion at such a time, I created all that was possible. The fight was resumed, and I was forced to "carry" my antagonist until he had gained enough strength to make it seem feasible that he had knocked me out.

This event saddened my father, who liked to feel that I was a better fighting animal than others. He had never written but three letters until beyond seventy-five. The loneliness of his days then drove him to pencil and paper. As my world expanded, I told him more of those who composed it. Those of whom he was the most proud were Jack Dempsey and Wilson Mizner. It was interesting to watch him in the presence of the great mauler. Dempsey, the pugilist, whose courtesy was greater than Chesterfield's, talked to him long and often about the ring.

His eyes would follow the blows that had knocked sprawling the greatest pugilists of the day, and had made of the onetime road kid, the mightiest champion of all recorded time.

He was my father—that was enough for Jack Dempsey.

It was the same with Wilson Mizner. The two men, one who had never known labor, and the other who had never known anything else, became close friends.

When the winds of trouble blew harder than usual, he tried to protect me. He hid a newspaper that contained a particularly keen tragedy. When I asked him if he had seen the newspaper, he answered me truthfully. He stood near as I read of the lad I had seen born. When I dropped the paper and looked away, he came close, treading his eighty-odd years. "Well, Dad," I said, "I guess we've got to take it."

"You've taken worse, Jim," he consoled. I never had. But he couldn't be made to feel otherwise.

Bill Mizner came that day, and we had a quiet dinner. With bottles of Irish whiskey between us, we passed the night.

Knowing it was time for humor, the wittiest man in America was at his best, and told of the man, condemned to death, to whom the warden had said he had obtained for him a few hours of grace. "That's fine," said the man, about to face the vast mystery, "bring her in."

Two years after my father had returned to Ohio, I decided that I wanted him to end his days with several old cronies on my ranch in the San Fernando Valley of California.

With liquor and laughter, they would go down the evenings of the years in the appropriate shadow of the Sleeping Woman mountain. All of the arrangements had been made.

We waited for his arrival. It was the day before Christmas in 1937. He died of heart failure. He was eighty-six. Always had he received kindness from women. He had even met a kindly nurse on the long journey to me. Taken to a Catholic hospital, his eyes were closed by Irish nuns. All details were taken care of by my wife—a Russian-Spanish Jewess and the loveliest of women.

His last sleeping quarters were arranged by long distance telephone.

When asked whether to send him to Ohio or allow him to remain in a land among strangers, I chose the latter.

I smile in ironical sadness.

A pagan all his life, and never inside a church, unless by force of circumstances, he now has the first grave at the entrance of a Catholic cemetery.

I even spent twenty-five dollars on a High Mass for the peace of his immortal soul.

Good-bye Jim!

I will walk in your magnificent and muddy shadow all the rest of my days.##

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Story of a Gun Dog

Continued from page 41

know it!" And he wouldn't touch the dead bird.

I've been insulted as often as the next, but nothing ever whittled me down quite like that. Humanly speaking, only a Britisher could make you feel half so mean—say over some matter of form. I tried to take it out in hollering at him to retrieve the bird, but he just mumbled in his neck. Finally I had to go over to the bird with him. He fished it out of the brush at last, but dropped it like it was something dirty at my feet.

Well, I picked it up myself and we went on and he worked through the rest of the morning as perfectly as a show specimen, and through all the rest of the season for that matter, never wavering in his form, but he always sort of held that social error of mine over me. I could sense it in a dozen ways. I strove during all the four seasons that followed to make good on that incident, making a crack hunter out of myself in the effort, but it was never really rubbed out.

We came to dovetail amazingly well in the plain mechanics of the hunt, but it ended there. Hi stalked ahead of me in a head-raised, far-eyed obliviousness that was wonderful to contemplate. Now and then he paused to glance back, but it was emphatically not to look for orders; merely to assure himself that I was not straying and would be near enough for a shot should he put up a bird.

He never left any loopholes in his tactics upon which I could build the slightest comeback for my self-respect. He never took one of those liberties that all other dogs I've hunted with have taken; never allowed himself the shortest frolic off the trail, never pretended that rabbits, squirrels or cats even existed, so that I could hold even that much over him. He played the game to its uttermost rigid convention. For only one thing would he evince even a momentary wavering of purpose, and that was the strong fresh trail of a fox. Birds meant business to him, but a fox meant a spree.

Bird sense? Man, I've never known anywhere near his equal and I've shot over some pretty flashy specimens since then. He could tell for hundreds of yards around whether a stretch of woods was empty or not. Often I'd elect to go against his judgment, but every time I found Hi right. And hot or cold, wet, dry or windy, he'd never overrun a bird.

After that first day, of course, we hunted nothing but partridge. They were the real game birds. The lazy never hunted them, you can tie to that. The partridge rose like bullets. You got one disappearing glimpse of them, your whole being leapt like a flame released and somehow down the path of that disappearing blur of birds you sped your shot—or else you weren't a partridge hunter and

confined yourself to grouse. There were plenty of misses and plenty of rebuffs from Hi that first season. He stood for no ineptitudes. From the first day there'd been a doghouse between us, and it was I who occupied it. The least little slip, the least stepping out of line and I'd have that look of his turned on me again. There'd be a slow, deliberate turn of his head, then an abrupt moving on that made you almost hear his sniff of disapproval. I tell you, it often seemed too galling and humiliating to be borne. But I loved and respected him and I'm telling you there never was another dog like him.

Most bird dogs merely exist between seasons. They are like convalescents, contracted, withdrawn, functioning only enough to keep life in the body. They doze long hours in the sun, dreaming of the autumn woods which they roam in sleep with twitching paws and quivering nostrils. They wander dejectedly about their neighborhood, like old salts ashore, looking pathetically for some substitution for the consuming passion of the trail which is their reason for being.

Hi-Pockets was no such single-minded specialist. Old Jacques was too much of an all-round hunter to permit that. Besides Hi lived in the woods all year round and when he was not out after birds he would hunt in his own way—rabbits, squirrels, hedgehogs, "porkies"—and fox! He was a natural born fox-teller, and a fox-teller, you can take it from me, presupposes a dog that is smart as a treeful of owls!

As I said, Hi was getting old when I came along, and soon real age had begun to take its toll. It didn't soften him or break him down in those ways you'd expect. He never relented on that particular rub of ours. His faculties remained keen, like a really grand old man, his forehead knotted with honest-to-god human thoughts and worries. Only his physical powers flagged.

The fourth year it got so he couldn't go on through the whole season. He played out in a week. The fifth year he could go along strong for only a day at a time, with a day of rest in between. His legs were stiffening, his joints more sprung than ever, his pads spread and hairy at the heel. But that didn't stop him. He'd have gone on to the finish. You had to drag him off for his own sake.

Jake took this pretty hard. He was continually afraid Hi's prowess would be forgotten. He took to lending him out to friends now and again, for tracking—especially running foxes. It was tough on Hi, for when you once started him on fox he'd hunt nothing but fox. Nothing but *the* fox.

After some wise Charlie of a fox had deviled the mongrel town pack just so long, Whit Turner or the Ballard boys would come up to Jake's to get Hi. Hi was slow,

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but his trail-worn feet never faltered. Always at puzzling points in the trail it was he who had to fathom the mystery.

It was in the fifth year that a new fox appeared in the district—a wily dark-patch male which, rumor had it, could not be caught. He came at the end of winter when the first mold riding north upon the breeze stirs sweeter songs than those of solitude in beasts and men. It was Hi himself who first ran him and it seemed to drive the old boy nearly crazy. That fox was Hi's particular business, I guess.

All spring and summer the patch played hob with the town dogs; it was a pleasant recreation for him to wind and climb around the mountainside, jeering fox-talk at the dogs, until the ill-assorted gang of pot-lickers became confused and separated; then he'd watch from some high moon-bathed rock while the pack limped homeward, footsore and weary.

Old Jake was fired by the tales he heard. He believed that with the younger dogs to set the pace and Hi to keep him always on the move, the patch fox could be caught. Pride blinded him to Hi's failing strength.

It was late fall after bird-season that a big hunt for the dark-patch was arranged. Hi had put in a strenuous October, but Jake groomed him carefully for the big event. He kept him in leash until long after the start, listening to the progress of the hunt from his high watch-tower on Black Rock. He could interpret as plainly the shifts and turns of the chase by the cadence of hound-music as a telegraph operator could read Morse code. He knew every fence, every leaning tree, every barrier that nature had built up to help a fox hamper his pursuers in all those miles of stream-cut hills and woods. Whenever I had the time I'd go up and watch with Jake on these occasions, as I did on this still November day.

Not until the fox had been run for many miles and high querulous notes of perplexity came up to us telling that the pack was stalled, did Jake loose Hi to cut in and show his class.

Soon we heard far down the valley the deep cathedral note of old Hi's voice: "*Bing bong, bing bong*," telling of the trail found. Then at intervals blent with the clamor of the town pack, the deep litigious notes of his trail song, a stirring harmony that filled the blood with nameless discontent.

I settled down in the dry leaves with my pipe, listening to Jake's occasional remark on the progress of the chase. It was as if the old man spanned in uncanny physical fashion those miles of intervening hills. You could close your eyes and actually see the pack lusting along the hot trail, strung out along the narrow slashes, taking the down slopes in a fan-shaped rush.

By mid-afternoon the fox had led the dogs far up the rocky slopes of old Mt. Robson, so far away

that the voice of the pack came to us faint and thin as the death-cry of a beetle across the wooded valleys.

"He'll lose them in the sharp rocks up there," I said to Jake. But the old man was obdurate.

"That old fox is startin' to swing round right now. He try throw off the pack on the high mountain and fail. Now he's comin' right back past this rock. We're goin' to see him pass below. It's the only way he can get north again and that's where he's headin' now. Nothing will stop him. You go down there and try to head him off and he'll run bang into you."

The old fellow was right. In a few minutes the dogs were tonguing rapidly closer. The patch had turned down Hat Creek and was coming straight back. Most of the distance he was in plain sight, for there was little cover between the mountains and the hardwoods below us. The dogs laid back their ears and raced full speed with heads up. It was glorious.

In twenty-five minutes the fox shot past directly below us—a rufous streak. He was winded and flurried and you could fairly see pandemonium swooping to smother him. It meant that Old Hi had been too much for him, it meant that all the vantage he may have gained in the three hours since the start of the hunt was lost, all to be done over again.

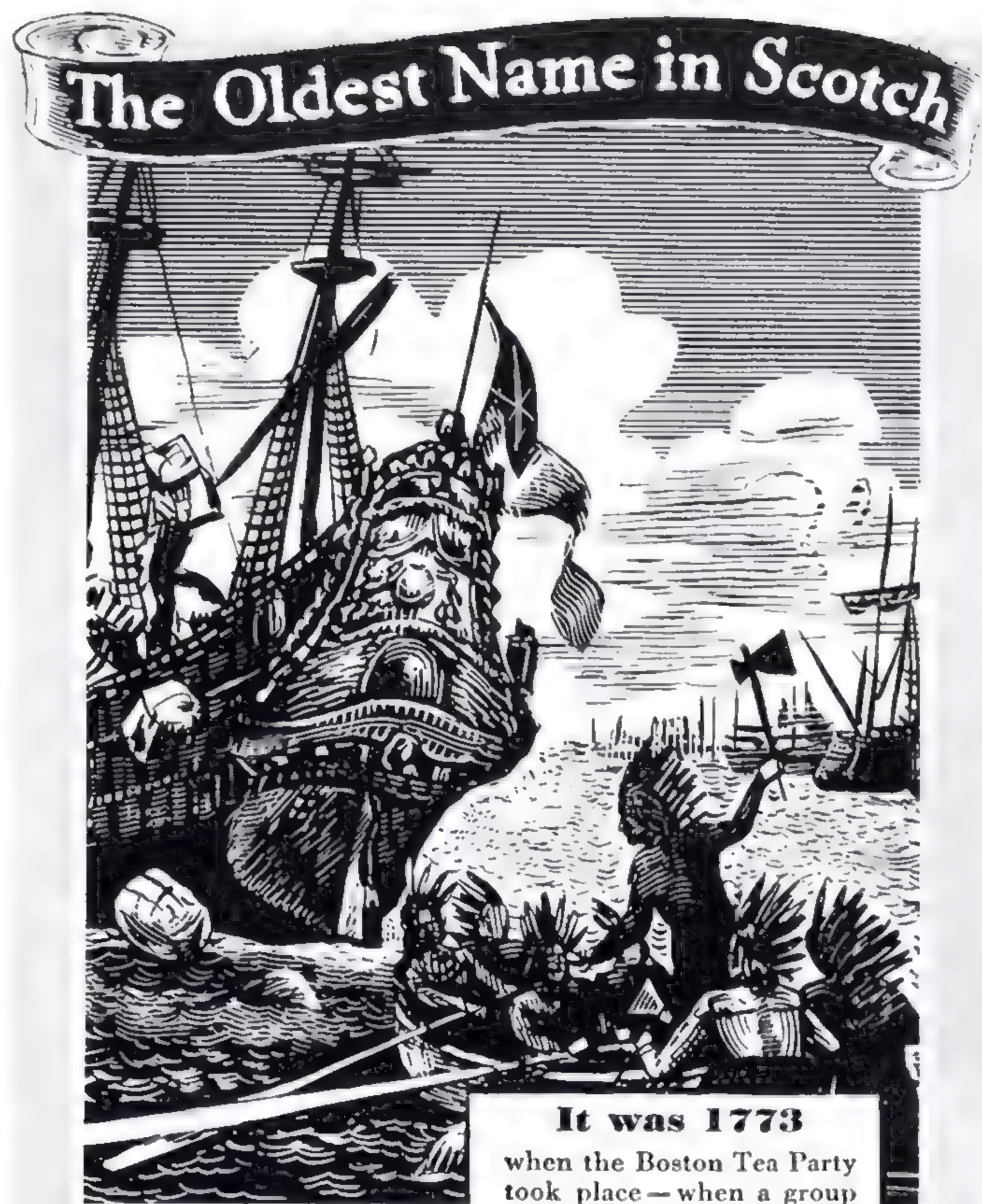
Jake and I clung to each other and yelled hoarse encouragement to the dogs as they swept by in a storm cloud of melody that fairly shook the bluff. I was used to stirring scenes, but this was different. Before us a drama was unfolding, vital and real, and staged with every known accessory to stir the blood. Every primal instinct of our beings thrilled with the excitement of the thing.

Just below the bluff was a little backwoods farm. Straight through the pigpen tore fox and pack and across the back yard, spilling a pair of geese and an embryo moon-shiner just learning to walk. Then on into the hardwoods to the north. Beyond, the way lay clear up Turkey Branch through country that was ideal fox cover, full of streams and ravines and stretches of sharp rock that would cut dogs' feet. Reynard made the most of it, for it wasn't long before a babble of yelping told that the pack was confounded again.

Three times in the next hour we were apprised by the fresh trail song that Hi had unraveled another mystery. But the fox was uncorking his cleverest tricks now, strategies that would have effectually disposed of any other trail dog in the country. Hi was figuring out his every artifice almost as fast as he could execute it, allowing him no rest, no chance to lick the gripping pains out of his tortured limbs, not even a chance to drink.

Another hour. Years had gotten into this day, somehow. Then close to dusk the sudden high yelping kill cry of the pack, followed by the prolonged sound of

Continued on page 124

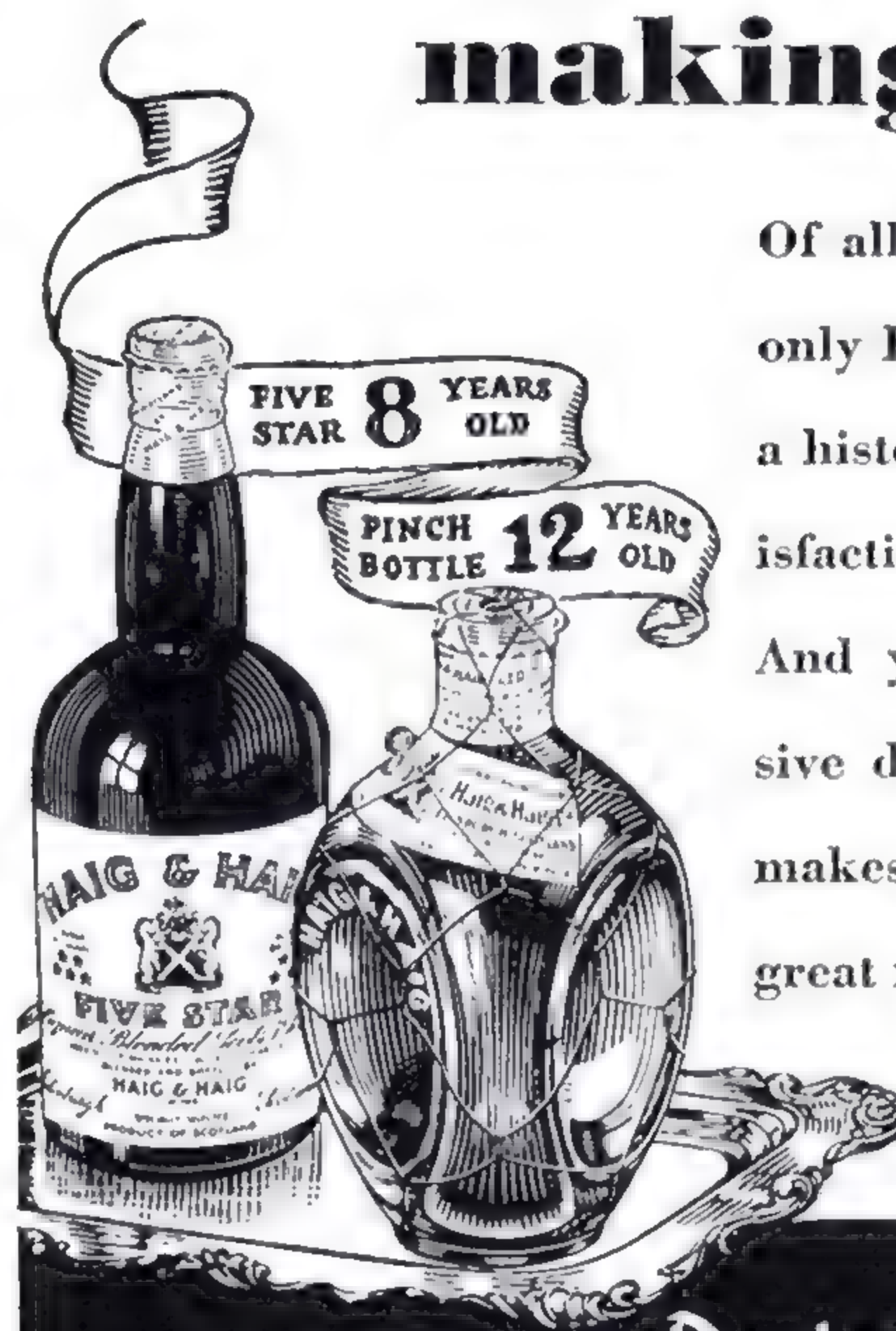


146

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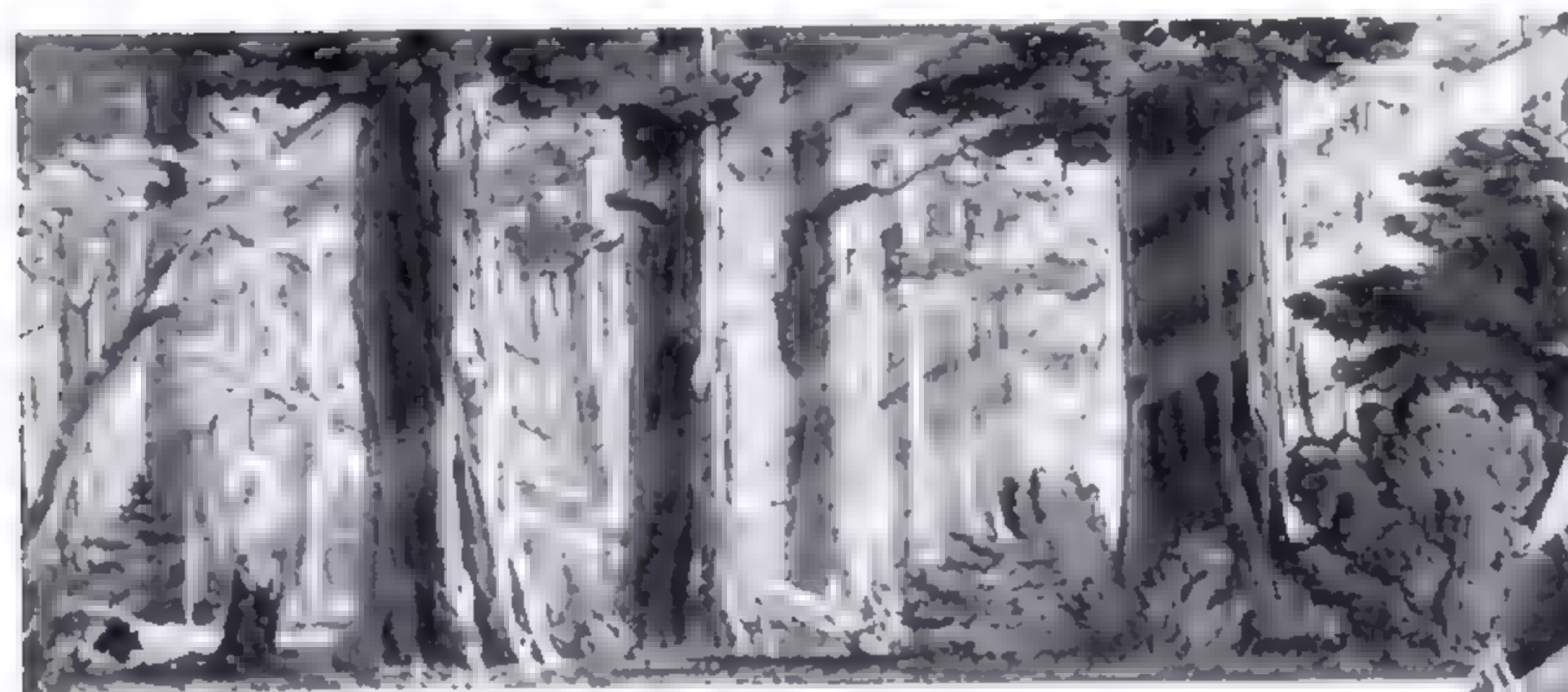
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Story of a Gun Dog

Continued from pages 41-123

the worry. Shortly after that the notes of Whit Turner's horn, calling the dogs home.

Far below we made out presently two horsemen emerging from the woods with a line of tired dogs at their heels. I was worn out. There was no doubt in my mind but that the fox had finally been pulled down. Old Hi, I reasoned, had been distanced as was usually the case and would show up at home after dark.

I said as much, but old Jake's snort of denial caught me in my tracks.

"You never heard Hi bawlin' about that kill, did you? That dog would just naturally sit down on his tail and *talk* if the *right* fox was treed. Them curs an' coonhounds killed a fox all right, but it wasn't *the* fox. My dog's still runnin' that dark-patch an' he's goin' to hang right onto him till he brings him down. You go along an' get your rest if you like. I'm goin' to be here to take care of Hi when he comes in."

I chuckled to myself as I went home. Jake was sure going soft. For once I was positive that he was deluded. Then as I was mounting the steps of my cabin, a faint bay reached me from the west.

If that wasn't old Hi, it was his ghost. It came from away up on the *Bon Couer*, where miles of forest had been ravaged by fire that fall. Soft ash lay deep on the ground up there, I knew, and it seemed to me I could even detect a muffled, ash-choked note in that bay as it receded gradually in the distance. I got to thinking about that and immediately the idea seemed so ridiculous and impossible that I banished it from my mind.

However, curiosity took me down to Lafe Hardy's store that evening to get the news.

"Sounded like they got that old patch fox back in the hills this afternoon," I remarked casually to old Lafe.

Lafe whickered. "All they got was a young gray that cut the old feller's trail. Jess Ballard was tellin' me a half hour ago. I reckon it'll still be a long-come-short before they get around to hanging up the mask of that old patch."

So Jake *had* known after all. And I'd heard what I'd heard, up there in the fall burning. Somewhere out there under the blue dome and the countless stars, old Hi was still carrying on alone, telling about it to a deaf world with his mournful complaining wail. I could picture it all. He'd never been deceived for a moment by the fox's guile—even the final trick in which the patch, that old Talleyrand of the woods, had offered up as pawn the resourceless young

gray, sating the bloodlust of the town pack. Each was the grim old architect of the other's destiny—Hi and the patch—and they were having it out up there to the bitter end. The significance of it came home to me. Hi would never weather another ordeal of this kind, I knew. And this time there was no one to take pity on him and drag him off.

I figured roughly the many miles since morning, and on through the night—sixty—seventy-five—eighty miles behind him—a miracle. He must already be near the end, a wavering ghost of a dog wending the high moonlit covers, driven beyond all finish by the indomitable spirit of him that was far greater than his body. And a cripple, wizened and gnarled, hunted with him, though only the dog might be seen.

I spent a wakeful night. The moon was a cold ball of radiance, riding high above the pines, and again and again between snatches of sleep I would catch from afar the ululating sing-song of the warm trail.

Day was just breaking when a renewed baying close in, awakened me sharply. Wild with excitement I dressed and hurried forth in the chill dawn for the tonguing was still closer. An old dog-fox was just coming with faltering steps, across an uncultivated frost-rimed field below the house. Now falling, striving to his feet again, slowly and painfully, he came on.

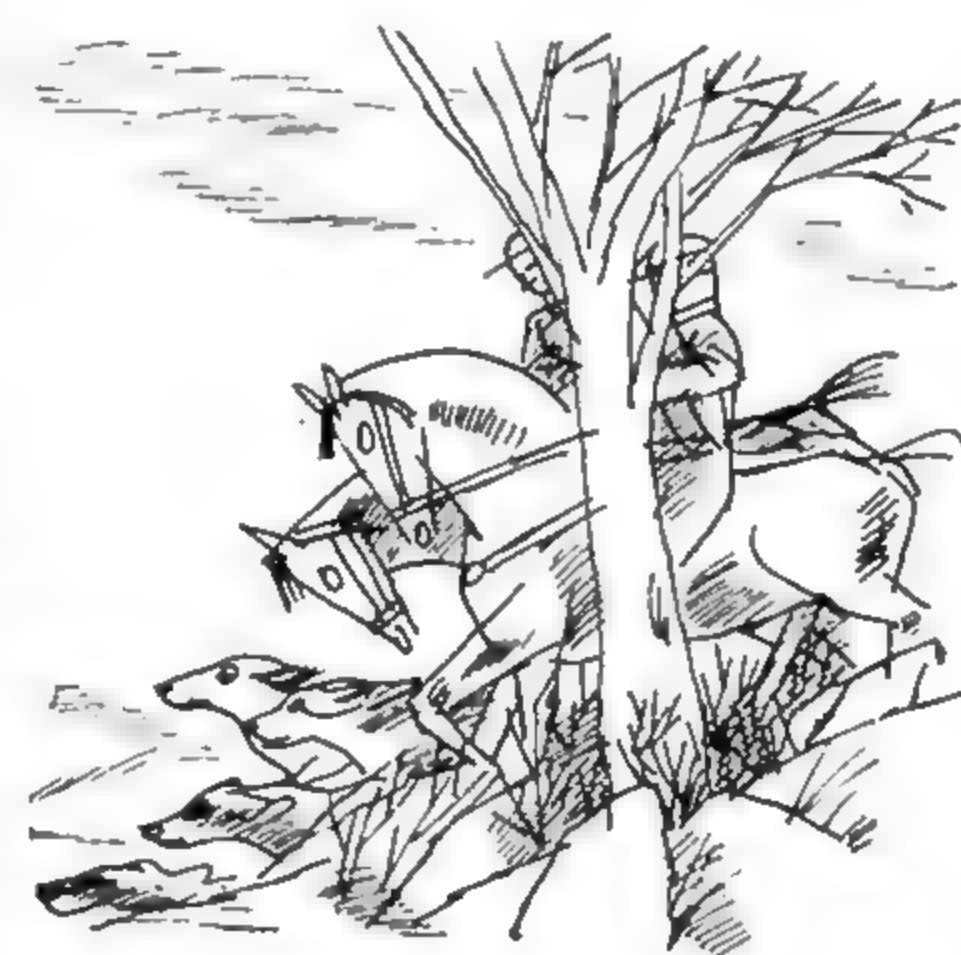
About a hundred and fifty yards behind, Old Hi, weary and half dead, came lurching. His tongue hung far down, his legs were wide and every few moments his hind-quarters would quit him, he'd slew and roll sidewise and down he'd go on one hip; then stagger up again, but coming—coming all the time; never a sign of quitting.

At the old rail fence next my place, the fox found a crack and squirmed through it like a worm. It was his last feeble effort; he lay on the other side for a moment, then essayed to rise, but nature had run its full course. It was the end!

Hi, falling and rising, rolling like a ship in heavy seas, reached the fence but could not cross. He raised one paw against the rails and feebly barked "Treed."

The fox was dead by the time I got down there. Hi died in my hands. His old heart had burst. They'd both literally died running. As I bent over him, his head in my hand, a flood of pity, mixed with a world of pride surged through me.

I tell you I went pretty soft as I climbed the hill to tell Jake, and I've never felt so lonesome in my life! #



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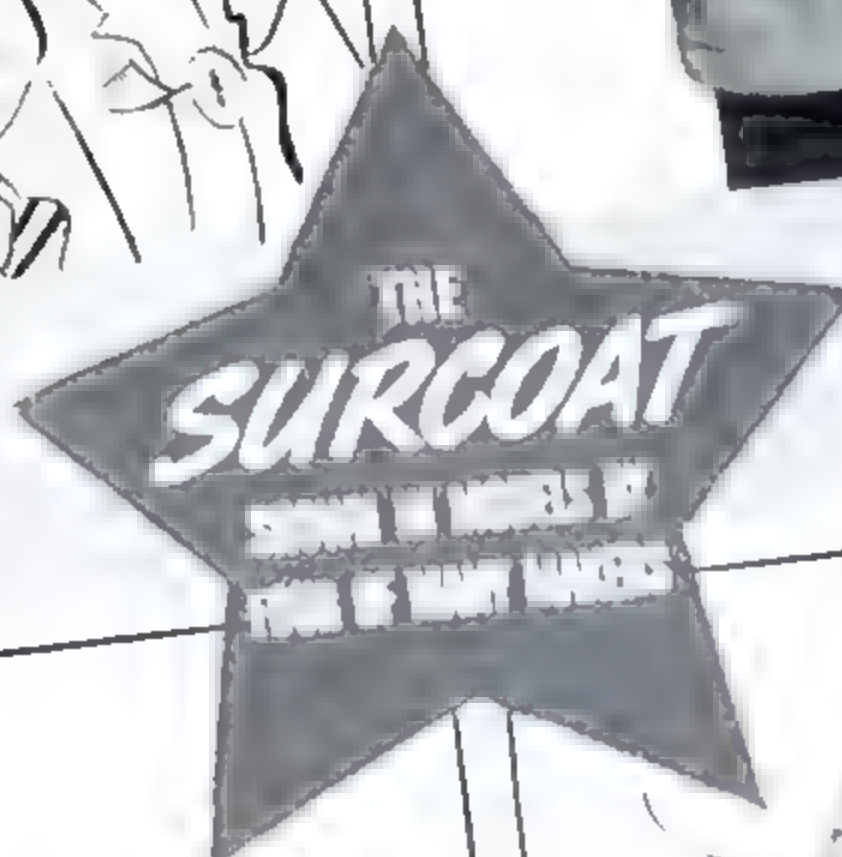
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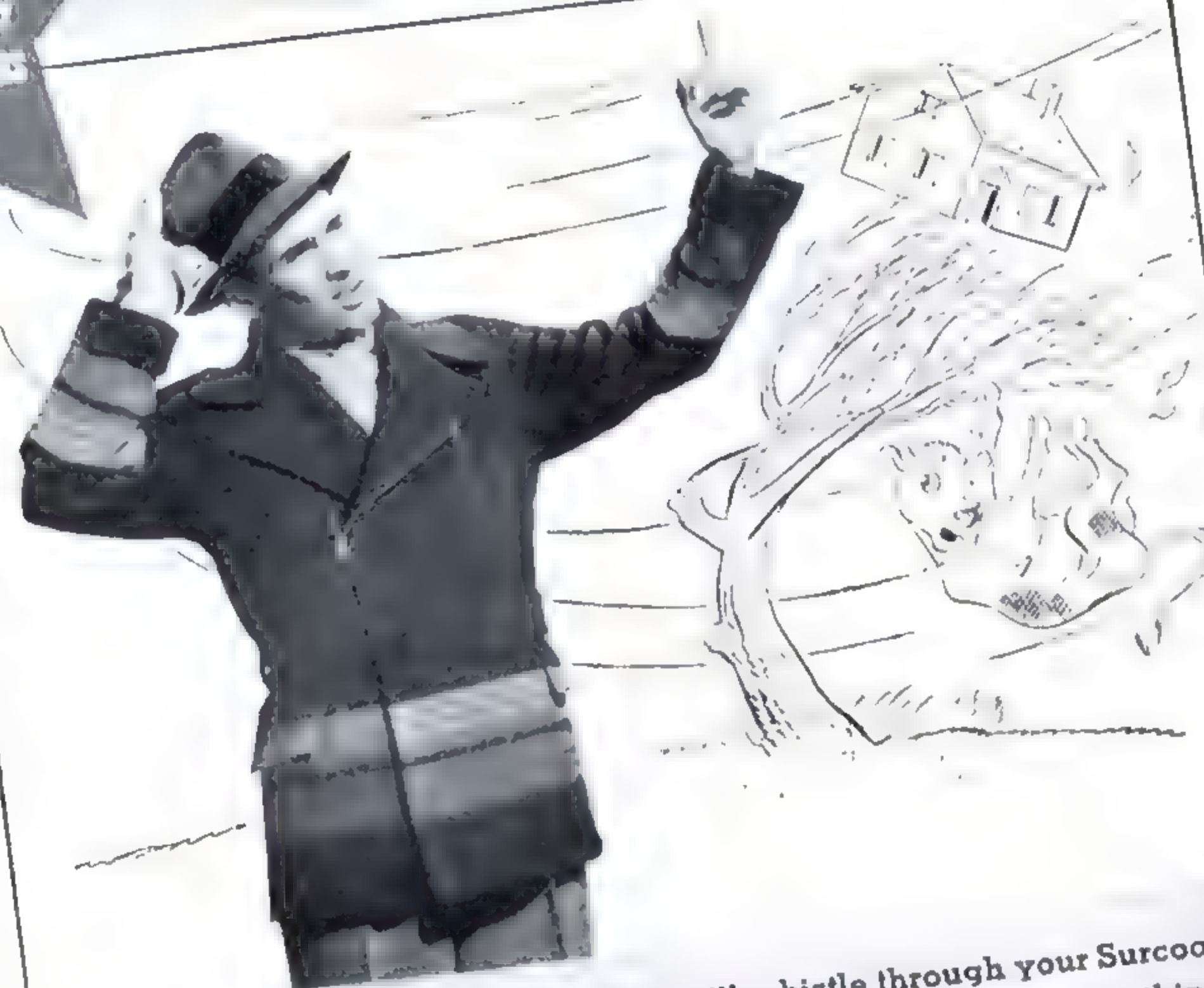
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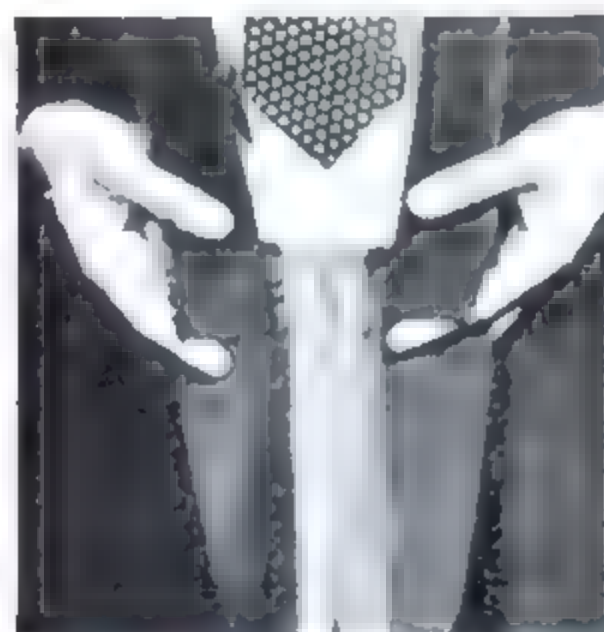
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You may run across a coat that—at first glance—*looks* like a Surcoat. But "take a second look."

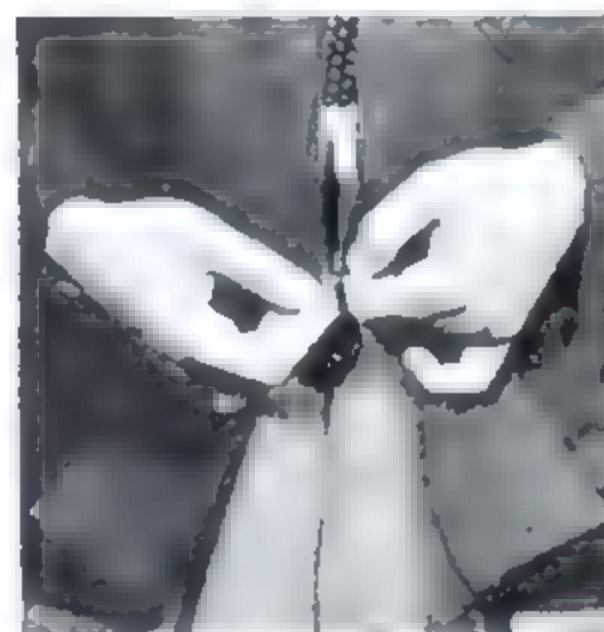
For, as the pictures at the right show, the Surcoat is constructed in a special way—*patented by TALON, Inc.*

To be sure you get the genuine

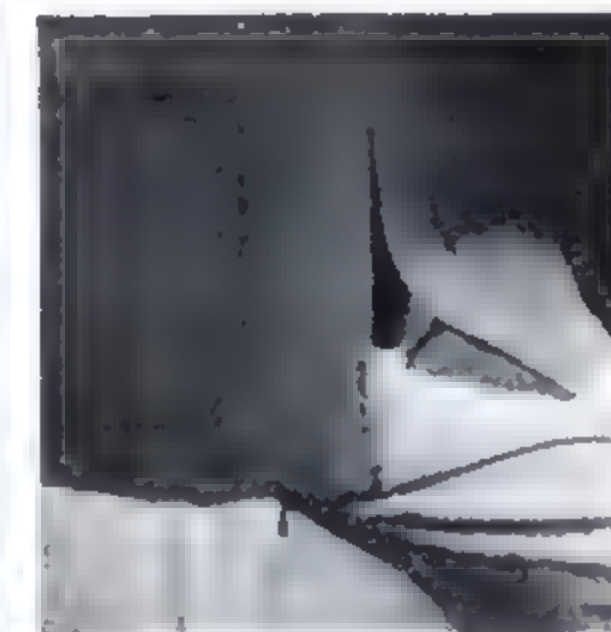
Surcoat, look first for the "free end" construction at the bottom of the fastener. It's the only construction that makes a slide-fastened coat of this length practical and comfortable. Then "take a second look" for the trademark "TALON" on the fastener.



* Patented Surcoat Construction—Note "free ends"



...that make it easy to assemble TALON fastener



...and give proper drape to the lower front of coat.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

L'Ag'ya of Martinique

Continued from page 85

S-witch to MARLBORO!

EVIL Spirits may be soaring around on broomsticks but there are plenty of GOOD spirits in the new Marlboro Shirts & Sportswear! For classroom or office... for fun in the frosty air... S-witch to Marlboro! A dealer is nearby... or write: Marlboro Shirt Company, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland.

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SHIRTS BY **Marlboro**

* Starchless, chemically-finished collar and band.

alive... not nervous and erratic as with Julot, nor again the mistress responding to the caress of her lover as with the man from Trois Ilets; deeply, subtly, mysteriously, it is a thing of flesh and blood. The abode of the "mystere"; the Earth Mother giving a message to her sons.

Aleide has made the circle of challenge, and Tel'mach has followed him with eyes only, seemingly rooted to the spot. Then they face each other, ten feet or so apart, and, arms in the gesture of boxing, begin a slow rocking motion on half-bent knees, legs wide apart. This is the basic movement of the ag'ya. All else is variation and gesture and pantomime, with much improvisation. The balance is broken by a shifting forward and back, across and back again, shoulders more than arms keeping the rhythm. The balance, too, is in the hips. A jerking, almost twisting of the haunches that becomes more agitated with the tension of the drum beats leading to the attack. Then suddenly there is a snap. The drum booms out a command, and Aleide falls flat on his face, turns over, and bounces up again without seeming to touch the ground. Tel'mach has spun on one leg, the other half-bent and at right angles to his body. Both were remarkable feats of muscular coordination, and the crowd cheers them equally. They are balancing again now, this time more nervously. They look into each other's eyes, but no slightest movement, no muscle in the body of one escapes the other. In these few seconds the perspiration has begun to stream down their faces and polish their naked shoulders. And now they are together, this time to lock in an embrace until one or the other weakens, or until the drum commands them to separate. The fascination of the real ag'ya lies not in the lust of the combat, but in the finesse of approach and retreat: the tension which becomes almost a hypnosis, then the flash of the two bodies as they leap into the air, fall in a crouch, and whirl at each other in simulated attacks, only to walk nonchalantly away, backs to each other, showing utter indifference before falling again into the rocking motion which rests them physically but excites them emotionally. In one of these sudden attacks Tel'mach has ripped open Aleide's striped sweater and proudly exhibits it to the crowd. They take position again, Aleide bare to the waist, gleaming bronze in the white sun. And now they begin the ag'ya in earnest, but without losing for an instant the rhythm of the dance. Sometimes they are wrestlers, bodies entwined and pressed to the earth; then they are boxers, dodging and swinging and thrusting to the staccato of 'tit bois, puppets on an invisible string controlled by a nervous god—turning somersaults over each other, spinning on one foot, and seeming to dangle in

mid-air before falling to the ground. And gradually it is less pantomime, less play, and more a serious struggle—not so much a struggle to overcome the opponent as to fill some demand in the deep agitation of the drum. Now the tops of their heads are pressed together, and their arms are locked. Tel'mach seeks in vain to hold the oily, polished body of Aleide, but slowly he is being forced to the earth. With each beat of the drum Aleide rises and Tel'mach sinks.

Cisseaux is becoming hoarse, and the words of the song are unintelligible. Water runs from his chin and throat, the cords of his neck stand out like thin steel cables, and the face of the drum is moist from the perspiration which runs down his arms and into the palms of his hands. He rises slightly from the drum and sinks again and grasps it with his thighs as though to bring into it even more life by the passionate contact of his body. His eyes are bloodshot, and he is breathing heavily. He is bringing the ag'ya to a close. We of the crowd have stopped cheering and jesting and passing advice to the contestants. We are tense; even the coco-tiers have ceased to murmur. Life seems to be suspended for a moment halfway between earth and sky, with the voice of the drum a muffled warning of an impending disaster. Slowly as the dropping of minutes in the blinding sun, Tel'mach touches the green earth. Knees first, then thighs, then back. And over him Aleide, pressing him down and down until his whole body is flat, and in the final burst from the drum, Aleide has lifted his own face to the sun, triumphantly, ecstatically. There is a slow gasp from the crowd. It is almost as though an unseen being has arisen, satisfied, to take its departure, and has made its presence known only by its leaving. Then Tel'mach is released and springs to his feet, and we are laughing at the torn sweater which Aleide waves in the air, and cheering him as the winner. Cisseaux leans far back under a dem'john of white rum, and the wind stirs again.

The porteuses adjust burden and foulard and soon are swinging in a ragged procession up the hill and away from the sea, little gossips and comments on the ag'ya and free laughter floating behind them. Fishermen seek the dark recesses of their little huts for the much needed siesta, and housewives pass a word or two of gossip, then scatter to prepare the late noonday meal. Children linger around Cisseaux and Tel'mach and Aleide and the drum. The drum is voiceless now, and they caress it with grimy fingers and beat their first lessons on its submissive face. The ag'ya is over. The Earth Mother is appeased. Her sons have forgotten the significance of this dance, but the blood of their ancestors is strong. They have not forgotten the dance.††



“By the way—whatever became of that crooner you used to know before we were married?”



"H'm'pf—I'll bet she could run faster if she wanted to"

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The Life Guards

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 Egypt, 1882 Relief of Kimberley Paardeberg
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 Marne, 1914 Aisne, 1914 Messines, 1914
 Ypres, 1914, '15, '17 Somme, 1916, '18
 Arras, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line
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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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 Exhibition, 1888... one of
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Aide-de-camp to a perfect evening is DEWAR'S *White Label*. Its warrant of precedence is the more than 60 medals of honour it has won for distinguished service. When strategy calls for Scotch, seasoned campaigners call for the highball of the highlands, DEWAR'S *White Label* and sip at ease!

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"White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



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**What
do you know
about formal
fashions?**

FOR the edification of a quiz-conscious public, we are converting the usual description of this illustration into a questionnaire on formal fashions. If you answer all, you're quite a get-arounder; if half, you're pretty good; if none, you should read *Esquire* more carefully. Authority for the answers is this preview of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, which ushers in the formal season on the Saturday night of November 4th. *Question:* What single feature of this tailcoat strikes you as being obviously different from conventional models? *Answer:* The black satin shawl collar. This is the first time this has been shown for full evening dress since before the War. *Question:* Is there anything unusual about the patent leather shoes? *Answer:* Yes; they are dress brogues, with punching across the instep and around the side of the shoe. They were recently introduced by George VI for dancing, and are the most comfortable eve-

ning shoes known. *Question:* What is the proper length of the tails? *Answer:* The tails should extend a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee in back. *Question:* What is the proper length of the front of the tailcoat? *Answer:* It should come below the natural waistline, so that no part of the waistcoat extends below it. *Question:* Why is the watch fob worn on the left side? *Answer:* For the same reason that a man once carried his sword on the left side—it's easier to get at with the right hand. *Question:* Name four of seven other significant details of this evening turn-out. *Answer:* The two-stud open front dress shirt; the high, wide wing collar with broad tabs; the white butterfly tie which is a shade shorter than the wing collar; the white linen waistcoat with roll collar and black buttons; the small white pearl shirt studs; the tailcoat buttons of checkered silk; the false cuff at the sleeve, with plenty of white linen cuff showing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to *Esquire* Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 97

ten dimes, as anyone knows).

The history of the deliberations on this matter would occupy ten issues of *Esquire*, but a single incident or two will give you a notion of what has happened: In 1858 the French Government appointed a commission, including Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Ambroise Thomas to settle what "A" should be. They settled upon an "A" which would set the air waves going 435 times a second—and A-435 became "French pitch." In England, the directors of the London Philharmonic Society, wishing to be individual and show their independence of the French in matters musical decreed that no matter what Paris should choose to regard as "A," in *their* concerts it would be the tone produced by 452 vibrations per second, which is about two-thirds of a semi-tone higher than the 435-vibration A. The 452-vibration A was eventually set forth in the Queen's regulations for military bands, and thereupon spread over the face of the globe, wherever Tommies marched.

Not to be outdone, our Yankee forefathers decided to show that they could outdo the English in such matters. The House of Steinway, yielding to native pressure for bigger and better tones, screwed the "A" on its pianos up to 458 vibrations per second, and Theodore Thomas had his orchestra sound the "A" at 456. The competition for added brilliancy became so keen that in certain continental centers, "A" got up to 567 vibrations—more than half an octave above the low of 393.

The complete freedom of the individual to select his own pitch having thus definitely been established, every organ maker set up his own particular pitch for church instruments, another for theatres, and a third for funeral parlors, and triumphantly branded all other makers' pitches as false. Orchestras and singers who used an organ were forced to adjust their pitch from town to town, or be accused of being unmusical.

To crystallize the implication of all this in your mind, just imagine the disaster of a gala concert in Carnegie Hall forty years ago with a foreign organ lent for the occasion and the New York Philharmonic Symphony assisted by the Grenadier Guards Band and contingents of players from Paris, Berlin, Vienna and elsewhere—each having his own distinctive "A." Suppose, to simplify things, that after a week's wrangling, a uniform "A"—say 450 vibrations per second—was agreed upon, and everybody who could not or would not play it was sent home on the subway. Suppose, further, that the *Missa Solemnis* or the *Ninth Symphony* were to be rehearsed. Sopranos would shriek endlessly, showing unmistakably that they could not reach the high notes. Up would pop the shade of Beethoven

to shout that his music is perfectly singable at the pitch at which he wrote it, but who in hell wants it transposed up from the key of D to E-flat—and a sharp E-flat at that. He will return to Arcadia and damn the idiocy of a generation that tries to perform his works and those of Bach and Mozart with the vulgarest sort of cavalry-band shrillness.

When the Beethoven is finished and Wagner put on the stands, that eminent fakir would telegraph that though he did not use a pitch as low as Beethoven's, he certainly did not want his music performed higher than French pitch nor anything like as high as the bright outpouring of our early American orchestras.

Supposing then the pitch is lowered, say, to 435 vibrations per second. Sir Edward Elgar and Frederic Delius and Richard Strauss would phone to declare that they cannot permit either the *Enigma Variations* or *Appalachia* or *Till Eulenspiegel* to be performed at a concert in which the low pitch destroys the brilliance of their orchestrations. It is at last obvious that to do justice to the music of every composer, we must change to the pitch at which he conceived his composition—and that to do this may necessitate four or five changes in pitch in an evening.

This is difficult if not impossible, because of the various pitches at which orchestral instruments are manufactured. Instruments that produce tones of definite pitch are usually constructed to be at their best at a certain pitch and, though they may be lengthened or shortened, or screwed up or down within limits, the change will be for the worse, both as to quality of tone and (in keyed wind instruments) as to the accuracy of their intonation. Strads were never safely screwed up to the pitch used by Theodore Thomas' orchestra without structural fortifications, which affected their tone. But stringed instruments are easier than the rest; a new pitch does not mean a new fiddle—and some claim that it is the slight variations in pitch, dependent on the ear of the various members of the string section and the demands of the concert-meister or conductor, that make the orchestral tone which we know more sonorous and richer than any scientifically produced tone, no matter how precise and accurate its pitch.

The matter of getting the correct pitch, you must admit, is hair-raising, especially when music of moment is involved. Of course, if Wagner's motifs are to be transformed for and played by a band like the Lombardos', it is possible for each instrument to settle on a pitch of its own and, collectively, to please otherwise responsible citizens who are, for all practical purposes, tone-deaf.

To my mind, the pegging of the European "A" to our "A" is as

Continued at top of page 132



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Slightly higher Denver west

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WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 97-131

gratifying as would be the settling of the war debt, the status of Danzig, or Herr Hitler's march to the East. That A-440 should be accepted also gets my vote, for in all the respects that one pitch can be said to be better or worse than another, A-440 is better than any higher A, and may be considered an ideal compromise, except, of course, that it is a trifle too high for seventeenth- and eighteenth-

century music, including the compositions of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. What is more, I am told by arithmeticians that dividing the scale at 440 does not give as many fractional vibration numbers as there might be; but since my own attempts at calculation are equally inaccurate, whether I deal in whole numbers or fractions, I have left out entirely that consideration.##

Vidar: The Wandering Dane

Continued from page 61

in him to make a big splash in the world, provided he isn't in too much of a hurry about it. His tendency, however, seems to be to do whatever will take the cash and let the credit go. If ever he becomes a great artist it will be after he has become tired of being a successful illustrator.

Frede Vidar is Dane by birth, blondness and physical proportions, American by adoption and citizenship, a cosmopolitan by wide travel and the use of several European tongues, and an artist by early predilection. He was born June 6, 1911 on the Baltic Sea island of Askø, on which his father owned a fruit plantation. His parents were not commonplace bourgeois. His mother had studied medicine and was not allergic to the arts. His father had served in the Danish army, has been engaged in business and was an amateur artist in his leisure time. At the age of two days Frede was taken to Copenhagen, which was home during his formative years, except for summer vacations on the Askø fruit plantation. The Vidars having for generations served in the army, Frede was early destined to carry on the tradition; his family hoped that he would prepare himself to become a military surgeon. But even before he had reached his teens, the young Dane had expressed his hostility to this kind of career. The point was not pressed. As far back as his memory can take him he had wanted to draw and paint. As early as twelve he had studied at the Royal Academy of Art. He has been consistently precocious for, later on, he was giving instruction in art at an age when most people are at the receiving end of the teacher's pointer.

At the age of twelve he became an American. As the terminal point of their migration his parents chose San Francisco because a maternal uncle already had established himself in that city, as builder and real estate operator. Frede attended high school and art school and, later, the California School of Fine Arts, as part of his course at the University of California, of which the art school was a unit.

He was a scholarship student most of the time, receiving at first only free tuition and subsequently an allowance for expenses. He describes his instructor as a cap-

able Academician who went modern.

In 1929, after six years in San Francisco, he started his wander years in Europe and his meanderings among the art schools of Paris. He reached New Orleans by bus. At that port he found himself a job as purser's assistant on a boat going to Paris. He studied at the National Ecole des Beaux Arts and with various individuals, such as Gromaire, Friesz, Derain and Dufy. It would seem that he obtained most from Derain, especially in his blonde nudes, although in his early works, the low-keyed landscapes and city scenes, there is implied a debt not to any individual, but to the School of Paris at large. During his first summer abroad he showed a great sense of adaptation in the process of making a living. He wanted to go to Monte Carlo, but had no money. He walked. He traded his art for food and shelter, painting portraits of the farmers, their wives, their daughters, their horses, their cows—but mainly the cows and horses. He had the toughest time in Auvergne, where the farmers didn't seem to care about portraits, not about Vidar's, anyway. Maybe they were all retired art critics. At Monte Carlo, which was less discriminating and or more generous, there were more portrait commissions and he also gambled at the Casino, professionally, on a system, using other people's money and taking fifty per cent of the gains. For a time gambling was much more profitable than art, but on the whole Vidar agrees with the jockey who rides Johnstown, that the safest bet is Baby Bonds, Morgenthau up.

During his years abroad Paris was more a base of operations than a residence. Although he painted and studied in it and even exhibited in several Parisian galleries, it was Spain which most persistently called to him. He even had an exhibition in Barcelona. The first time he went to Spain was as tutor to a retired American colonel who wanted to become an artist. The second time Vidar went on his own, walking and donkeying through Andalusia and painting in watercolor and in oils.

In Majorca, at a place called Inca, he became a novice of the Benedictine order, at the monas-

Continued on page 134

HE-MAN & HERO



He's all of that to his family . . . and a mental giant as well. But when it comes to the CLOTHES that drape his manly form he has as many minds as there are members in the home!

It's Wifey who drops a hint when he needs that new suit or hat and often suggests where to buy it. And it's also Wifey who keeps the bureau filled with shirts and shorts and socks. Daughter has some pretty definite ideas on neckties and such and

Junior is the final family authority on whether Pop has the togs that are "being worn."

Super-man he may be, but the average male is putty in the hands of a clothes-conscious family. And that's why it's so very important that advertising of men's apparel and accessories get into the home to reach Wifey, Daughter and Junior as well as the head of the house.

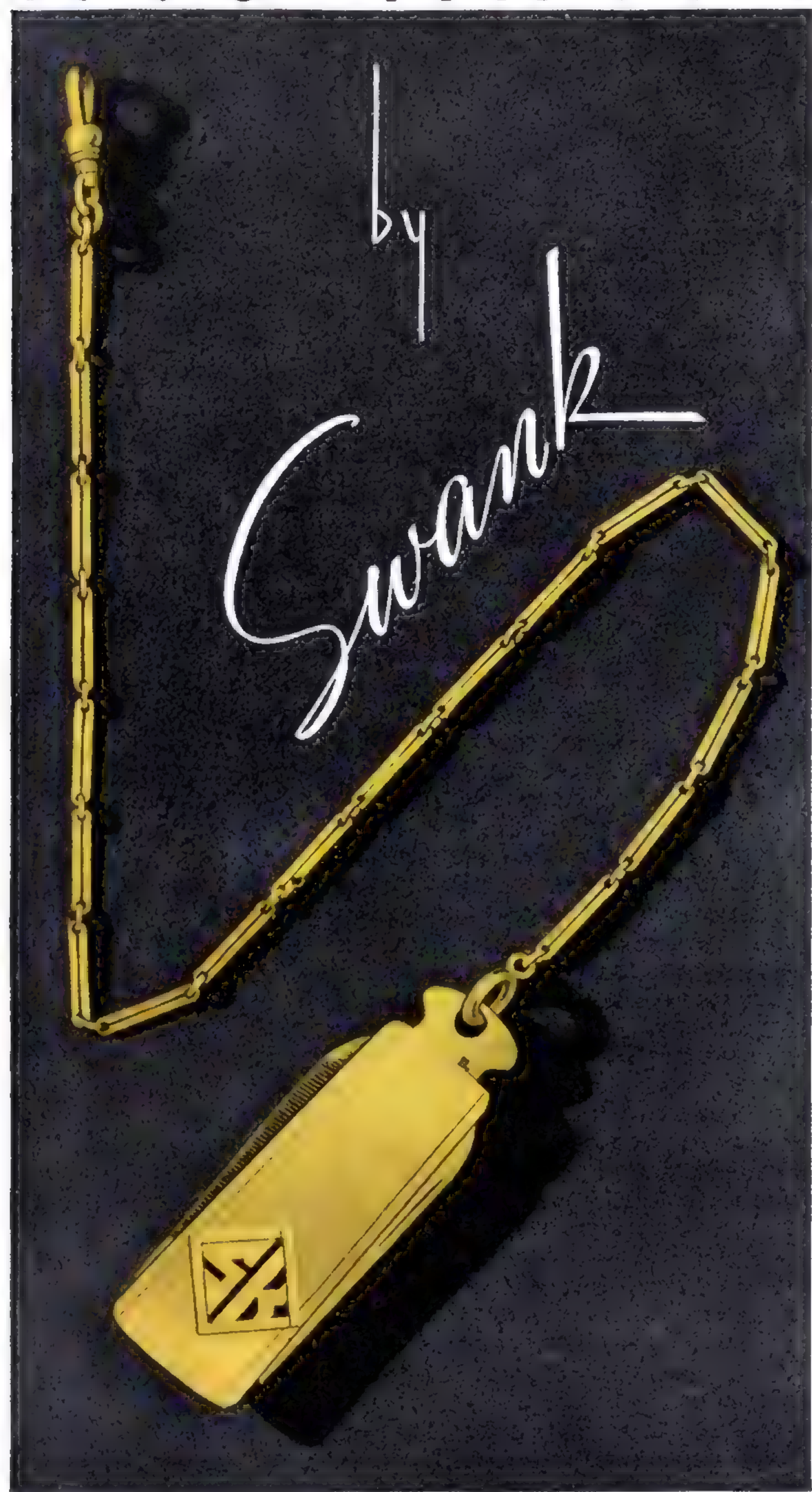
In New York, the home and family in-

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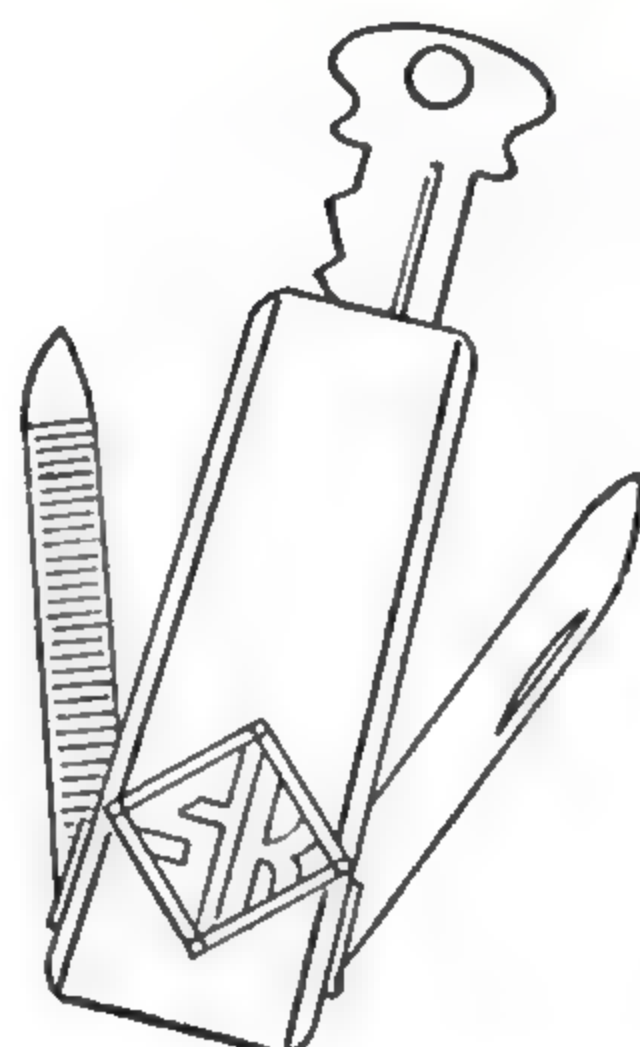
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*PAT. APP. FOR

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Vidar: The Wandering Dane

Continued from pages 61-132

tery Santuario de Nuestra Senora de Luch. He submitted himself, for the time that he was there, to a rigid routine, studying from five in the morning until noon and painting in the afternoon. He painted chiefly religious pictures and some landscapes, all in an extremely high palette. What interested him chiefly about the monastic life was the suspension of economic problems, and as the Benedictine was an artistic Order, he could have continued painting, although he would have been limited to religious subject matter.

At the end of a month the Danish Lutheran told his Spanish Catholic superiors that he did not feel the true vocation, a fact which they already had suspected, and he was released to move on to other, although less spiritual, adventures. At Palma, on the same island of Majorca, he rented himself a twenty-room house, completely furnished and including a chapel, for ten dollars a month, and in Ibiza was imprisoned for a day after having been caught in the act of painting the old Moorish fortifications. The fact that he was painting without military malice aforethought didn't make much difference.

Somewhere in Europe, in Paris or Barcelona, Vidar had been told that a revolution was impending against Bloody Machado, dictator of Cuba. Vidar's sidelines have included that of corresponding for *Politiken*, of Copenhagen. He got the job by sending in text and sketches from various parts of the world, including France, Spain and the United States. Corresponding hasn't been a major occupation but it has helped pay the bills on occasion. As correspondent, therefore, and as general sampler of adventures he arrived in Cuba with several officers who were taking part in the anti-Machado uprising. From Casilda, a place the other side of the island from Havana, Vidar sent cables to the Danish Press Service, and managed to evade the censorship. At the time of the Batista uprising Vidar was in the company of several young officers who were putting down a radical uprising at Cienfuegos. Over the radio they heard what Batista was doing in Havana, to which they then made their way in the gunboat from which they were doing their suppressing. Vidar spent his time in Havana at the National Hotel, in which he was interned for the brief duration of the shooting.

When the authorities let him out of the hotel, Vidar took boat for home, arriving in San Francisco early in 1934, somewhat matured by the variety of his experiences and adventures. Upon his arrival the Art Center Galleries gave him his first American one-man show. For a short time he worked in fresco assisting Diego Rivera (as who hasn't?) on the murals for the San Francisco Ex-

change and for the California School of Fine Arts. He accompanied the master to Mexico and helped him on several projects there.

The same year Vidar, unassisted, executed a fresco painting on the subject of the department store for the Coit Tower, in San Francisco, an observation tower in a monument erected to the memory of volunteer firemen. He taught painting and drawing to two large classes—he was only twenty-three years old at the time—and also taught privately.

Early the following year he won the three-year National Chaloner Fellowship Prize which is given bi-annually to an outstanding American painter or sculptor on the merit of his work. On the basis of this fellowship he was supposed to go to Paris, but, instead, he went to New York, which has been his home since—as much as any one place can be his home. He remained in San Francisco long enough, however, to attend the opening of his second one-man show at the Art Center Galleries. From New York, in the summer of 1935, he went to Plainfield, New Hampshire, to see how New England lived; the experience was perhaps the most fruitful of his career, for in what he saw, and in his commentary on what he saw, he found material for many canvases.

Instead of painting Plainfield plain he invited the gods of the Greek Pantheon to come to town and express themselves in un-Methodistical terms. However, he must have painted some pictures which did not shock the church people, for the record tells us that early that summer Vidar had an exhibition in Plainfield's Town Hall. Returning to New York he resumed painting Plainfield subject matter.

New York thrilled him, Plainfield and the New England of which it was both a symbol and a microcosm delighted him. The following summer he returned to Plainfield and he was busy painting the themes which it suggested until October, 1936. I find it difficult to believe that in all his motions Vidar is animated solely by the quest for learning and the desire to conquer new provinces of experience.

I suspect that he is moved, at least in part, by a bee in the seat of his motor organization. Vidar must belong to that company which would rather skim the surface of a new landscape than get to the bottom of a familiar place. In any event, whatever the motivation, he packed up his bags in the early fall of 1936 and left for what he calls a year's study and research in Byzantine and early Italian primitive painting in Greece and Italy, particularly in the fresco form.

First he went to Rome and then to Athens, which he made his headquarters for study. He then

traveled northeast to Macedonia and then to the famous cluster of monasteries of the Greek Orthodox Church, the only semi-autonomous religious republic known in the world, Mount Athos. At Athens the Metropolitan of the church had given him introductions to the abbots. Under commission by the President of the Republic, Vidar executed several panels in the Byzantine mural form for the monasteries. He was paid with maintenance and various gifts, such as ikons. Portrait sketches of some of the more ignorant monks which Vidar made as preliminary studies for figures in the murals were destroyed because the involuntary models feared that their souls might be conveyed into the portraits and would be lost for all other purposes, including salvation. On holy days, in order not to give offense, Vidar had to paint with a lighted candle in the other hand. But his greatest offense consisted in swimming in the sea, which the monks believed had been reserved for the fish and when a black spider bit him the act was interpreted as Divine retribution. The monk who served as physician knew nothing about disinfecting his instruments. Vidar found that most of the monks were as much under the rule of class distinctions as is the rest of the world. Check up another experience for Frede Vidar. Leaving Mount Athos the artist explored certain areas in Serbia which contained several old Byzantine churches and then went down through Greece, to the cluster of monasteries known as Les

Météores, halfway between Salonika and Athens.

From the Byzantine twilight of the past, Vidar moved northward to the modern daylight of Paris and further north to Copenhagen. There, in the Royal Charlottenburg Palace, between August 26 and September 9, 1937, Vidar held a retrospective one-man show, 102 of his works being exhibited. Vidar knows how to get around. In London, next year, he will have a one-man show at the New Burlington Galleries.

He has just closed a deal for a set of eleven paintings which will serve as a cross-section of the United States. Pedae, which will exhibit these canvases when they are completed, is the party of the second part.

He works in many mediums, including watercolor and gouache. He draws a lot. He works neither slowly nor fast, but at a medium pace. He is so restless and ambitious that it is surprising to learn that he, too, has hobbies, just like ordinary people. Fencing is his only physical hobby, although he also swims, drives and canoes, all incidentally. He collects obsolete currency from all over the world and has some strange specimens, such as stamps used as money and a 100,000,000,000-mark note of the inflation period. He is interested in books of folklore and fairy tale. He is a strange person for all his obviousness. There is more in Frede Vidar than meets the eye. Sometime I should like him to tell me something about himself. The key is missing. ##

Horses, Riders and Circuses

Continued from page 69

the United States too can boast of a military man, Major Tuttle, a genius of a High School rider.

I do not know the situation in Russia; in that vast land where the circus remained in very great favor despite all the changes since the once golden age of the circus, there are several thousand bigger and smaller establishments. In fact, every sizable town has its own stationary circus and the acts are frequently changed. In Budapest and in Vienna a ringmaster by the name of Beketow, used to ride High School, but I do not know whether he is still alive. Mr. Beketow was really the perfect personification of the ringmaster; his black waxed mustaches nearly speared his eyes; he had just the right size bay window clumsily hidden behind a corset and he wore an enormous yellow diamond pin in his necktie. When Buffalo Bill toured Europe with his Wild West show, the two became fast friends, although Colonel Cody was the head of reckless horses and reckless riders, while Beketow commanded a troupe of the most highly disciplined circus horses and riders.

I have searched carefully for a High School horseman or horse in England, but so far have not located even one. I sincerely hope

that this will be denied by one of the many equestrian pedants in that country where horseback riding in general is not at its best despite fox-hunting, and I suggest that one does not adopt the British as an ideal horseback riding nation. But don't condemn that country too much; I do pay homage to England—for introducing the W. C. to the world. That was the best thing she did for our mundane sphere the last 100 years.

One of the most spectacular equestrian tricks in the circus is the *Postillon Hongroise*. This consists of twelve or more horses hitched in pairs one behind the other while the driver balances himself on the backs of two horses, with a foot on each and holds the reins in his hands. Twelve horses are considered fairly easy to handle but there is a record of forty-eight at one time being driven by a young officer of dragoons at Saumur, the French military equitation school. Here in America in 1897, Jim Thomas, a young circus driver who possessed truly enormous knuckles, drove forty horses in a bandwagon, hitched four abreast. Another driver of the Bailey circus also drove forty large Percherons averaging about eighteen hundred pounds in weight; Jake Posey was the name

Continued on page 136

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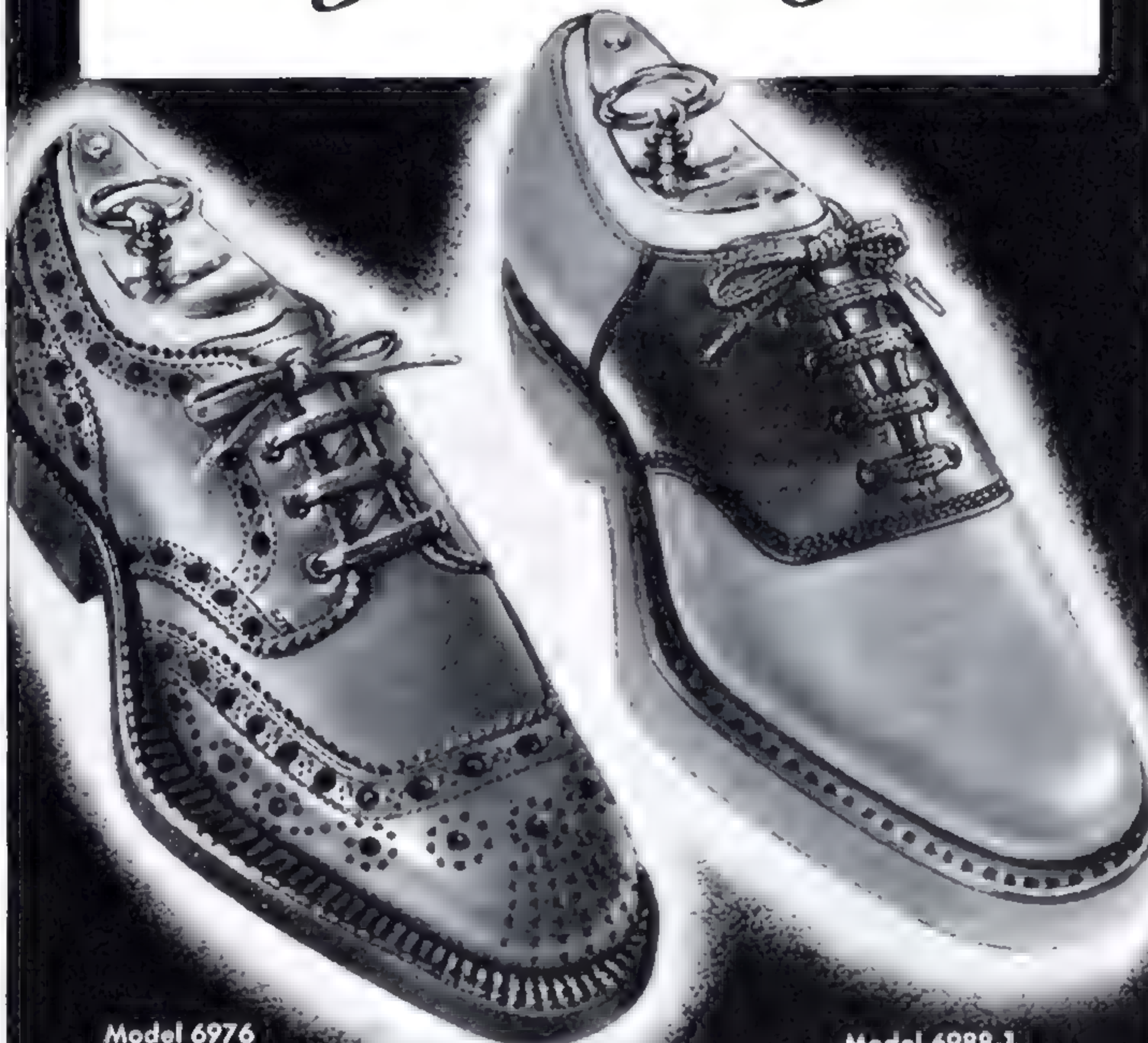


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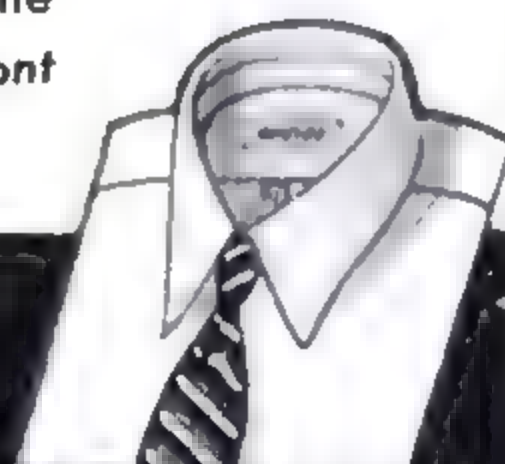
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Horses, Riders and Circuses

Continued from pages 69-135

of this driver in the golden age of the circus. However, these drivers sat on the boxes of circus wagons and did not stand on horses as the *Postillon Hongroise* requires, so I'm afraid we'll have to rank them after the French dragoon.

The first tented circus in this country was established in 1826 and was owned by Nathan Howes. The tent was fifty feet in diameter; (Ringling has a two hundred by six hundred foot round-top) all the properties were carried in one wagon and the six performers employed rode the horses from town to town. The menagerie consisted of a lion, a bear and a monkey—elephants were very rare, Americans having seen their first only in 1795—and a hurdy gurdy was the orchestra. The daily expense was thirty-five dollars; today I guess it is about ten thousand for the Ringling's. The highest salary—fifteen dollars—was paid to the dashing and daring rider, the ringmaster. When Captain Heyer was discovered in Moscow by Mr. Waldo, the talent scout for Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey, in 1935, the captain's salary was 12,000 rubles a month. In addition he sold some horses to the Russian government; no, not for rubles; for some camels and trained foxes. Money is not always the currency in the circus. More often than not it is wild animals. I do not know his present earnings, but they must be excellent; the captain lives well, likes and drinks champagne and enjoys entertaining his many admirers. He also keeps his own horses, aside from the ones owned by the circus, and he is in general a great spender. A charming man with a great deal of horse-sense.

The salary of riders in circuses was always very large. Frank Melville, a great star of bygone days, who was the first man to carry a child on top of his head while riding a racing horse, made six hundred dollars weekly. Once "the act" fell, but the intelligent horse stopped dead and miraculously did not injure Melville or the child although they fell right in front of his nose. Circus horses are extremely alert and careful when an accident like this happens.

The famous James Robinson, a great bareback rider had a straight salary of seven hundred dollars a week for many years. He was the first rider to turn a complete somersault in gallop. Robinson was so popular that once a rival circus kidnaped him! The "River God," Dan Rice, a great clown, who had a traveling show on the Mississippi, was also a great rider, and at one time a very rich man, due to his amazingly daring riding.

Today daring bareback riders, the joy of a bygone period, do not get a lot of money; perhaps one hundred and fifty a week for a good one. The bareback riding "profession" generally descend from father to son, mother to daughter, like most other acts in the circus. For the tricks they train heavy horses, cold-blooded ones, Percherons, Clydesdales or Mecklenbours, and Wales ponies, since they possess broad backs, are slow, good-looking, and sure on their feet. They can only move, gallop, trot or walk, to the left-hand side in the ring, and even if their lives depended on it they could not move in the opposite direction, to the right. This is because the riders themselves have practiced so that they can jump onto the horses' backs only when they go to the left. Despite their limitations the bareback horses are a very attractive and artistic sight, with their white skin—often powdered or painted—pink noses, curved necks, enormous hind-quarters and carrying that funny saddle on their backs that looks so much like a platform. They inspire many great artists, but no one ever painted them better or more interestingly than Count Toulouse-Lautrec, the great French painter of the past century, who himself was permanently crippled in childhood by falling from a circus horse. Today, Marcel Vertes, the well-known Parisian painter, is the foremost authority on picturing bareback horses, and we have in the United States also a great painter, an exceptionally fine illustrator who is vitally interested in the apparently clumsy but really very artistic shape of circus-Percherons. However I must not mention him on these pages, for fear that I will be accused of plugging.

Let's talk of the circus instead. It was just as fashionable at one time for young aristocrats to court and marry circus riders as it is with models today, or with Follies girls a few years back.

Today, at the age of seventy-five it is difficult to picture Theresa Rentz as a raving beauty, a wonderfully classic High School rider, a bewitcher of hearts, but she was all of that in her time—and she still rides daily, as is fitting for the best known among all lady circus riders. Michaela Busch, a German aristocrat, manages a circus in Berlin today; she too was an eye-ful years ago. Mae Worth, the Australian, was a pretty, petite woman, and a great equestrienne; the little woman could do anything with those large white horses—and a great deal with the cavaliers of the era. Miss Gena Lip-



Continued on page 138

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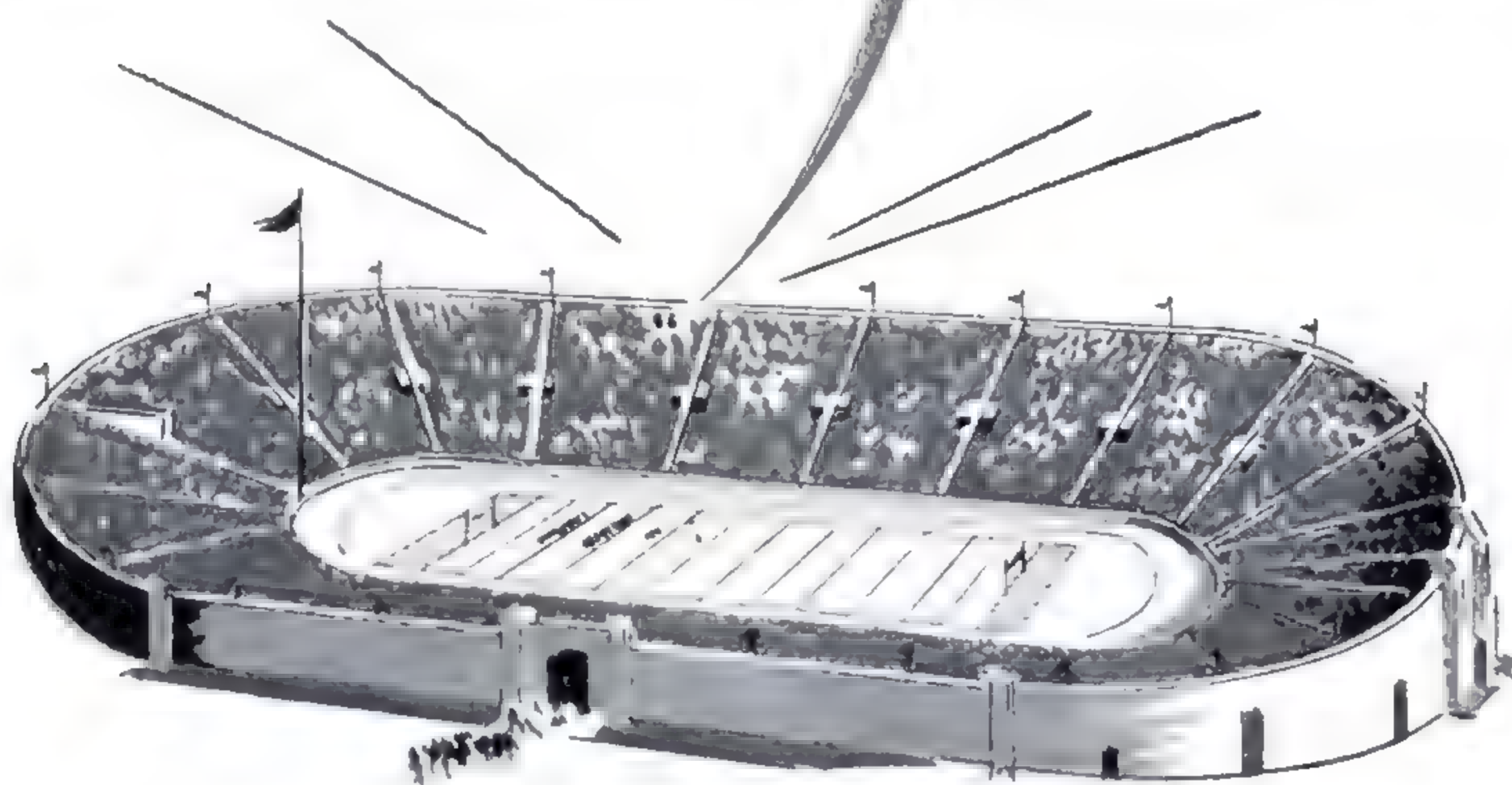
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Horses, Riders and Circuses

Continued from pages 69-135-136

kowska of Poland is the most beautiful woman of the circus in our present era. Maud Woolff, also a great rider, was the wife of her circus manager and is now retired somewhere in England. Among the greatest romances was that of the Bradnas in Europe. Mr. Bradna was an officer, a member of the nobility; one night he went to the circus, saw Ella, the beautiful bareback rider—and married her almost on the spot. But circus riders were not as cruel in love as Follies girls. They were not very much interested in money, champagne, jewelry. They did not drink and their day was taken up with hard work, rehearsals and performances.

It is undeniable, however, that circus folk are rather snooty. They have a right to be; the circus is perhaps the last human activity which still has a veritable aristocracy, with dynasties, successions, nobility. There are almost no upstarts, parvenues among circus riders; nearly all are descended from other great riders, nearly all of them are related somehow and very often they marry among themselves. Circus people too, are careful of genealogical data and family history when it is connected with the big tent. No wonder: from the time of the Circus Maximus in Rome, which accommodated forty-odd thousand, and was an extremely well handled and businesslike organization, through the period of William the Conqueror, who employed French circus riders and acrobats, on to the days English Sergeant-Major Philip Astley, who started the first full-fledged circus in London, and right up to the time of Phineas Taylor Barnum, George F. Bailey, Adam Forepaugh and John Ringling, the circus boasted of great names and great achievements.

In a way, however, the popularity of the circus was greater in France than anywhere else. In a social way. Fifty years ago it was considered very chic to go to one of the four important circuses in Paris. Whereas today they go to the circus just to see, then the circus was a place where people went to be seen. The Cirque Molier was in tremendous fashion in the 1880's; full evening dress was obligatory, and the best soirées took place there. The Haute École there was incomparable, and yet, for the best all-round performances one went to the Neapolitan Franconi Brothers' big tent—which had started way back in 1790 as a traveling circus. The first fixed circus in the French capital however was established even before this—in 1783, by the above-mentioned Philip Astley on the rue Faubourg du Temple after he had reaped a young fortune in London. Today there are only two circuses in Paris, the Cirque d'Hiver—which was formerly called the Cirque Napoleon, because Napoleon III started it—and the Medrano Circus. They

both are excellent and the programs are imposing, but they cannot be compared to our great American circus. John Ringling North, one of the present heads of Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey's, is an enterprising young man and used to get many acts from Europe and especially Paris. Now he tries to get away from all this, and even his horses, which used to come from foreign lands, come from Texas and Kentucky.

A few days after my conversation with Heyer, I went down to the stables of the Ringling Circus to see and interview the horses. But contrary to all expectations, I for once found two humans who interested me more than the horses for the moment. One was a groom, an old toothless guy, with a smiling Franz Hals face. He told me some stable secrets; that there are altogether one hundred and eighty horses—actors, as he put it—which perform, but that the circus has in addition over five hundred working horses, mostly in winter quarters at Sarasota. Also, that each groom has to care for and clean three horses. He had been with the circus twenty-five years. "It gets under your skin," he said, "horses for me are like drug to ordinary folk. You get used to them, your system craves it..." He told me that he only gets thirty dollars a month and full board, but would not leave the place for another job. No, not even for a better groom job, thank you. "The smell gets you too," he continued, "once you get the circus itch, you're no good for nothin' else. The music and the bright lights lure you. The sawdust, the crackerjack, the monkeys, the elephants, the hot dogs smell fine... And the hosses are so bright... You can't fool 'em. Look!..."

He pointed in the direction of a Pinto pony which stood there calmly in his loose box. The pony was utterly white and pink in color; he really looked so naked that it was embarrassing. Presently a funny little old clown tip-toed up to the pony. Uncle Ezra wore a worn cutaway, gray whiskers and no mustaches and he carried a small artificial bouquet in his hand. He looked at the pony with a gently bent head and admiring smile, and then suddenly thrust forward the paper daffodils under the pony's muzzle. The white horse took a whiff of them and as he turned up his pink nose in disgust I could have sworn that I heard a half-human, half-equine but wholly articulate exclamation in the stillness of the big stable:

"Cheatin' agin, eh?..."

I stood there flabbergasted and looked at the clown and the horse with unbelieving eyes, and I was just preparing to pinch myself, when the groom burst out laughing:

"Uncle Ezra," he said, "is our Edgar Bergen."

The circus is like a dream; it is great fun and the "hosses" in it are really bright... #



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Navy blue town overcoats

Fig. A: Double breasted blue town overcoat with Astrakhan collar and lapels and quilted lining. Worn with blue unfinished worsted suit, black town shoes, black Lord's hat, white starched collar, Spitalfields check tie, yellow chamois gloves. Note the cuffless trousers.

Fig. B: Double breasted blue town coat with plain back and two-button front, lapel rolled to bottom button, worsted suit, grey broadcloth shirt with soft collar attached, Spitalfields tie, black Homburg, black shoes on a town last, drab buckskin gloves, clove red carnation.

Fig. C: Navy blue fly front overcoat with plain back — the most formal of town coats, worn with sharkskin suit, quarter brogue town shoes, colored shirt, starched collar, cluster stripe tie, bowler, capeskin gloves and red carnation.

Fig. D: Double breasted blue tweed Ulster, for town or travel. Half belt in back, large convertible collar, slash pockets and outside ticket pocket. Worn with black unfinished worsted suit, black wing tip shoes, silk muffler with circle design, buffed hogskin gloves, black Peer's hat with dull binding on brim and dull braid.

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***Fashion
parlay at
Belmont
Park***

You can't lose if you parlay these three men in the Sartorial Handicap, because we fixed it with the artist to make them the three best dressed clothes horses at the United Hunts race at Belmont Park. The man at the right is carrying the biggest handicap of all, since he has undertaken to demonstrate that all who wear checks are not race track touts. He does very well in his three-button notched lapel hound's tooth check suit of Harris tweed. The jacket is cut like a riding coat, with slanting flap pockets and side vents, and a definite flare. The accessories are tan broadcloth shirt in a small check, white starched separate collar, red foulard tie with white circles, brown reverse calf shoes, rough finish bowler and red goatskin gauntlet gloves. He carries a cream color balmacaan style raincoat over his arm. The man with the binoculars wears a hunting style raincoat with military collar, long flared skirt with inverted pleat in back and all-around belt. His suit is a Lovat pincheck cheviot tweed, worn with a regimental striped tie, lightweight Cavalier hat and brown wing tip shoes. Distinctly new are the red goatskin gloves with three-color knitted back, effective with tweeds and country clothes. The man at the left wears a grey Glen Urquhart suit, blue broadcloth shirt in the new coaching blue shade (the same color as blue cornflowers), white starched collar, blue foulard tie, bowler hat and black blucher shoes. The short raglan sleeve covert coat is an easy-fitting garment with long side vents.

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Commence Firing!

Continued from page 79

bottom shows. Men are everywhere in the water, some clambering up the slippery plates of the bottom which is now completely exposed. Most of them slide off again and into the water. Some of our destroyers stand by to rescue what few they can, but they stand well clear because they know what is about to happen. The ship shakes and with a violent lurch stands on end, her propellers turning in the air. Pausing momentarily, she disappears quickly below the surface of the sea leaving swirling vortexes of water filled with struggling men and wreckage. There is a terrific explosion as the sea water reaches hot boilers.

Heavy smoke is coming from the enemy column. Their leading ships are badly hurt by the destroyer attack from ahead and they have been unable to avoid the deadly attack from our flotillas at the rear. Two more ships have been sunk by this attack. Others have been struck but not completely disabled. Caught between the attack from ahead and unable to drive off the attack from the rear they are now attempting to turn away to the southward by a simultaneous left turn of ninety degrees. As their broadside silhouettes change to the narrow width of their beams, the heavy black smoke pouring from their stacks blankets them out as they attempt to escape.

Our fire has stopped.

It is an hour to sunset. We have turned to follow. No ship or sight can penetrate the continuous curtain of dense smoke which the retreating enemy is laying down. The wind has shifted to the south, and the curtain of smoke coming down from ahead is covering our own formation. The sky is as dark as night. Our ships turn on their running lights to avoid collision. Signal searchlights flash through the darkness.

Suddenly from ahead and through the dense smoke drifts the turtled hull of a huge ship, a yawning hole gaping from its exposed bottom. Our ships open out frantically to let it slip through the line without collision.

Now that the enemy has headed south there is little likelihood our submarines will have a chance to attack. All they can do is wait for an opportunity. The battle line is too fast for them. But should the enemy make a turn towards their waiting grounds, they will know they are in submarine waters only when they see the tell-tale streak of white water coming towards them. Then it will be too late.

Our light forces are widely scattered, and even the subordinate flag officers do not know where their forces are. A hastily computed position is broadcast by the C-in-C. That will give the scattered forces something to close on. A cruiser has fired on one of our own destroyers in error; another destroyer is sunk in a collision with her own flagboat. Detached de-

stroyers join up with any unit they recognize. Flagboats with only an Ensign left to command are leading divisions in which are stray ships in command of officers many years their senior.

A heavily listed cruiser is limping along at six and seven knots closely guarded by a destroyer. It is making for the rear according to fleet doctrine. What is left of the heavy bombing squadrons is now half way back to its shore base. The remnants of the fighting squadrons from the carriers are landing on the flight decks and among them are some of the light scouts from the cruisers and a few of the spotting planes from the battleships. A vertical beam of light from each carrier points high in the sky to aid the planes.

The setting sun is only discernible as a lighter tone on the blackened horizon. The short tropical twilight is lost at the end of a day which is already night.

But this will be no merciful fall of night for the enemy. Flotilla Three is assembling five miles in the rear of our battleships. There are many units missing but a hastily assembled squadron is added. They are sent off at twenty-five knots on a long flanking movement which will place them ten miles ahead of the enemy battleships by midnight. The wind will determine the direction from which they will make the night attack. They will have to come in with the wind if they are to avoid the blanket of smoke.

At 0130 Flotilla Three is ten miles ahead of the enemy ready for the attack.

But for the small blue light under the stern of each destroyer to guide the following ship not a light shows in the flotilla. At 0200 the flotilla is split up into divisions for the deployment and starts the attack from ahead. There is no sound except the pulsating and muffled roar of the fireroom blowers. There are no signals during the attack. Following at three hundred yards, each destroyer is hanging onto the tail of the ship ahead. They are steaming head-on or nearly head-on to the enemy formation. They see nothing which will tell them whether the enemy is in column or in line.

There will certainly be a cruiser screen ahead of the battleships which must be passed. Suddenly a bulking shadow looms up almost dead ahead of the center attack division. The leader veers sharply to the left to avoid collision. Searchlights suddenly open and land full on the trailing destroyer. The five-inch guns on the cruiser open up. A shell pierces the smoke pipe, but the division is now a thousands yards past the screen. The sound of gunfire is the signal for every cruiser in the screen to turn on its searchlights. The beams sweep around and land full on some of the incoming destroyers.

The center attack division is well in and past the screen. The

Continued at top of page 144

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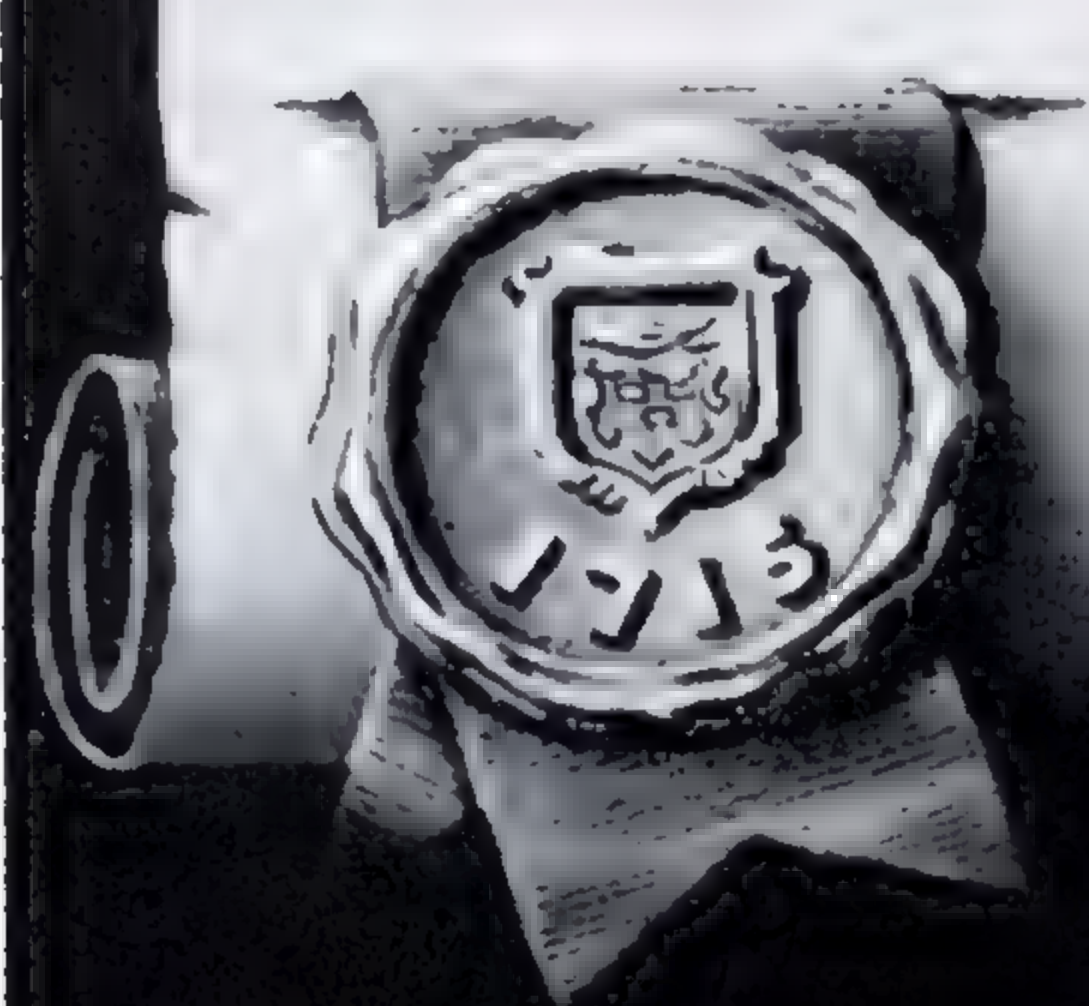
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84
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Commence Firing!

Continued from pages 79-143

leader makes out the blurry shadows of enemy battleships. He takes a quick bearing and taps out a torpedo firing course for the division. The tubes are quickly set. The torpedoes are launched from the leader which turns away for the escape. The battleship searchlights suddenly turn on. Five-inch guns drop shells all around them.

A terrific explosion shakes the air. Then a second and a third. In the distance the muffled explosions of torpedoes can be heard. The five-inch guns are barking. Star shells illuminate the sky for miles around as the burning torches drift slowly downward. Searchlights paint a montage over the ocean. But the destroyers are out and away.

In the morning the fast cruisers

commence the mopping-up operations. For days they will search hundreds of miles of ocean to cut off escaping units.

The crews of our battered ships shore up bulkheads and cut away the wreckage on deck with acetylene torches. Sinking ships transfer their men to other ships. Damaged ships limp shoreward at crawling speeds, their pumps working against the water seeping through crudely stopped holes in the side. On all ships the surgeons continue their all night work.

In the emergency cabin on the battered bridge of the flagship, the Commander in Chief commences his report to the Secretary of the Navy.

"Sir, I have the honor to report . . ." #

Six-Gun Jurisprudence

Continued from page 39

emergency in crowded banking houses. Yet I can give you the name of a man who has won a half-dozen medals for revolver shooting and who, as the treasurer of his concern, is compelled to carry large sums of money at night. YET HE WAS DENIED A PISTOL PERMIT!

There are two stock arguments against arming the honest man: (1) He is no match for the armed felon; (2) Guns are dangerous.

A comprehensive answer to both is, "Nuts!"

In Norwalk, Connecticut, Citizen William Clougher, hearing a noise at night, switched on the downstairs light and was greeted by a whistling shot from an intruder below. Clougher shot back once and the burglar dropped with a bullet through his heart, a .45 automatic in his hand, and two revolvers in his pockets.

In Chicago two armed men entered the home of Citizen Edward Wainwright, colored clergyman, and attempted to rob him and his wife. Jockeying around until he reached his desk, the minister whipped out a revolver and shot both men dead.

In Saginaw, Michigan, Fred LaBelle shot it out with three thugs who descended on his tavern, killing one and wounding another. In Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania, Arthur Walker stared into two guns at his gas station, opened the cash register as directed—and came out shooting. One bandit died.

In Seattle a 63-year-old grocer, Leander Benner, shot a stick-up man who had him covered. And in Denver, Harry McCracken, aged seventy-five, politely shot the gun out of the hand of a mug who strolled into a liquor store, and demanded the cash.

I could run off a hundred other cases like these because I happen to be interested enough in the subject to keep track of them. But what they all add up to is the simple fact that the honest man who can handle a gun is a damned sight better off armed than unarmed.

The argument that guns are unsafe has more to it, yet it is one of those half-truths which are so easy to accept. With all the millions of pistols, revolvers, rifles, shotguns and air rifles in the country, we still have only one-fifth as many accidental gun fatalities annually as we do automobile deaths. No one I know draws back in terror at the sight of an automobile. Yet I've had visitors (who have driver's licenses as shouldn't!) go pale when I take a pet revolver from a drawer.

You can say, of course, that there are some restrictions on the privilege of driving a car. But the fact remains that there are still sixteen states which don't yet give a driving test before granting an operator's license—and in some of them it is illegal to carry a revolver even if you can shoot in the 90's. Which doesn't make sense.

Naturally, two wrongs don't make a right, as my grandmother used to reiterate to the point of monotony, and I don't say they do. The automobile analogy is simply offered to show that safety per se is a hollow objection to guns: I'm afraid it is the tell-tale mark of an effete civilization.

The real answer to it is that last year, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, one hundred forty-five thousand boys and girls of high-school age were given firearms instruction on some one thousand ranges throughout the country. Not one of them suffered so much as a scratch!

As a matter of fact, this junior firearms instruction has been going on for twelve years. And not only has there been not even a minor accident on any range but, so far as is known, none of those pupils has yet been involved in a gun accident of any kind.

Yes, guns may be dangerous. But until they begin to cause half the misery we Americans suffer from polished floors and loose rugs, I'll continue to play with my pistols without qualms.

All of which leads back to the

Continued on page 146



“What do you wish to see him about?”



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Six-Gun Jurisprudence

Continued from pages 39-144

point that the chief arguments against guns are rather specious while the one argument for them, self-defense, is pretty obvious. And while we continue to tut-tut the proposition that every free man has a right to protect himself, the very element against which he needs the protection proceeds to arm itself. They buy firearms by mail or over the counter; they steal them in carload lots from armories and even police stations; they actually rent them by the day from underworld quarters, as witness the gun loan business uncovered in New York City, of all places, from which anybody disreputable enough could borrow a rod for ten dollars a day!

With the felon so easily and so well "heeled," confiscating an unarmed merchant's receipts or a wage earner's pay envelope is even easier than taking candy from a baby. But give the harried citizen an even break with his enemy and there's a different story to tell. Matt Gardner, a filling station attendant near Elyria, Ohio, has in four years captured twelve bandits, wounded six and killed one. Olaf Ohlson, Chicago druggist, has shot down five different hold-up men. James Bullamore, seventy-eight years old, of Somers, Wisconsin, has wounded six different burglars, all of whom were captured and are now in prison, and he killed a seventh.

"But," you say, "if the armed citizen is such a fine crime deterrent, why do such men have to go into action so often?"

Simply because not one citizen in a thousand is armed and thus able to offer the correct retort to the command, "Stick 'em up." Consequently, robbery is child's play and it is increasing in frequency simply because all criminals operate on the percentage-of-chance basis. The percentage of capture is fairly remote; the percentage of resistance is nil. So there you are.

To be sure, it has frequently been suggested that the penalty for any crime be arbitrarily doubled if the felony is committed while armed. That is a swell idea. But its inherent weakness is that it presumes the capture and conviction of the felon. Hence it does not fill the bill.

Every intelligent criminologist and penologist in the land will tell you that the certainty of quick punishment is a far greater deterrent than the remote possibility of severe punishment. And it is a little difficult to conceive of a quicker punishment for an attack than a .38 slug in the belly!

That may sound like brutal sadism to the squeamish, but I submit that I am not a sadist. I have never shot a living thing in my life and I have only the utmost scorn for our intrepid hunters whose idea of "sport" is to shoot down scurrying rabbits, frightened deer and defenseless ducks. Furthermore, I am an enthusiastic

supporter of an intelligent parole system, of humane penology, of the rehabilitation of the criminal. I subscribe, too, to the doctrine that adequate playgrounds will do more than artillery to reduce crime in the long run. Yet until these guys learn to play less roughly, I have to walk near the curb along the dark streets to my home, a gun on my hip and my ears alert, because the law of averages says that sooner or later from one of those shadows will spring two or three ruthless gents who have not yet been subjected to the mellowing influence of modern penology.

I have looked upon the distorted faces of three of their victims, spitting teeth and coughing blood. I visit, occasionally, the home of another writer some three blocks away, who is doomed to go through the rest of life as a mental incompetent from a blow on the skull dealt by one of these footpads in that year of civilization, 1938. And as a consequence I go to the pistol range once or twice a week!

My plaint, therefore, is not that of a citizen who has been denied the privilege of carrying a weapon; rather it is the protest of one who feels that that privilege should not be denied any citizen of standing in any community. In fact, I don't see how it can reasonably be denied in view of the wording of the second amendment to the Constitution which says specifically:

"A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed."

It is futile to quibble over the word "militia" when it is the "right of the people" that is being discussed. Yet on the strength of that quibble, perhaps, rests the bland disarmament of the American citizen by the very law makers who have discovered so recently what a sacred document our Constitution is!

Quite apart from the academic constitutionality, the expedience, the safety of having an armed citizenry walking our streets, I can't help going back to the California realtor and his terse comment to the press. "If more fathers," he said, "would learn to handle guns and then teach their children, there would be fewer holdups."

Amen to that, say I. For it strikes me as ludicrous that a one-time "nation of sharpshooters" should have deteriorated into a flock of bleating sheep, so defenseless that every ten minutes one of us is held up and robbed, and so impotent that the best we can do while our women are being assaulted on dark streets and our homes are burglarized at the rate of thirty an hour is write indignant letters to the papers demanding more policemen!

How our frontier forefathers must writhe in their graves! #

The Play Is Not the Thing

Continued from page 65

general. Five little birds could sit now on the wires. But what about the sixth? There was a short pause. They were all thinking.

The art director, who for the past few minutes had been staring at the bound copy of the script lying on the table, raised his head:

A splendid idea has just occurred to me. Here is Jim, the prime minister's nephew. I could make a wow of this part with Mitzi Smith in it!

In other words, another girl in pants!—said the stage manager. And already there was approval in his voice.

That's not what I mean—continued the art director. But this: Why should we have a prime minister's nephew? Let's have a prime minister's niece. I have just run through the text. It's a marvelous part, but you couldn't tell for a minute by reading it whether this Jim is a boy or a girl. We shall simply change the name to Millicent. That will solve it!

The two authors looked at each other.

You made this character, Joe—said the gag department. I don't

know anything at all about it.

To tell you the truth, I had thought of it as a boy—remarked the poetic collaborator. But I suppose it could be a woman just as well. Only I'm not willing to put any more work on it. I've had enough of it!

The prompter will fix it up—said the business manager, happy that at last there was harmony in the bosom of his theatre. And he rang for the office boy at once and gave instructions for the prompter. The assistant art director looked at his watch. It was ten past three. They all began to feel how hungry they had become during the battle. They took their hats and went down to the street. In front of the theatre they shook hands and then each went his own way toward his home.

All the six were family men. Each one of them had a faithful, loving wife for whom he bought fine hats and paid summer resort bills. But in addition, each one of them had a little supplementary hearth at which he warmed himself during the long hours while his wife was selecting hats. ##

Could Those Boys Write?

Continued from page 75

"pinched" by skillful transition through "precise" you get to "pedantic" which most people associate with a tone of voice, not with a type of face, so a bridge is made to the completely commonplace, but never stale, phrase, "low, quiet voice." This is highly professional writing, as artful as all get-out; and it represents the best case for the professional. You can analyze the sentence as I have done; but you can't deny that it does its job.)

14. "Polly was a slim girl of nineteen; she had light, soft hair and a small, full mouth. Her eyes, which were gray with a shade of green through them, had a habit of glancing upwards when she spoke with anyone, which made her look like a little perverse Madonna."

(Exercise: Try with "perverse little Madonna" instead. The author was born in an English-speaking country. Name it. Do you think the writers of that country are capable of writing bad English?)

15. "...in every case, it was the old man who supplied the final shekels necessary to the flight of genius... The overalled parent was willing. Mother wanted them safe at home. Was there not a phono-cabinet stocked with Caruso's records and jazz? Wasn't there a bookshelf?"

(Describe the antecedents of this writer; make shrewd guesses about his development from 1922, when this was written, to 1939.)

16. "No premonitory vision of Jessica flashed on Jimmy Selden's mind as he tore open Murray Swift's letter."

(Rewrite: Little did Jimmy Selden dream, as he tore open... Or, On a stormy afternoon a man, his face

masked by the lack of premonitory vision, might have been seen opening...)

17. "Art is a reaching out into the ugliness of the world for vagrant beauty and the imprisoning of it in a tangible dream. Criticism is the dream book."

(And who is the interpreter of the book?)

18. "Clear and resonant, possessed of a strange urge and a stranger repression, tone poured from Slovel Selzow's violin. For moments it was the sound of seraphim singing shrilly at the feet of God, for moments it was the passionata of abandoned souls."

(Guess whether this writer was destined to become a favorite of the Left Bank, Story, or Hollywood.)

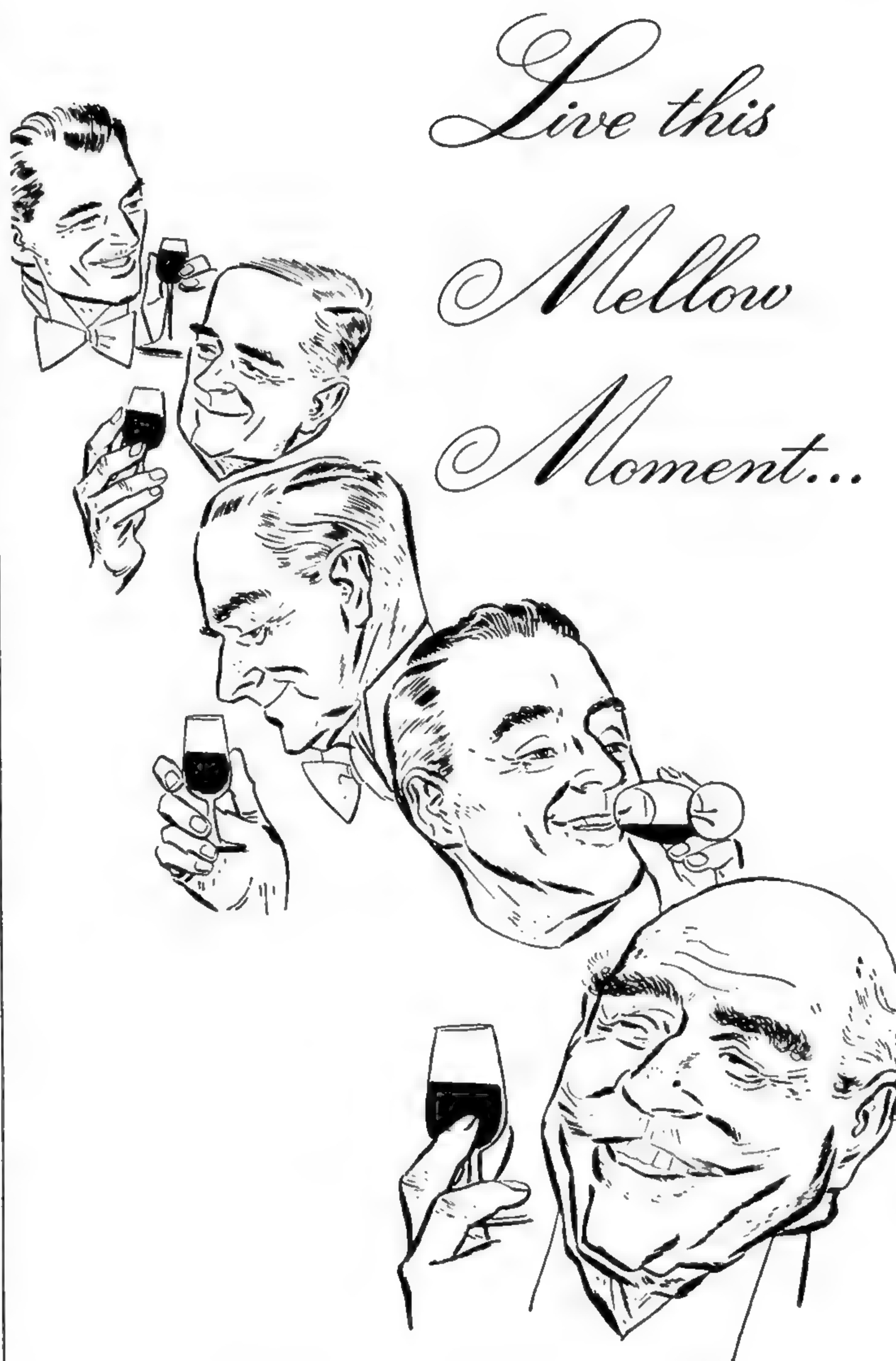
19. "Beyond San Cristobal the railroad does not go. Through that country of scorched and frozen desert, gigantic precipices and mountains that scrape the stars, a boulder-strewn trail too rough for vehicles follows the ancient Indian and llama track upward to the high plateau where looms the statue of Peace at the meeting place of the three republics."

(Apology: the author had just left college; one of C. T. Copeland's favorites, until he began to write about something important. Inserted here to encourage all undergraduates.)

20. "He chuckled at the recollection of how he had courted Grace right under Ernest's nose and he snorted out loud at Ernest's probable feelings when it became known that on this very day the lovely Gracie would be united in bonds of holy matrimony to the enterprising Mr. Stovich."

(Guess whether Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, or Sam Gold-

Continued at top of page 148



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Could Those Boys Write?

Continued from pages 75-147

wyn would like this writer most.)

21. "Jazz, for us, isn't a last feverish excitement, a spasm of energy before death. It is the normal development of our resources, the expected, and wonderful, arrival of America at a point of creative intensity."

(Comment: See author's name below. My God!)

Now, before setting down the authors' names, I'd like to say that all of them were younger when they wrote these passages than they are now. I mention this because the reader may think I've overlooked it. Also, some of them write good clear effective English, today; some do not. The total effect must be a profound encouragement to any young writer who looks at his own stuff and compares it with these bits. For,

surely, if good could come from such beginnings, no writer is hopeless.

But in heaven's name, what were we all thinking about when we admired this truck? Wasn't there anything better current?

I'm going to find out. Look for a further report on a different group of writers in the near future. If my strength holds out.

Now here are the answers:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. F. Scott Fitzgerald | 11. Maxwell Anderson |
| 2. Willard Huntington Wright | 12. John Macy |
| 3. Aldous Huxley | 13. W. Somerset Maugham |
| 4. Sinclair Lewis | 14. James Joyce |
| 5. Dorothy Parker | 15. Thomas Beer |
| 6. James Branch Cabell | 16. Floyd Dell |
| 7. Burton Rascoe | 17. George Jean Nathan |
| 8. Stephen Vincent Benet | 18. Ben Hecht |
| 9. Ludwig Lewisohn | 19. John Reed |
| 10. Waldo Frank | 20. Charles MacArthur |
| | 21. Myself # |

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

its conviction to the extreme, that a nation of morons would be infinitely more desirable than one given to an expansive demonstration of its amatory virility.

* * *

Protean Artists—Performers who jump behind screens every other minute, quickly change their makeup and costumes, and then emerge and do nothing further whatsoever except to take a bow, always impress me as the most futile of all the specimens of genus jambon. I can never resist comparing them to the letters laboriously written by small children who have been given paint boxes for Christmas and who elaborately and variously color the initial letter of each maundering and meaningless paragraph in the fond hope that grandma will be so impressed she will send them a present.

* * *

Women and Actresses—The average woman playgoer critically disesteems an actress in proportion to her sex appeal.

* * *

Further Comment Unnecessary—Mr. Rupert Hughes is one of Hollywood's leading movie scenario writers. At an Authors Club luncheon out there, the *Los Angeles Times* quotes him as having said: "The fact is, as every student of that literary era knows, that Shakespeare and half a dozen of his collaborators did almost precisely as Hollywood scenarists do now. Usually they began by stealing a story and then worked it out in conferences like our own story conferences."

* * *

Originality—The adjective "original" is one of the most misused and misapplied in the critical vocabulary. Reading of the fresh originality of this and that play, show or situation, I often have to reach for the smelling salts. In the last three seasons, for example, I noticed that the adjective was pleasingly and miscellaneously visited upon, among others:

1. Jacques Deval's *Tovarich*, which is an obvious liberal paraphrase of the English comedy of several seasons before, *The Man In Possession*, which, in turn, Deval had translated and adapted for the French stage.

2. *Hellzapoppin*, which follows the formula familiar to anyone who has seen the "Crazy Gang" shows at the Palladium in London, among them *These Foolish Things*. The Crazy Gang, in case you don't know, consists of the low comedians Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold. And the shows in which they figure, are much the same wild roughhouse as the Olsen and Johnson exhibit, with hell breaking loose all over the house, mad nonsense on the stage, and with the audience frequently gathered in as part of the nutty proceedings.

3. *The Greatest Show In the World*, which treated of animals as human beings and which not only harked all the way back to Aristophanes for its basic inspiration but which had such inspirational antecedents as the Capeks' *Insect Comedy*, Pixley and Luders' *Woodland*, Rostand's *Chantecler*, Avery Hopwood's *Dogs' Heaven*, William C. De Mille's *The Forest Ring*, Haynes Trebor's children's comedy, *The Amazing Adventures of Wiffles and Felisa*, Emma Gelders Sterne's children's fantasy, *The Reluctant Dragon*, Martha P. Munger's *The Tale of Cockalorum*, the marionette show *Peter and the Purple Pearl*, the various Peter Rabbit Sunday School plays, etc.

4. Noel Coward's one-acter *Fumed Oak* in the series *Tonight At 8:30*, which is identical in theme to W. S. Maugham's play, *The Breadwinner*.

5. The sketch called *The Rest Cure in The Streets of Paris*, which is built upon the same idea as Gertrude Jennings' old London curtain raiser similarly called *The Rest Cure*, once acted by, among others, Jack Buchanan.

6. *If I Were You*, by Paul Hervey



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Fox and Benn W. Levy, the idea of which was duly credited to a novel by Thorne Smith (also hailed as "very original") and which was familiar to New York theatregoers of twenty-five years ago in Avery Hopwood's translation of Wilhelm Von Scholtz's farce, *Borrowed Souls*.

7. *Family Portrait*, the fundamental concept of which figured in a short play written by Wilbur Daniel Steele years ago, the most favorably commented upon episode in which was a clear borrowing from Anatole France, and the modern treatment of whose materials was anticipated in John Drinkwater's *A Man's House*, produced at the Malvern Festival in 1934.

8. The scene in *The Little Foxes* wherein a woman assists in hastening a man's death by refraining from providing him with an imperatively needed medicine, which, if memory serves, also figured in the scheme of W. S. Maugham's play, *The Sacred Flame*.

9. The device in *George and Margaret* wherein the two most talked of characters are always about to appear but never do, which—in the instance of one character—has been made familiar by Jean-Jacques Bernard, and which was utilized long before in both *The Duchess of Elba* and its operetta derivative, *His Majesty's Levee*, to say nothing of in Louis N. Parker's *Queen Victoria*, Louis Verneuil's *Jealousy*, etc., etc.

10. The character of Bill Jones in *Lightnin'*, revived last season, which is practically the same character which amused past generations for years in the celebrated *Tennessee's Pardner*.

11. Clare Boothe's *The Women*, acclaimed as highly original in that its cast was made up entirely of females. Previous plays containing only women: Rodney Ackland's stage adaptation of Hugh Walpole's novel *The Old Ladies*, and called *Night In the House*, Cyril Campion's *Ladies In Waiting*, Alice Gerstenberg's *Glee Plays the Game* (it was this same Miss Gerstenberg who wrote the short play, *Overtones*, which anticipated Eugene O'Neill's dual personality device in *Days Without End*), Christa Winslowe's *Girls In Uniform*, Aimee and Philip Stuart's *Nine Till Six*, Harold Brighouse's *Smoke Screens*, Zona Gale's *The Clouds*, several short plays by Gertrude Jennings, among them *The Bride, I'm Sorry—It's Out!* and *Pearly Gates*, Walter Prichard Eaton's *Romance and Rummage*, Ellis Parker Butler's little comedy *The Revolt*, Elizabeth Brace's *Quite A Remarkable Person*, etc., etc.

Dramatized Best Sellers—Dramatized best sellers, it has long been maintained, make dubious theatrical properties. In the history of American publishing, twenty-one novels have reached a sale of more than a million copies. These are the best sellers de luxe. Of the twenty-one, ten have thus far been dramatized for the professional

stage. Of the ten dramatizations, eight were big successes, to wit, *Ben Hur*, *The Virginian*, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *David Harum*, *Trilby*, *Treasure Island*, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, and *Pollyanna*. The dramatizations of the remaining two, *The Sheik* and *The Girl of the Limberlost* were wretchedly produced, and were listed as failures. Yet even the producers of those two made money.

* * *

Albion Required Playgoing—Writes Critic James Agate in the *London Sunday Times*: "When Mr. Odets' *Golden Boy* was produced here, a well-known English novelist and playwright wrote to me protesting that this was a hokum play without integrity: 'Practically every scene is jazzed up, given more punch and excitement and noise than it should have, without reference to reality at all.'"

If the unidentified well-known correspondent of Mr. Agate's is correct in assuming that his criticism of the Odets play registers it as a hokum play without integrity, does not his criticism similarly and automatically stamp as hokum plays without integrity a number of the better works of Strindberg, Wedekind, Kaiser, Andrejeff, and Galdos?

* * *

Movie Actor As Critic—Mr. Charles Laughton, in a recent interview, after allowing that "an actor is the worst critic of his own work, but he may be the best critic of his job," proceeded to a eulogy of his movie director, one McCarey. Said Laughton: "I worked with McCarey years ago and saw what a brilliant director he was.

"The time will come when he will be recognized by everybody. You know, it took people fifteen years to see that Chaplin was a genius. It will probably take them years to see that McCarey is a great comic mind!"

Pausing a moment in awe of the great man, Laughton then continued:

"You saw his film *The Awful Truth*? A brilliant film! You remember the scene where the husband calls to see his wife at the musician's house and tries to force his way in. The Japanese butler throws him in the fireplace and says, 'I do ju-jitsu.' Well, the audience laughs; that is the ordinary gag. But McCarey builds up on that. The husband gets up and throws the Japanese butler in the fireplace and says, 'I do ju-jitsu too.' That is where McCarey is so clever and great; he makes the ordinary gag original."

Without in the least wishing to diminish Mr. Laughton's enthusiasm for Mr. McCarey's great and original genius—as who gives a damn the one way or the other?—I nevertheless must inform him that that self-same built-up gag was used thirty-six years ago in the burlesque-house skit, *On The Yukon*, featuring that best of all old burlesque low-comedy trios, Watson, Bickel and Wrothe. #



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San Francisco

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Lester Lewis is a very unusual fellow. He's the individual that put teeth into the old bromide about "the exception proving the rule." The rule in this case is—you can't get something for nothing. For Mr. Lewis has gathered something like a million dollars worth of entertainment for his Tuesday night, NBC program. "If I Had a Chance" without a single penny being laid on the line.

The program presents four celebrities each week from varied fields who uncover their suppressed desires and the unfulfilled ambitions they'd like to gratify if they "had a chance." Mr. Lewis' job is rounding up the celebrities, and as his show is unsponsored, his stars must appear gratis. Considering this and the general attitude of big names towards "something for nothing," his success is little short of sensational. He's had Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek, Admiral Byrd and Bruce Barton, movie directors, politicians, explorers et al. He overlooks no walk of life that comprises outstanding and successful members whose microphone script might interest or amuse the dialing public.

Lewis or his brother, who writes the script and is the program's master of ceremonies, usually interview their charges in a fairly haphazard manner on the Saturday preceding the broadcast, which leaves very little time for working out script problems and results in a more or less frantic atmosphere about the whole thing. Samuel Leibowitz, famous attorney, was caught on the run from his private office to court room, Kay Kyser waylaid on the back stairway of a night club and Ham Fisher was interviewed during a workout at Stillman's Gym.

Tense moments seem to be the rule, not the exception, on "If I Had a Chance." The narrowest escape Mr. Lewis has had yet was on the night Bruce Barton was scheduled. 10:15 rolled around and no Mr. Barton. When his section of the dialogue came up, he strolled in the door, affable and apologetic, took over and carried on nobly. It seems he had "just stepped into a movie" and quietly and completely forgotten the evening's broadcast.

But all has not been cakes and ale for Mr. Lewis. Groucho Marx summed up all Lewis' troubles when he was asked what his secret ambition was. "Mr. Lewis," he promptly answered, "my secret ambition is to make money."

THE WILD WEST IS WHAT IT USED TO BE

The Wild West is just about as wild as it ever was, except for the fact that cowboys don't tote six-guns any more, according to Kenneth Perkins, grandson of a forty-niner, resident of the Southwest for almost a quarter of a century and author of more than twenty adventure novels set in that locality.

"I get sick and tired of hearing people weep about the fact that the West has been tamed," says Perkins, who writes the realistic radio serial entitled "Sheriff Bob." "The region is too vast and rugged to be conquered and the men and women who live there still engage in a continual battle with nature and rub elbows with adventure at every turn.

"Today, of course, fine automobile roads criss-cross the Southwest, airplanes zoom between its thriving cities and the radio brings entertainment and culture into every ranch house. But off the main roads life goes on as it has since the end of the Indian and range wars. Sheep wagons look much the same as they did at the turn of the century, roundups are as colorful as ever, horses and burros provide the only means of transportation, cattle rustlers still cause trouble for hardworking sheriffs, while bad men and card sharps abound in the boom of the oil and mining regions."

And then there is the question of dialects.

"Westerners don't talk through their noses and never have since I can remember, despite the exaggerated dialects so often heard in movie thrillers," he says. "Of course some of them murder the King's English on occasion and use colorful phraseology, but if one checks carefully he will find that such words and expressions as 'I swan,' 'critter,' 'varmint,' 'that's what's kettling me,' 'cluttered up,' etc. are really old English phrases which America's pioneers brought with them from Europe around 1700. The Texans are about the only exception to this rule. They have their own distinctive dialect which can never be mistaken."

Perkins intends to carry his theories into action in "Sheriff Bob" as he has done so successfully in his books and magazine stories. There is still plenty of action and adventure, yard-wide heroes and coldhearted villains around, he claims. How about a week-end in Dead Man's Gulch, partner?

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The ARney (shown)—Here's something really new and different in sportswear—an ACTION-FIT* Coat of soft, warm, all-wool, camel colored Polo Cloth with sleeves, belt and pocket flaps of tan capeskin leather. You'll like the longer length, the English-style, button-through pocket flaps, the smart saddle-stitched collar, and convenient Talon fastener breast pocket. Ray on lined; arrowhead darts in back. Whether you're striding through the woods, casting a fly, blasting a clay bird or standing by watching the other fellow, here's the coat for you! Sold only as illustrated. \$12.50.

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The ARista (Right)—The all-purpose favorite of active, outdoor fellows. You'll like the ACTION-FIT* comfort of the belted sport back, the adjustable side and cuff straps. You'll like the luxurious feel of the sleek rayon lining—the Talon fastener front—the convenience of the roomy slant pockets and Talon fastener cigarette pocket. In fine capeskin, choice of colors 1, 2 (illustrated), 3, 4, and 6; or soft suede, color 8—\$10.50. In long-wearing, lightweight, Satintan horsehide, colors 1, 2, 3, or 5—\$11.95.

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The ARlen (Left)—It's like having two coats, when you own this smartly styled, reversible, ACTION-FIT* jacket! One side is smooth, pliable capeskin—the other sturdy, water-repellent gabardine. With belted sport back, two slant lower pockets and one Talon fastener breast pocket, the leather side is right for active sports and campus wear. The gabardine side has two English-type flap pockets and arrowhead darts in back for that form-fitting effect. Adjustable leather straps on both sides; one Talon fastener that works from either side. Leather in colors 1 (illustrated), or 2. Gabardine in tan only—\$12.50.



The ARagon (Left)—You'll want to live in this handsomely tailored Albert Richard Coat—it has everything in good looks and ACTION-FIT* comfort! There's up-to-the-minute style in its three-button front, three-piece belt, padded shoulders, leather buttons and sport back; luxurious ease in the full-ray on lining; convenience in the big flap pockets and Talon breast pocket. The ARagon comes in fine, soft suede—choice of colors 7 (illustrated), and 8; or smooth capeskin, colors 1, 2, and 3—\$15.00. In long-wearing, lightweight Satintan horsehide—colors 1, 2, or 5—\$15.95. In imported goatskin, color 1 only—\$20.00.

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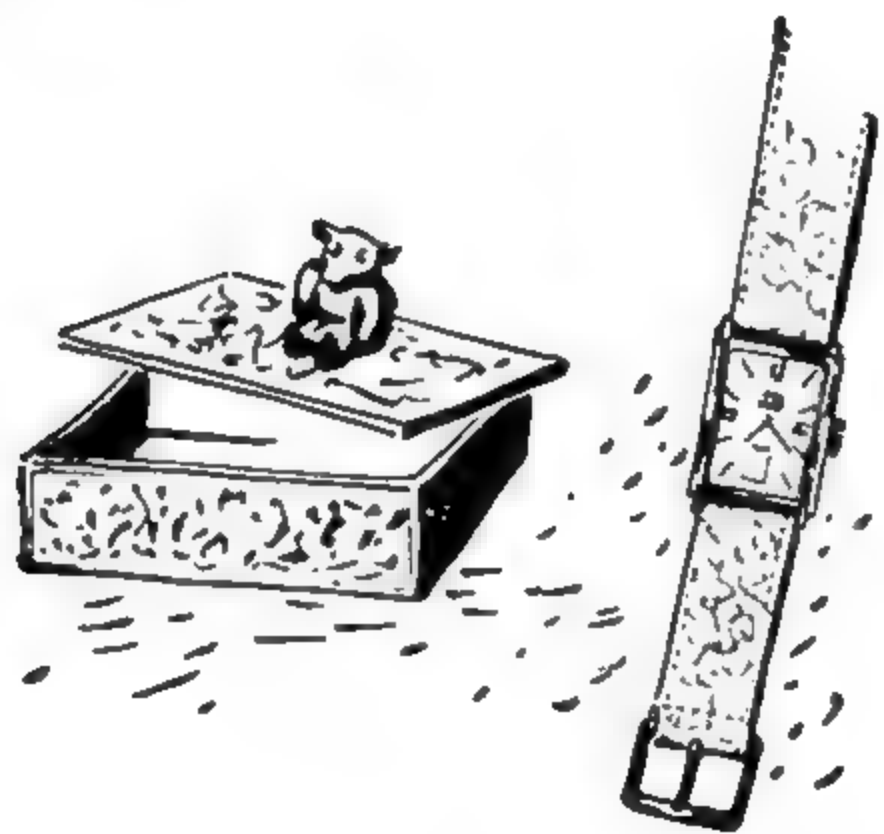


HERE is a dress-up outfit with dignity and restraint, but without stiffness or affectation. The number of board meetings and pow-wow conferences you attend may be kept down to a strict minimum, yet for special luncheon or dinner engagements, or any occasion that calls for a degree of town formality, this is the ticket. Black is out-distancing navy blue as the favorite for town wear, and well it may, as testified by this black unfinished worsted suit with medium spaced white pencil stripe. The omission of the waistcoat, an unnecessary appurtenance with the double breasted jacket, is both fashionable and common-sensical. The long, rolling line of the lapel to the lower button adds height, discloses more of the shirt and tie, and generally achieves a casual effect, as do the side vents and turn-back cuffs, details directly traceable to the sports influence. Sleeves are full and tapering in width; plenty of white shirt cuff is exposed, giving that well-groomed appearance which some men seem to achieve naturally, some never. Trousers are narrow and break over the instep. Shoes are black quarter brogues with perforated toe cap, in narrow English last with high walled round toe. The shirt is white broadcloth with high starched collar and the long, narrow bar shape tie is of hand woven silk in grey geometric pattern. The only spot of color is the clove red carnation. The detail drawing shows the shirt with narrow white satin stripes, separate starched collar with widespread opening and bar shape tie in simple pattern.



(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



GIFT JOTTINGS ROUND-UP

The newest in watches—has an automatic calendar set in the dial—every day the new date pops up in red—comes in gold and stainless steel, has recently been put on display in the Swiss Pavilion at the Fair . . . time secretary with Florentine leather cover, eight day clock—for getting the executive there on time . . . sterling silver pepper mill—something the bride won't get fifteen of . . . unusual, attractive Samara cigarette box with one of the famous Hjorth stone bears on the lid . . . pigskin photo traveling clock—has a compartment on each side of the clock for small snapshot of those you left behind . . . ceramics—excellently colored royal Copenhagen kingfishers, a small dachshund chasing his tail, a large dog sadly pondering the affairs of dogdom . . . St. Christopher medallion for automobiles—round, enamel St. C., on sterling silver, gilt finish plate, is hinged locket-fashion with place for photograph—"drive carefully, think of me" is engraved below photo—"Chips that pass in the night"—poker chip set in book form, covered with brown, Florentine leather—400 chips, 2 decks of cards . . . metal, 2 compartment cigarette box with finely executed map of the U. S. on the cover—shows principal cities . . . handsome salad bowl cut out of one piece of Porto Rican mahogany—stained and finished outside with band of natural color wood—swell for ye week-end hostess . . . a set of brightly colored ping-pong paddles—you might miss the ball but never the paddles . . . English crockery musical jug—plays "John Peel" when lifted.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

Man is, clockwise speaking, a wondrously ingenious creature. Having set watches on cigarette boxes, handbags, rings, cigarette lighters, etc., not to be baffled, he has embedded one in a suede scarf to be worn about the feminine neck, ascot fashion. Idle speculation leads us to wonder who will be the first to set the ubiquitous watch in a pair of earrings, in the toe of a slipper, or a bath-tub faucet. Interested manufacturers—write Ranger for use of above bright ideas.

MORSEL OF THE MONTH

Reuben's, the all-night restaurant that transformed a sandwich into a meal, has a new one for gourmets of an inquisitive nature. It's sherried chicken, and very good it is. The chicken started out as a Jersey Giant, was quietly murdered (by the Dodgers, maybe) and smoked under a very high temperature in apple wood for 48 hours. Before smoking, the fowl is soaked in salt, sugar and water solution, then processed with sherry and spices. Tastes something like smoked turkey but is milder and punctuated with the flavor of good sherry.



IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

There's no doubt about it, feet are definitely neglected. Not only do they have to hit the hard sidewalks all day, but New York and San Francisco have joined hands to make the night hideous for feet as well. But a deep breath, please—all's well. Someone's contrived a foot soother that, it's said, silences your dogs' bark. It's a concentrated compound of sea moss which contains vegetable iodine, beneficial to the skin, that is volatilized when thrown in a hot water bath. Also contains astringent salts for soothing, and pine and menthol for cooling. Its all-over purpose is to relax and refresh. Viva la tootsie.



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Ranger



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FOR field trials and bird shooting during the fall season. *Figure at left:* Norfolk model cotton windproof shooting jacket with large shell pockets and detachable inside game pockets, authentic Tyrolean hat, flannel shirt in Glen pattern, red wool tie, trousers of tan waterproof cotton with horsehide reinforcements in front of the legs, high waterproof boots with moccasin front. *Figure at right:* Checked Harris tweed jacket with knickerbreeches to match, flannel shirt and sweater worn under the jacket, blue silk scarf with white spots, tweed shooting helmet, heavy wool hose, ankle high blucher brogues, leather anklets. *From top to bottom:* Boarded calfskin carry-all, tweed shooting helmet, leather anklets, sportsman's boot with moccasin front, double-barreled twelve gauge shotgun with leather case.

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Eleven Boys Play Football

Continued from page 77

desk. There's also John Weibel who was a teammate of Layden.

They're all looking over Layden's shoulder as he concerns himself with the problems of youngsters who are very much alive. Regardless of the depth of your own cynicism you feel that the quiet, ministerial-acting Layden so conducts Notre Dame's football that it could be considered a lustrous memorial to the four departed members of the corps and to the historic Knute Rockne. Other than that, the atmosphere of Layden's office indicates no grave concern with the score in the world beyond, but an earnest, all-pervading interest in the affairs of youngsters now on this footstool.

You won't be inclined to rate character building as a light assignment when you're exploring the actions and conscience of a fellow like this Layden. The term, character building, as a football coach's job, fell into the classification of flippancies because of an unfortunate interpretation made of its use by Knute Rockne, master builder of Notre Dame's football tradition. Rock had a national reputation as a witty luncheon and after-dinner speaker. Following one especially unsuccessful season, so far as victories were concerned, Rock used to tell those whose digestive processes were operating as he spoke, that he had made the most of the season by character building. The remark always got a laugh. The more Rock tried to explain that he was on the level, the louder and longer would his hearers guffaw.

The reference spread into newspapers as a clever and entertaining alibi as made by a man who never made alibis.

The worshippers of football final scores can laugh, or not, at Layden, but character building is his job primarily. It does seem, from the record, that the character-building element of Notre Dame football has had some expert, unprejudiced, and favorable appraisal by educators unaffiliated with the Church of Our Lady. There are 33 of Notre Dame football fame now coaching at state universities and other non-sectarian schools, or at sectarian schools of faiths other than Roman Catholic.

Among this list of notables are Harry Stuhldreher at Wisconsin, Mal Elward at Purdue, Dr. Eddie Anderson at Iowa, Frank Thomas at Alabama, Jimmy Phelan at Washington, Harry Mehre at Mississippi, Rex Enright at South Carolina, Charles Bachman at Michigan State, Raymond Brancheau at New Mexico State, Jack Meagher at Alabama Polytechnic, Adam Walsh at Bowdoin, Robert E. (Pete) Vaughan at Wabash, E. E. (Rip) Miller, assistant coach at the U. S. Naval Academy, Tom Keneally, assistant at Rutgers and Frank Carideo, assistant at Mississippi State. What the religious leagues of these gridiron mentors are, respectively, no one

would know without polling each individual. The point is that these former luminaries of the Notre Dame teams have been chosen because they know how to get the most good out of football for the youngsters who have been delivered to their care.

Catholic universities other than Notre Dame naturally have drawn heavily from Notre Dame's graduate star list for football coaching talent. Notre Dame's former gridiron glamor boys who now occupy coaching positions at Catholic schools include the entire coaching staff at Notre Dame from Layden and his top sergeants, Joe Boland, Chet Grant, Joe Benda, William Cerney, Clarence Kline down through the roster of assistant freshman coaches; and such other notables as Charles (Gus) Dorais at the University of Detroit, Jimmy Crowley at Fordham, Joe Sheeketski at Holy Cross, Arthur Bergman at Catholic University of America, Maurice (Clipper) Smith at Villanova, Edward (Slip) Madigan at St. Mary's, Lawrence J. (Buck) Shaw at Santa Clara, Larry Mullins at Loyola, New Orleans, Hugh DeVore at Providence, Marchmont Schwartz at Creighton, Tim Moynihan at George Washington University, and Marty Brill at LaSalle Institute, Philadelphia.

Latest available data shows that of the foremost university and college football teams, 51 are employing the Warner System and 41 the Notre Dame System or a variation of it. On this count one couldn't hand a preferential edge to the young fellow who goes out from Notre Dame to get a football coaching job. The Notre Dame System as a coaches' prime recommendation has the defect of not being one that many high school kids can get to any pronounced degree of proficiency. Its required rhythm and precision take training and maturity beyond the usual high school degrees.

Therefore, strictly because of mastery of the somewhat abstruse technicalities of a coaching system, the Notre Dame grads don't get a head start on coaching jobs. Furthermore they are not picked as teachers' pets by that vast majority of faculty members at sectarian or non-sectarian schools who have a holy horror of football overemphasis. The Notre Dame kid, several years before he might find himself a candidate for a coaching job, bumps into a realization that ability to open a hole in a line, tackle, or handle a football alone will not suffice to give him a chance to display his talents before huge and delirious crowds. There are no athletic scholarships at Notre Dame. A scholastic average of 77 or higher is required to graduate. The average of the football squad is approximately 83½; which is 2½ points higher than the average of the general student body. Looking over the scholastic standings of Notre Dame's foot-

Continued on page 156

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Eleven Boys Play Football

Continued from pages 77-155

ball stars of recent years, you'll find that Charles Jaskwich, 1930-32 quarterback, had an average for his entire scholastic career of 86.7; John Lautar, 1936 captain, 87.25; Francis (Mike) Layden, 1935 quarterback, 87.35; Ed Simonich, 1938 fullback, 87.54; Ennio Arboit, 1937 right halfback, 90.37; Len Skoglund, 1937 left end, 93.68; Steve Miller, 1936 fullback, 87.35; and Joe Ruetz, 1937 left guard, 86.23.

In investigating just how far football is made a religion at Notre Dame, or to what extent the Catholic religion is an integral part of the school's football, one can't locate any specific evidence. Comparatively few of the former Notre Dame football players have become clergymen. The late Father John Farley, long-time rector of Sorin Hall at the school, was captain of Notre Dame's 1900 football team, the third year in which the game was played there. Father Hugh O'Donnell, vice-president of Notre Dame, was center of the 1916 football team. Very few others of the school's football teams have entered Orders. Even fewer have gone from Notre Dame's football teams into professional football. Wayne Millner is virtually the lone standout of Notre Dame's playing contributions to the professional gridirons.

Consequently, it doesn't seem that the kids at Notre Dame or at any other sectarian school (using Notre Dame as the most conspicuous sectarian school in football) share the feeling of the synthetic alumni that football is a holy mission.

The kids are in it for fun, then for whatever wholesome gratification they may get out of being recognized as good at their jobs. From the time they step out as freshman candidates, Layden reminds them that they are beginning from scratch as football possibilities. There are some kids who think Layden's just talking. These youngsters who have been stars in prep school football or whose parents have given them an excess of privileges, get calmly and quickly acquainted with certain democratic fundamentals.

There is none of the spotlighted bawling out of the kids in the Notre Dame system. But there is a speedy and unmistakable application of discipline, usually represented by curtailment of some privileges dear to the heart of the gridiron hopeful. Layden's policy, and that which governs the other coaching products of the Notre Dame system, is based on the idea that the youngsters must be taught mental, as well as physical balance. He considers that many boys are permitted such wide latitude in these days of free choice of scholastic subjects they are inclined to be lax about their thinking. They may fall easily in the habit of mistaking liberty for license. Therefore they must develop a genuine acknowledgment of dis-

cipline on the Notre Dame squad, or they don't last.

They have all the liberty in gridiron action that any energetic youth could desire, just so they observe the rules of the game. That is why Layden sincerely believes "No Notre Dame quarterback makes a mistake." The kid's effort may not turn out to be successful but at least he exercised the liberty of decision and action entrusted to him.

The boys are expected to win, if they can by alert, competent, football, but if they get into a game that reveals the other team as out of condition or over-matched, Layden regards an overwhelming victory as humiliating to him as to the coach of the vanquished team. It's a regrettable "no contest" in his book. You will note that during the Layden regime at Notre Dame there has been a steadily increasing severity of schedules, notwithstanding the constant efforts of less highly regarded teams to book early season games with Elmer's lads in the hope of scoring upsets. An upset of a Notre Dame team will immediately bring the victorious team into national prominence.

When Notre Dame wins, millions cheer. When it loses, the same millions mourn. Layden can not let himself become publicly excited about the outcome. Last year when Southern California cut off a season's string of triumphs for Notre Dame, he recorded the season as an unqualified success for the team because of the action of his kids after their defeat by Southern California.

After that game, the boys broke training. They were a disconsolate lot as Layden went into the dressing room with them. As lusty kids go, they might have broken training into small, blazing bits scattered over the landscape. He turned the lads loose after saying: "Boys, you've had a grand season. You won three games you might have lost, and you lost one you might have won. Now go out and enjoy yourselves, and don't get into trouble."

Hollywood marveled that the Notre Dame kids didn't turn the village upside down, or commit hara-kiri. The boys saw the nocturnal sights in the manner of well-behaved college seniors getting together at a dance. You couldn't tell whether their team had won or lost, to what churches the boys went, or the financial ratings of their fathers. All you could tell about them was that they had been the beneficiaries of some system of boy training that showed splendid results.

Layden's football troubles for the season were over. The most disturbing trouble had been one that the public never knows; that sincerely serious job of selecting the 33 youngsters of the squads that go out of town for games. The boys who were graduating next spring had been educated to the

conviction that football owed them nothing more. They'd had sport, interesting and pleasant associations, and travel. They had been mentally, emotionally and physically tested by going against the unknown—not schoolmates of other squads, but against kids who were just as eager and just as competent as they were. They had been buoyed by cheers and bands and victories. They had been outsmarted, mauled and defeated.

They were ready to finish school and go to work—if they could get jobs. They'd had a sporting sample of the ups and downs ahead of them.

Maybe they'd seen, with the eyes of their souls, the Twelfth

Man on the field with them. Maybe they'd seen Him with the other team. But this is a strictly personal matter with each boy, and they do no talking about it. Not even the crowds of yesteryear who saw Center College's famous Praying Colonels spring from prayer to follow the kick-off ever were able to count more than 11 on the Center team. So in the absence of definite testimony, those football enthusiasts whose violent partisanship burdens kids with the responsibility of a crusade, should snap out of it and remember that eleven boys are on a football team for the fun of it, not for the power and the glory forever. #

Life of a Pullman Porter

Continued from page 45

and Indians. "We don't get no tips till the end of the run," Daddy Joe always said. It's a piece of revealing folklore because it always has the porter bending every energy, even risking his life to save his passengers. That's the tradition. And it also has the worldly-wise payoff at the end, the part about tips.

There is no written record of Daddy Joe. This isn't strange if only for the fact that in 1871, when Chicago burned, the early records of the Pullman Palace Car Company were burned too. Today no one knows who the first Pullman porter was. Not even the year he appeared is certain, although it was probably 1867.

Seventy years later the colored porter of the Pullman has acquired a well earned reputation for courtesy, efficiency and honesty. He is the best-trained public servant on earth. His standing among his own people has steadily grown; today he occupies a place with or close to that of the colored teachers, doctors, lawyers and top businessmen. He sends his children to high school, quite often to college. He lives in the best parts of Negro communities. His credit rating at white department stores is high. His income isn't to be sneezed at, even among white folks.

Early this summer 7,525 Pullman porters were on active Regular List duty. There were also 609 Pullman attendants, which are those men in charge of buffet and club cars, and 48 Pullman maids. These jobs are hard to get. An applicant is thoroughly investigated. Few porters are fired. Most are retired by age after from 20 to 40 years of service. Most new openings are made when ambitious porters leave to go to college or into business for themselves, which a surprising number do.

When the past five-year record of an applicant is found satisfactory, he is given six days of intensive training in bedmaking and other Pullman arts in a side-tracked car in the yards. Finally comes a student run with a veteran porter to help and instruct. The greenhorn may need another week in the yards. If so he gets it, then another student run. By now, if he is going to make the grade,

he is ready to make a run alone.

He will likely get a light run—a line where Pullman traffic is commonly, even notoriously slim. He may retain this run for six months, a year, even longer. It depends on various things and not wholly on his ability. In common with accepted practices on railroads, porters have the same rights of seniority as members of the Big Four rail unions. Given certain circumstances, including a longer service record, a senior may "bump" a junior who is on a run the "older" man wants.

Most travelers are firm in the belief that Pullman porters are paid almost nothing in wages. For many years the rates of pay were very low indeed. Thirty years ago they got \$20 a month. In 1937 the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the Pullman Company agreed to a wage scale, still in effect, that will be news to many.

Minimum wages of porters are \$89.50 a month. Maximum is \$114, for men with more than 15 years of service, but if a porter with 15 years behind him is also running-in-charge—that is, has no Pullman conductor on the train—he gets \$127.50 in wages. The basic work month contains 240 hours. For the first ten years the porter must buy his own uniforms; after that the company pays for them. He buys the polish he uses on passengers' shoes. For meals porters usually carry at least one lunch put up at home, eating this when they can with coffee from the diner. On long runs they eat at odd times in the dining car, paying approximately one-half the regular tariff.

Buffet and club cars carry a higher wage scale than sleepers. Here the scale starts at \$102, instead of \$89.50, as in a sleeper, and rises to a top \$114. Pullman maids are paid from \$87 to \$97.50 a month.

What a Pullman porter receives in tips is pretty much a matter between God and himself, and half the time the porter doesn't know what it is. Otherwise truthful men will lie with a clear conscience about tips. It isn't hard to understand why. A ten-year-service man who by his good work has made a certain run worth an

Continued on page 158

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Life of a Pullman Porter

Continued from pages 45-157

average of \$100 a month in tips, isn't likely to be bragging about it. He is more likely to appear discouraged about the whole business, to swear that his tips never amount to more than \$40. He doesn't want some 11-year-service man bumping him off his well-titled run.

Works the other way, too. Given a run which proves poor in tips, an up-and-coming porter tries to do something about it. Coming into a porters' dormitory fresh from his run, he'll reach deep into his pocket and come up with a great handful of silver—quarters, halves and silver dollars—and let the boys feast their eyes. Then he will brag to heaven that he makes eight runs a month and that the take is never less than twelve dollars a run. It's his bunco game to get rid of a lousy run, to tempt some senior porter to bump him. The gag seldom works unless played for a long time by a consummate actor.

Thus it is patently impossible to say what an *average* porter's tips amount to in a year. It is known, however, that in many parts of the South tips run to no more than a measly \$15 a month. There are certain overnight runs in New England worth no more than \$45 a month in summer, \$35 in winter. Another run into Upper Michigan is no better. In former days the Nickel Plate had such a poor reputation for tips that porters tell how they requested to be put on the Extra List, rather than run Regular on the Plate.

At the other end of the line is the unquestioned \$200 or better averaged monthly in tips by the star veterans on the Twentieth Century, the Broadway Limited, the Santa Fe Chief, and two or three other extra-fare trains. These are the 24-carat runs, held for many years by the same men. Twenty years on the Century and the Broadway Limited is not unusual for a porter.

Most porters seem to have a certain standard of tips in mind. They say that for an overnight run, they expect a quarter from the occupant of a lower or an upper berth, and one dollar from the occupants of a compartment or drawing room. These tips are considered about right if no extra or unusual service has been given or demanded.

Porters have different and strongly held opinions about tippers, but they seem in agreement on certain things. Here they are:

They can usually gauge a man's tip before they get it. Of woman travelers they can tell nothing at all until the tip is in hand; the ladies are highly erratic tippers; on the whole they tip better than men, and often give tips that are all out of proportion to the service rendered. All foreigners are poor tippers, the English worst of all. New England natives haven't a very high reputation for tips, al-

though regular travelers on the New Haven are reported to be consistent tippers and the amount adds up well in a year. Prosperous showfolk are excellent tippers and they demand more service than anyone else. George M. Cohan is a legendary tipper. So is Jack Dempsey. A widely known musician is considered the world's worst tipper, with a certain old-line Senator running a close second. The late Cal Coolidge always tipped fifteen cents.

More than one porter has been remembered in the will of some widely traveled man. When Diamond Jim Brady died he left \$2500 to his favorite porter. A wealthy Chicagoan left \$3000 to a porter for the purpose of putting his son through medical college. Quite recently a group of Hollywood folk chipped in to buy their favorite Pullman maid a colossal automobile.

Pet aversions of porters include the guy who goes to bed smoking a cigarette; the loud-mouthed male who wants to sit up in the washroom, talking, until 2 a.m.; the fellow—"whitewasher"—who spreads a coat of lather over the men's wash basins and leaves it there; the old woman, of either sex, who rings the bell every hour of the day and night, to say that the car is too cold or too hot or too drafty, in spite of the fact that today's Pullmans are for the most part air-conditioned and are kept at steady temperatures by thermostatic control. And there's the fellow who whistles, as for a dog, to get the porter's attention.

Incidentally, porters do not think highly of the pseudo-sophisticated male traveler who addresses them as "George," once thought very smart and deriving from the late George M. Pullman who built the first successful sleeping car. They much prefer to be known simply as "porter." The Society for the Prevention of Calling Pullman Porters George, founded several years ago by George M. Dulany (white) of Chicago, has done a good deal toward the elimination of "George" as a generic term. Today, porters figure that only congenital hicks apply it to them.

A porter's life is no life of ease. It calls for a rugged constitution. Hours are irregular. Wakefulness and sleep come in batches. Meals are usually eaten on the run. Making down a berth is no child's play. There is much baggage to handle. And when all the passengers have gone, the porter has much work still to do. He works under a rigid discipline.

Yet the porter has an interesting life, not to say a colorful, even a romantic one. Young colored boys and many older ones look at the porter as tops in everything desirable in the Negro world. He is the most traveled of his race. He knows the ways of the world. He is a knight of the road. In time, if he has the ability as well as

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the ambition, he leaves the sleeping car for better things. If he stays on, his children are likely to have better things, anyway.

In riding a Pullman car for twenty years or more, a number of things can happen to a porter and his charges. Porters have assisted at births and deaths, even marriages. They have been in holdups and wrecks. Some become heroes. There was Oscar J. Daniels, the only porter for whom a Pullman car was named.

On June 16, 1925, Porter Daniels was in charge of the *Sirocco*, a sleeper then on an Eastern line. When the train was derailed by a washout, the *Sirocco* fell parallel with and close to the engine. The door nearest the locomotive was blown open and a cloud of scalding steam billowed into the Pullman. Passengers screamed. Some fell. Porter Daniels ran through the hot vapor and slammed the door shut. Then he fell unconscious. He died from burns, but his passengers were saved.

A porter on the Union Pacific had a hand in the taking of Roy Gardiner, the noted desperado. All porters keep an eye out for professional gamblers. If one of them has reason to believe that a passenger is in for a fleecing, the porter hands him a small special card which warns him about gambling with strangers.

Small adventures are common. They always just happen and are never expected. There is more of the quality of certainty about finding things, valuable things, left behind by passengers. It's a fact that passengers will and do leave almost everything behind in Pullman cars. To give an idea: when the Santa Fe Chief pulled into the Dearborn Street station, Chicago, one day recently, porters discovered the following goods left behind: one expensive coat, lady's; one new and costly cowhide bag, man's; four powder compacts, two rather fine; one small diamond ring, two pairs of cufflinks, one quart near full of bonded rye—and fourteen copies of *Variety* which didn't count.

Lost & Found goods are turned over to the nearest Pullman office. The Company prides itself on finding owners. Early this spring a porter discovered a platinum watch, set with diamonds, in the ladies' room of his car. Through its markings, plus a lot of hard work and the assistance of the jeweler who made it, the watch was returned three weeks later to its owner.

One day in 1923 Porter J. T. McArthur, on an Ohio run, discovered enough stuff in his car to jolt him out of his usual self-control. Going through his sleeper at the end of the run, he found: 1 pearl necklace, 1 diamond necklace, 1 bar pin with 14 diamonds, 1 set earrings, green, with pearls, 1 set pearl and gold cufflinks, 1 wrist watch, platinum, 3 platinum rings. The stuff was valued later at \$75,000. Porter McArthur thought sure he had stumbled onto a batch of goods so "hot" that the thieves

did not dare leave the train with it. Scooped up in a bag and taken to the Pullman office at high speed, they were retrieved next day by the rightful owner who, of course, was a woman. She had simply forgotten them.

One June day in 1929 Porter Pierson found a chamois bag in a drawing room. It held \$400,000 worth of jewelry, said to have been the largest find ever made in a Pullman. The owner, a woman, was located. Said she thought she had left them in her stateroom on a boat from Europe. She gave Pierson a \$100 reward.

The list of sizable finds is endless. Every day in the week, it has been estimated from records, passengers leave articles to the total value of some \$5,000. Every effort is made to locate the owners. Unclaimed goods are held two years by the Pullman Company, then returned to the finders. Immediate dismissal follows discovery that a porter has not reported an article found.

Thus porters never lack for topics for thought and conversation. Most of the talk takes place in the Pullman dormitories that are maintained by the company at all large terminals. Here in the barracks, between runs, porters discuss the ups and downs and exciting moments of life aboard a sleeping car. These talkfests are known in the trade as the Baker Heater League, so-called from the now obsolete type of heating apparatus once used in Pullmans. You will hear reference to a *boxcar*, which isn't a boxcar at all but is the porters' name for an all-room car. You'll hear about a *buggy* which refers to an observation car; to a *tin can*, which is the unlovely name applied to a buffet car; and to a *battleship*, which is the old-line 16-section sleeper.

And, of course there will be talk about who has been "bumped" by whom, who has been put "on the blocks" (laid off for cause) and who found what. Like mariners they know cars by their names and have favorites—perhaps the *General Sherman*, the *Great Plains*, or the *Silver Brook*. There will be talk of "lucky" cars and "jinx" cars, or big tips and big finds. Not long ago they had a rare bit of comedy to talk about.

Seems that late one night Porter Jones, running on the Pennsylvania, collected all the shoes in his car and took them into the next car, with Porter James, where both might talk while they shined through the lonely morning hours. This was strictly against rules. Anyway, the two porters had a good visit and did a right fine job of shining. When Porter Jones, loaded with shoes, started to return to his own car, it wasn't there. Sudden orders had caused that car to be cut out and held for a second section of the same train.

It was pretty embarrassing for Porter Jones, to say nothing of his shoeless passengers. The dark boys in the dormitories still talk about it. ##

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The Gravy Run

Continued from page 59

and say, "This is for the carriage to take you down town, Lord Plushbottom."

The women got to know him, too. They'd smile and say, "Good morning." They didn't joke like the men, but they seemed glad to see him every morning. The people and the jokes never changed. There was something reassuring about the complete absence of any variation in the faces or the dialogues.

He was wearing his glasses now, at least out on the run. Just before he got to the terminal he slipped them into the case. He didn't want the younger men to think he couldn't see as well as any of them. The younger men treated him differently, he noticed, more like they'd treated Doc Harmon. They kidded him about being a devil with the ladies. He'd just laugh and wink. The fellows would grin and slap his back, almost gently.

"What'd I tell you?" Mr. Skiff said one afternoon just as Mason was leaving. "Isn't that Brookland run nice? I knew you'd like it."

Mason said it was very nice. Mr. Skiff put his arm around Mason's shoulder and walked with him to the front door.

"We're awful proud of your record here, Mason, awful proud. Any time we can do anything for you, just let us know. We're always glad to help out. Just tickled to death to do anything we can."

Mason thanked him and said everything was going along all right. In a way everything was all right. The Brookland run wasn't as tiring as the Walnut. The hours were good, no broken shifts. The men all treated him with an affectionate respect, no matter how much they joked about his running around with women and drinking. That was just their way of showing they liked him.

Mrs. Mason was the first to notice the change. He no longer wanted to go to the movies, said they strained his eyes. Then he began to be irritable about little things, not mean, just sulky, "like a child," Mrs. Mason told the woman next door. One night he offered to mash the potatoes for her and she told him to go on and finish reading the paper, she didn't mind doing the potatoes. He got the notion she thought he was too old to mash them and all evening he sat by the radio not saying a word to her. She woke up in the middle of the night and thought she heard him crying, but she couldn't tell for sure.

One morning Mr. Kincaid got on the car and said he didn't know what the world was coming to when people had the nerve to charge ten cents for a little ride hardly more than around the block. "What do you expect for your money?" Mason asked sharply. Mr. Kincaid hurriedly dropped a token in the box. He didn't stomp to the back of the car. He looked puzzled and hurt

as he walked down the aisle.

The men began to notice, too. Four or five of them were sitting on the bench in front of the terminal one afternoon when he came in off his run. "Looks like Mason's been on a bat again," one of the men said. "Sure has," another said. They waited for him to chuckle, but he pretended not to hear. The men looked at him queerly, then began to talk baseball.

The sour phase passed almost as abruptly as it came. He began to go to the movies again, wanted to go almost every night. He went back to the old jokes with his regular passengers, almost desperately, and days when one of them neglected to play his part in the routine exchange were upsetting. The men at the terminal welcomed the change. One of them said one afternoon when several of the young men were loafing together, "I hear you had something, Mason." He grinned and said, "Sure, but the doc says I'm immune now." The men roared and they all sat around and laughed and joked for nearly an hour until Mr. Skiff came out and asked if all their reports were in order.

Mrs. Mason wasn't taken in by the new jocular phase. There was a desperation in his joviality, disturbing to her. He wasn't well, and he refused to go to a doctor. "They're all quacks," he said. She discovered one night, when she couldn't sleep, that he had used almost all her sleeping tablets, and he had always warned her against them. "They're dope," he used to say. She had never known him to take one before. He never talked of the day's run any more, either, just said, "Nothing happened," and let it go at that. At first he had little stories about the funny things people asked, like did the Forty-first and Brookland car go down Brookland Boulevard. If she asked about the run, he answered curtly and changed the subject. He didn't even bring home any anecdotes about Mr. Skiff, who had kept them in dinner table conversation for nearly fifteen years.

One or two of the men sensed the same thing, but said nothing about it because they had no words to describe their feelings. They saw how he laughed and carried on as long as there was a crowd around, but they watched more closely than the others and discovered that when he thought he was alone, all the expression left his face, the brown-tipped mustache drooped around the corners of his mouth and the eyes were heavily sad.

"He acts like he's just gotta laugh or go nuts," one of the operators told his wife. She nodded and said, "He's a nice old fellow."

Mr. Skiff was giving one of the men hell for being six minutes late on his morning run. While they were standing in the doorway of Mr. Skiff's office, Mason walked by to drop his reports in the box. The two men smiled and said,

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For all winter sports, for driving, for winter outdoors, the Storm King is your warm and worthy companion.

The Storm King is available in black with a buff wool inner glove, in brown with a canary inset or in gray with maroon. \$3.00.

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"Hello." Mason's head was down and he hadn't seen them, but when he heard the greeting, his face grew bright and expectant, as though he were waiting for them to make some joke to which they expected him to respond. When neither of them said anything, Mason nodded smilingly at them, left his reports and moved on toward the front door.

"Wonderful old character," Mr. Skiff said, "really remarkable."

"Yeah," the operator said.

"He's pretty lucky way things are," Mr. Skiff said. "A lotta men his age would give their right arm for a steady job, just riding out there and gettin' paid for it. Not a care in the world. No wonder he's kidding around all the time."

Mr. Skiff went in his office to answer his phone. The operator turned away toward the empty benches out front. Mason came out, spoke cheerfully and shuffled down the street. The operator no-

ticed how stooped he seemed, and all in the last few weeks. Mason carried his coat over his left shoulder, holding the collar with his left hand, his lunch box in his right hand, his thermos bottle under his right arm. His stride was no longer firm, his legs seemed to tremble.

Four or five of the operators were loafing in front of the restaurant at the corner. Mason seemed strikingly small beside them. Mason stopped and one of them clapped him on the back, another made out he was shadow boxing with him. They all waved when Mason started down the street again. He turned around and shook his lunchbox at them. The men spread out, shoulder to shoulder across the pavement, walking toward the terminal, laughing, trying to trip each other, their young, horseplaying strength blotting out the now tiny figure just turning south on Elm Street. #

Germany Never Had a Chance

Continued from page 53

and the German populace back home. At the beginning of the war it was not generally known that the "Fourth Reich," a gigantic underground movement completely anti-Hitler and anti-Nazi in its aims, was ready to swallow Germany at the instant that Hitler-Germany suffered any major defeat.

As soon as the first shooting started in Poland, England, of course, had to do something. (To do something was the last thing she wanted!) She waited; meanwhile France, frantic and furious with Mussolini and the Italians menacing Africa, launched an attack upon the Italian border; England then promptly blockaded the North Sea. The English, far from being cowed by the black clouds of German airplanes over London, declared war; ten minutes later London was actually bombed, but a dead city was bombed; London had moved out to the country. Likewise, five minutes after war had been declared, London had been camouflaged beyond recognition. The bombing was ineffective.

The Mussulman countries, already deeply antagonized by Mussolini's seizure of Albania, remained pro-English despite major injuries inflicted upon the English and French Fleets early in the conflict. But the Arabs were a source of constant concern to the Allied War Departments. At one moment, six months after the beginning of the great conflict, it seemed inevitable that the Arabs would decide against the Allies. The Arabs knew that the English Navy was "everything"; if it "went bad" British "Might" was, to a large degree, finished. Germany, of course, was bent upon showing the Arabs just this.

When England first went into the war she had inadequate air fleets. Most of her planes were being made in the U. S. A. . . .

Germany at first had a practically clean sweep right up to the

Carpathians. Russia before the war, was stopped by the Carpathians. . . .

Germany, as we indicated before, immediately secured Danzig and Roumania. Mussolini immediately secured part of Yugo-Slavia so that, within forty-eight hours, they were ready for their "Drive to the East." The Allies simultaneously attempted first to peaceably separate Italy from Germany; this failing, France immediately started to do so by force. England, from the very beginning, put up a terrific hullabaloo and made the French think that they were going to do something, so the French went ahead. (Wisely!) Then, of course, there was nothing for England to do but to follow.

England, however, surprised everyone by raising overnight a fine large and totally efficient army. This army, with the courageous French, was instrumental in early separating the Italians from the Germans.

The Germans drove on. The Ukraine, anxious to rid itself of Soviet rule, was happy to throw in its lot with Germany—temporarily at least. Meanwhile, as before indicated, the Germans, having started the war in a weakened economic condition, attempted to settle down and consolidate the new territories, the Roumania railroads, the Bulgarian railroads, etc. The Soviets, hard struck, drew in and also consolidated. Guerrilla warfare, bombing air raids, and the like, became the order of the day in Russia. Much sabotage by the Roumanians and Poles occurred against the occupying Germans.

Many Russians in the Russia of that day were totally and utterly against Joe Stalin. They welcomed the war and its many Soviet defeats. They had long ago started boring from within; revolution always seemed imminent. During one panic in one week alone 300,000 persons were machine-gunned near the outskirts of Mos-

Continued at top of page 162

A NEW
GLOVE COMFORT
SIDEWALL
TRI-DIMENSION



Contour
Thumb

Side wall

The moment you slip your hand into a *Sidewall you'll feel and enjoy a new glove comfort. Sidewall presents a third dimension — depth in addition to length and width.

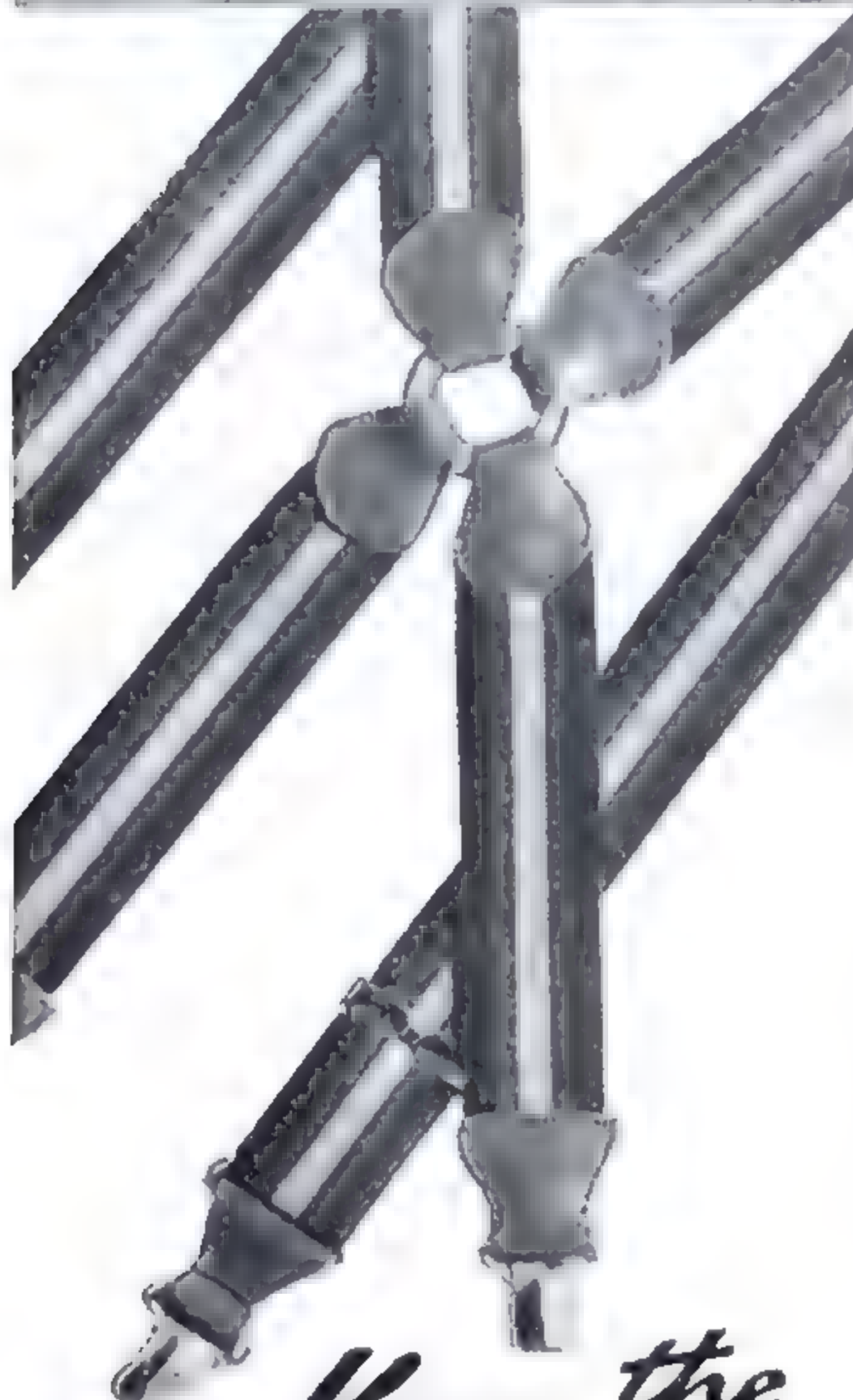
Your hands slip into Sidewall without effort or resistance. The side walls permit complete freedom of finger movement without binding or restraint, and the Contour Thumb holds the glove firmly in place.

The Sidewall is expertly crafted of choice imported skins. At good stores everywhere \$3.50 to \$6.

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JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

WILSON
BROTHERS
CHICAGO



KNO the RADIAL ACTION SUSPENSERS

(Reg. Pending)

Bending... stretching... reaching... Radial Action will give you comfort all-ways. The pure gum rubber ring responds to every shoulder action in every direction.

\$1.00 UP



KNO the EXPANSO *

The Belt with the BUCKLE that BREATHES

Men in every walk of life... in every occupation... find that EXPANSO'S tiny hidden springs give them the waistline comfort they have always wanted.

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McMullen Co., 475 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
*U. S. Pat. No. 2137796

Germany Never Had a Chance

Continued from pages 53-161

cow. Thus during the second year of the war things looked black indeed—at least for the Allies. Meanwhile Germany, with plenty of oil, wheat, and supplies, seemed (outwardly at least) ready to go on forever. Her submarines and their two large bases in middle Atlantic wrought unceasing havoc against Allied Fleets and Allied shipping. The German Baltic Fleet sank the Russian Fleet.

Monetary troubles increased. The French franc broke first of all, and the currency of most other countries followed. The situation became desperate. Famine raged. During the winter of 1941 a terrible new disease broke out which killed as many persons as the combined guns, gas, and planes of all the warring countries. "Civilization" seemed at its lowest ebb in history. The fighting lines tightened, the most important part of the war turned to the North, in Russia. The Finns, the Latvians, the Swedes, all of them hating Russia, combined on one great front stretching from Finland to Poland and East Prussia. But here they were encountered by a new Russian "Siegfried Line," the new secret fortifications of the Russians. For remember, a whole year before the war, the Russians had cleaned out every foreigner from this northern region, and here was their surprise—the Russian "Line" of concrete fortifications. They held.

Meanwhile there was ever the danger of possible revolution back in Moscow, and in central Russia. Southern Russia had fallen. Japan

was advancing, pinching, and consolidating the Eastern Soviet.

Thus 1942!

And then, slowly, the German people came to realize that this war would not go on for several more years—but forever. The English, constantly bombed upon their own holy island, would never give up now. The Empire was at stake. One thing became increasingly apparent—*Germany could never win a decisive enough victory!*

The French, terrible and insane fighters, never lost a great battle. Ways were found to halt the Eastern Drive to Russia and to infiltrate French troops and the excellent English armies so that the German victories in the East could never—forever—remain victories.

Germany, in spite of every victory, was checkmated.

When this was realized at home, it did not take long for the Fourth Reich to overthrow the Third Reich; Germany, as in the War of 1914-18, fell from within rather than from without. The pressure was gigantic from without, perhaps, but never was there a decisive victory of the Allies.

Germany went into the war with untold millions of Germans at home hating Hitler, hating him with the terrible efficiency of a tremendous underground movement—a movement so thorough, so well-organized, that the magnitude of its existence was not realized until after the final "War to End Wars" was over!

Only then was it realized that *Germany never had a chance to win the War of 1939-43.* ‡

Memos in a Television Agency

Continued from page 70

Maltysweet conscious. Although he is only three and a half, he never, I notice spills a drop, and that is making a big hit with mothers who can point him out to their offspring as the perfect example of good table manners.

Lucille Darrow as the kid's mother also does a good job of preparing the stuff in the kitchen, and her speed certainly gets across the idea that Maltysweet only takes an instant to prepare. Above all, let me congratulate you on your stunt of dressing the kid in an Indian suit one week, a ball suit the next, sailor suit, etc. Already one of the biggest children's costume outfits in the country is interested in our working up a program for them. If it comes across, I'll see that you get to do the commercial besides having a finger in the straight script.

ATTENTION: MR. LYONS: If, as I am given to understand, you were in charge of the props for the closing plug in the Beaujours Beauty Soap hour, you can consider your employment with us terminated. I do not need to remind you that your carelessness has caused television an even greater headache than the Mae West and Orson Welles incidents afforded radio, and that station

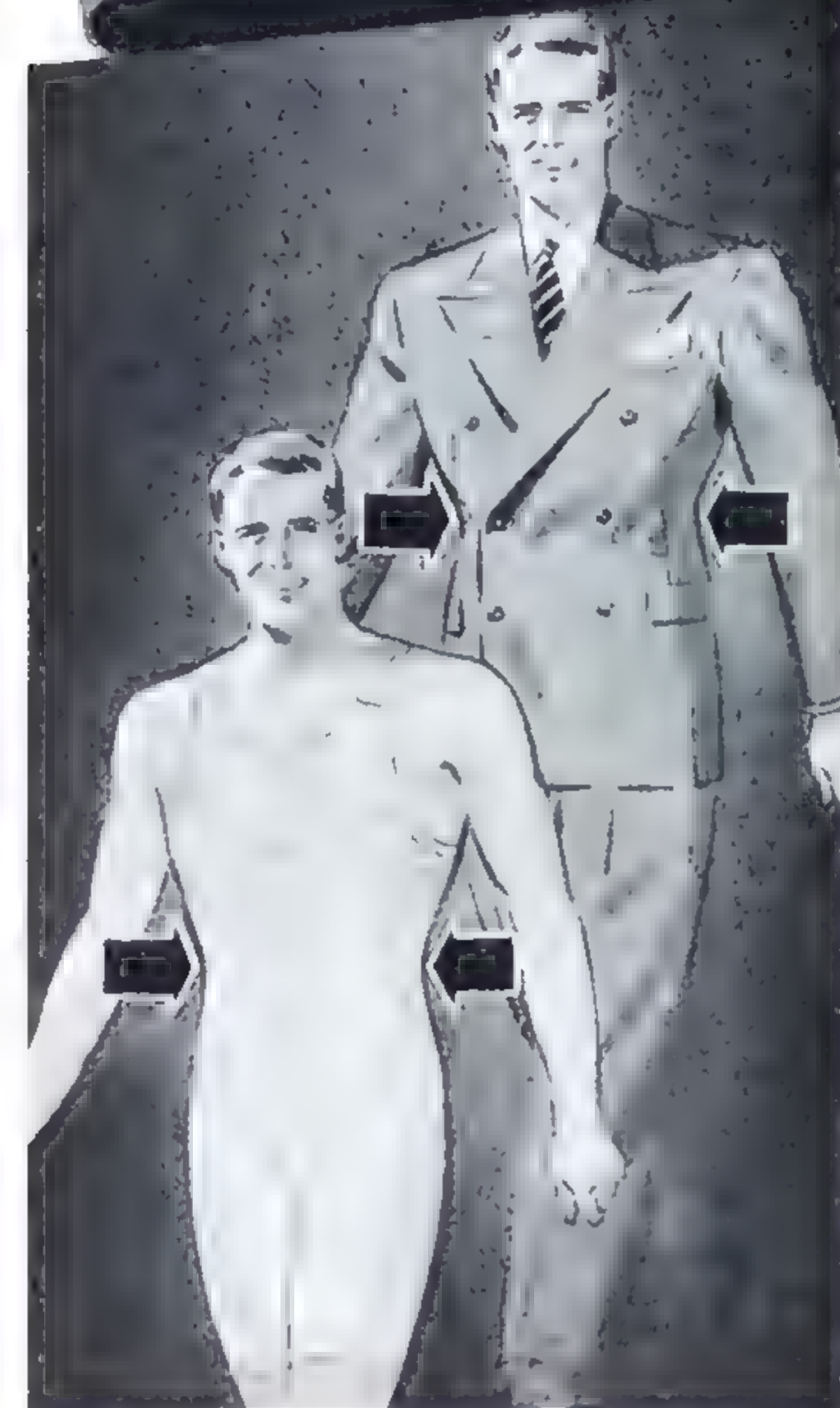
TBVA, from which this telecast emanated, is practically certain to have its license terminated.

The plug was my own pet idea, and before you botched it, it was, I feel myself justified in stating, one of the most successful as well as artistic ones in television, giving offense to nobody, and selling Beaujours Beauty Soap like hotcakes. Miss LaMaire, modestly hidden behind a shower curtain, only her pretty face visible to the camera, presented a fetching appearance, and was a living endorsement of the health and vigor-imparting qualities of the client's product. How it was possible for you to secure the curtains so carelessly that they came down right in the middle of the commercial is simply beyond me. And why you didn't at least take the precaution to have her clad in a bathing suit against the possibility of such a disaster is even more difficult for me to understand. So far we have had to add a dozen stenographers to our staff to send out form replies to the indignant letters we have received. As I write this there have been fourteen thousand, seven hundred and thirty-two of these, including three that were written by men. ‡

Streamline the Waistline-

... TO KEEP SMART
APPEARANCE OF GOOD
CLOTHES say stylists of
leading New York cus-
tom tailors

Stadler & Stadler, famous New York tailors, write, "We recommend the Lewis inner-Suit as we believe, in addition to comfort, that it helps eliminate waistline bulkiness and insure a trim waistline effect."



Banish Waistline Bulkiness

of Two-Piece Underwear

NEW ZEPHYR-LIGHT inner-SUIT
WEIGHS ONLY 4 to 5 OZ.—SHAPED
AT THIGH SO IT CAN'T RIDE UP

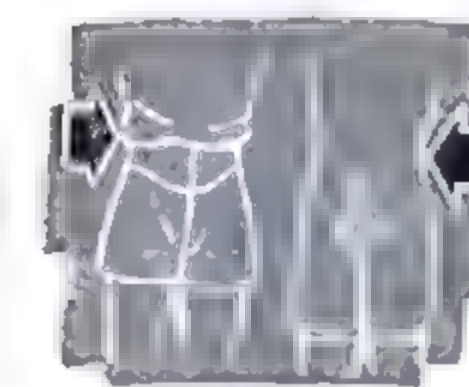
AN amazing new type inner suit, designed for sports comfort, is now so enthusiastically hailed by tailors that thousands wear it daily.

Called the Lewis Golf inner-Suit, it is knit of Mercerized Lisle—"gives" four ways with body movement—springs back without bunching.

Porous, it speeds evaporation and also "insulates" against both heat and cold. Summer and winter weights. Also in new type downy-soft wool-mix or half and half wool and silk.

We make all styles of underwear, but recommend this for comfort, appearance.

If your retailer can't supply you, send \$2.50 to Lewis Knitting Co., Janesville, Wis.



Shirt, plus waistband, elastic or tie knots, buttons or snaps bulk up with 2-piece underwear. The Lewis Golf inner-Suit won't fold, can't bunch.

The LEWIS Golf inner-Suit



"Say, lady, I think you better carry me down"

Scene at the game . . .



IF THERE is such a thing as a football picnic—and why not?—this is presumably it. We assume, and we invite you to join us in the assumption, that there are at least two females somewhere offstage. But all this idle speculation gets us nowhere. Let's stick to the facts. Both men are dressed in a manner calculated to make them *personae gratae* (it's a long time since we last cracked a Latin grammar, and this may prove it) at football games and other spectator sports events, as well as for travel and informal occasions in town. The man at the left wears a roomy Shetland tweed coat in the new military style with half belt in back. Note the graduated spacing of the buttons. A Lovat color cheviot suit with overplaid, rough finish Tyrolean hat with white cord band, Fair Isle pattern wool muffer, knitted fawn color gloves with leather palms and brown Norwegian model shoes complete the outfit. The other man wears an ulster coat with large overplaid and star checked Saxony suit. His hat is a low crown semi-sports type, and other accessories are the wing tip brogue shoes, heavy pigskin gloves and yellow muffer.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



HEAR, HEAR! ORIGINAL AUDUBON PLATES

A well known New York sporting goods store is understandably patting itself on the back these days over their recent acquisition of a complete and original set of Audubon plates, 435 in number. These rare plates, all hand-colored, represent more than a thousand life size figures of Audubon's famous American birds. They have been taken from their bindings and classified, and individual plates are priced from \$15.00 to \$900.00.

The production of "The Birds of America" occupied Audubon for more than thirty very active years during which time the naturalist supported himself by subscriptions, supplemented by painting and teaching. The tremendous study and energy which he devoted to the completion of his task is almost beyond comprehension. For his drawings were not only accurately detailed studies of each bird, but carried as well the dramatic settings in which they lived.

Upon completing his precise drawings in 1826, Audubon took ship to England and exhibited them at the Royal Institution. Through the success of this venture was conceived the idea of publishing this series. Audubon then made his fortunate connection with the master craftsman, Robert Havell, who undertook the gigantic task of engraving, printing and hand-coloring the plates.

The quality of work performed by Havell is attested by the remarkable brilliance and perfection which each plate retains today, over a century later. Eleven years, 1827-1838, were required to produce the full set of completed plates while Audubon divided his time between supervision of the presswork in England and further studies in America. The Audubon pictures are today a vivid evidence of the naturalist's deep understanding of his subjects, their life and their most typical surroundings.

STRAYED OR STOLEN FROM THE LIQUOR DEPT.

Even a teetotaler might get a kick out of a tantalus set which

replaces the usual scotch and rye with a masculine cologne and after-shave lotion. Perfect in execution of glass bottles and chromium rack, this is not to be left in the living room where guests can get at it. Following the same liquor lines is a set of the well-known pinch bottles, containing after-shave lotion and hair tonic.



HORSEMEN, ATTENTION

Here's the latest twist in the boot department—an efficient inexpensive boot-tree that operates simply and is shaped for easy packing. Its design makes for almost complete lack of contact with the boot, permitting full ventilation of the boot after use. Fits any boot, the swivel design of the crosshead taking care of any variance in the height of the boot straps.

HAPPY COMBINATION

Having observed many a young woman effect a great improvement on her nose at the expense of a goodly sprinkling of powder down the front of her dress, on her gloves and handbag, we often wondered vaguely why something wasn't done about it. Apparently something has been. At a neighboring table the other night we noticed a gal with a bright red morocco vanity case who, after the refinishing job, tilted the compact and proceeded to give herself a general going over with a small brush which was set in the side of the compact. Feminine wiles, my boy.

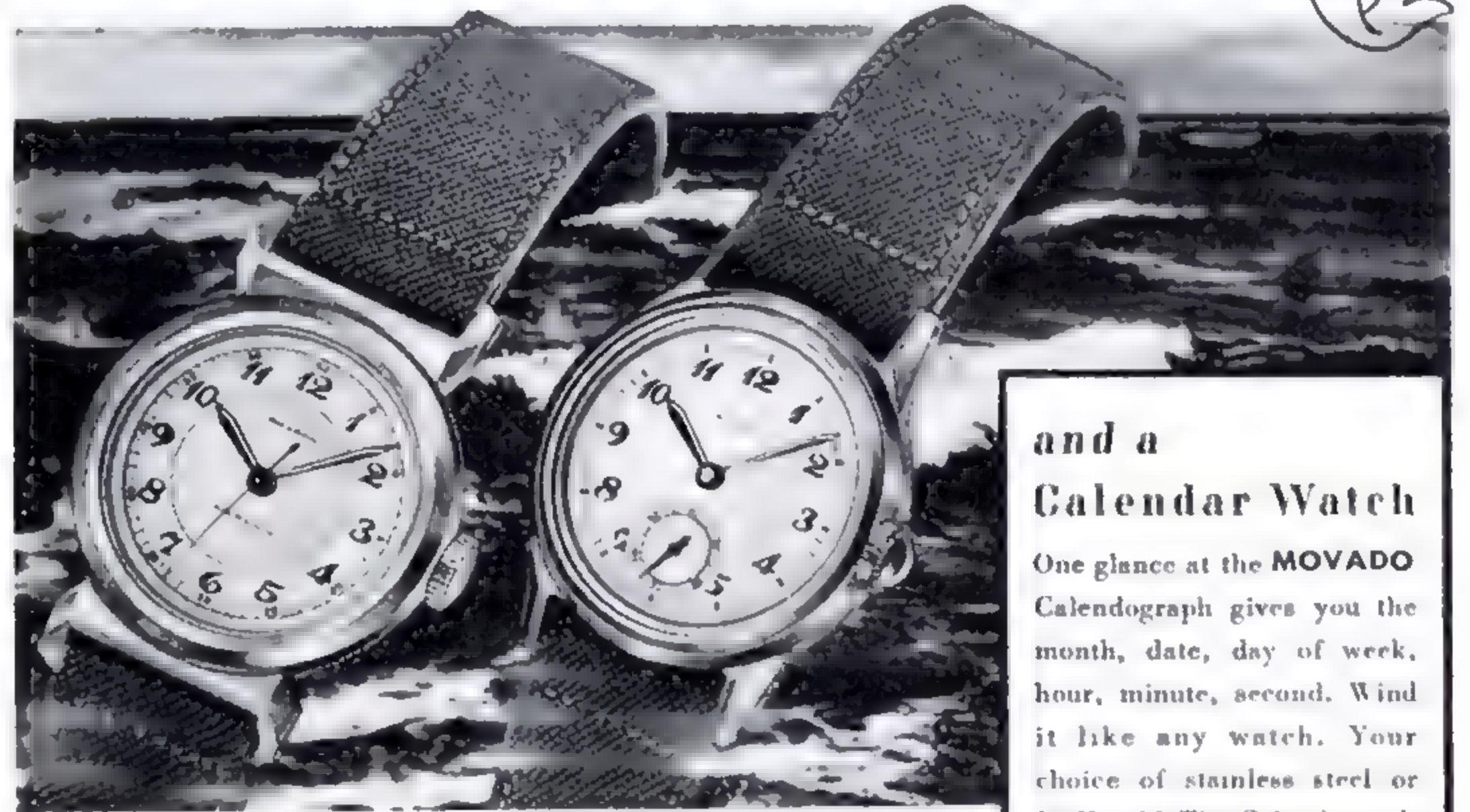
FACIAL IN THE BAG

Latest achievement in the stream-lining field is the facial condensed into a capsule—is quietly placed in the handbag in anticipation of a large evening. If the lady does a disappearing act and then turns up new and shiny, you can be pretty sure she's taken time out for one of these quick but complete facials. Not just a cleansing cream we're told, but a real substitute for a face massage.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

T Two Water-Babies



and a Calendar Watch

One glance at the MOVADO Calendograph gives you the month, date, day of week, hour, minute, second. Wind it like any watch. Your choice of stainless steel or 14-K gold. The Calendograph is moderately priced.

● Famed favorites of men and women devoted to active sports, active professions, are these two MOVADO waterproof watches—thoroughbreds both, with the sturdy, exquisitely perfect movements you expect of MOVADO, and ingeniously effective pre-tested waterproofing. Dust-proof, too—absolutely airtight. With unbreakable crystal, waterproof strap. 15 jewels. Available in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, 14-K gold. At prices agreeably moderate.

● MOVADO Acvatic may be bought in Standard or Junior size, with regular or sweep second hand.

● MOVADO De Luxe Acvatic has the new MOVADO Wafer-thin movement—strong, dependable, full-size.



MOVADO Watches

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SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
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Pre-eminent

...BUT NOT PRETENTIOUS



Truly, neither season nor sun ever set on the wearing of the Burberry Topcoat and Overcoat...so definitely the preferred choice among men of standing in 69 countries of the world.

Burberry over-apparel may be worn to salon or stadium with equal distinction, the while providing a lightweight warmth which protects from chill and damp with equal facility.

The new importations may now be seen at accredited agencies.



BURBERRYS

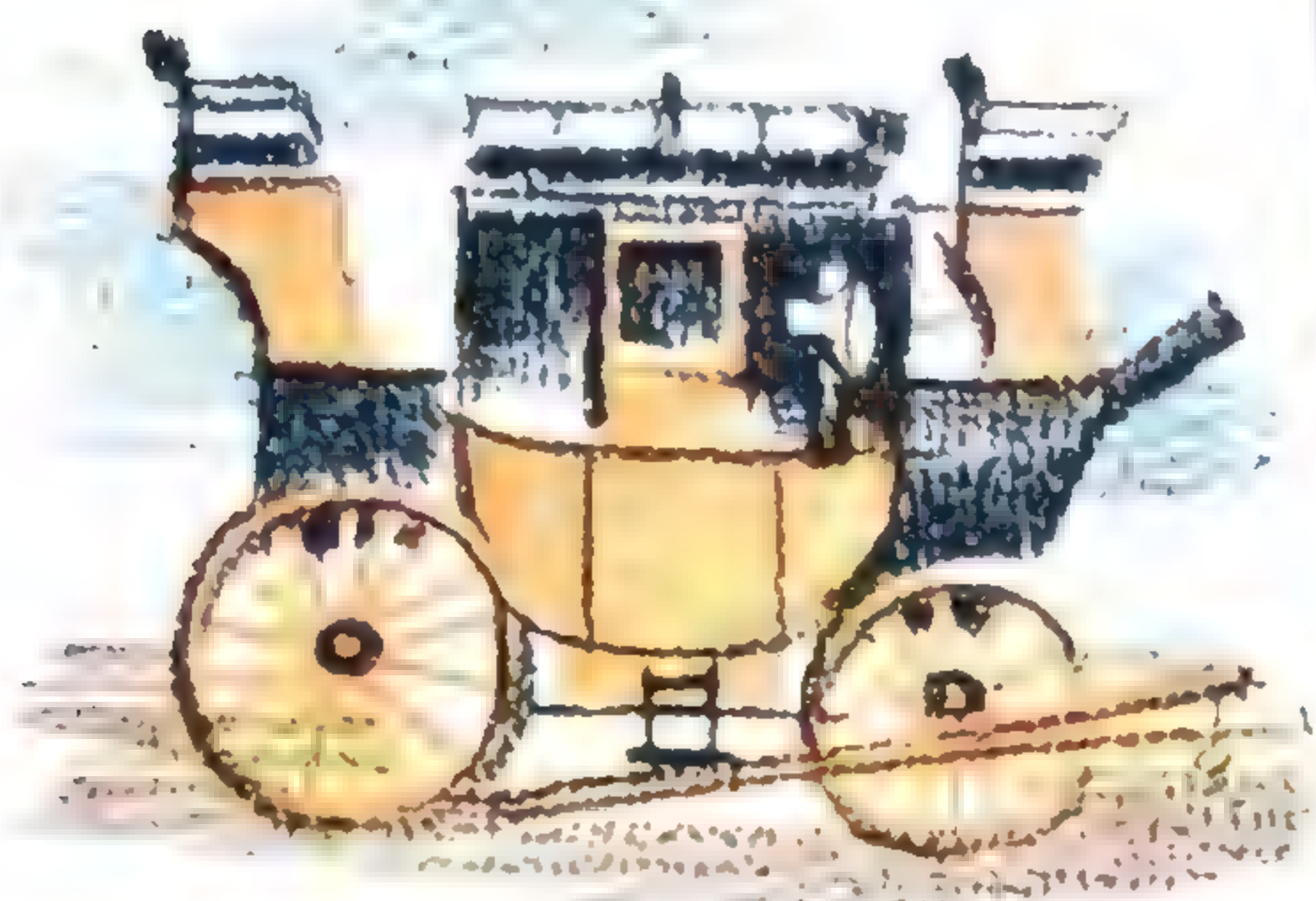
of London

For the convenience of Burberry patrons, selected dealers are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An inquiry to Burberrys Ltd., 16 East 38th Street, New York, will bring prompt response of location and address.

Drastic surgery on an old favorite...

WE WOULDN'T let the clothiers pull the wool over your eyes, even if it's all wool and a yard wide. What appears on the surface to be a new fashion is often merely the return of an old favorite upon which an operation has been performed, usually the elimination or addition of details which do not alter the underlying characteristics of the garment. And here's a case in point—the navy blue coat of Melton cloth. Originally a coaching coat with narrow shoulders, it descended in length somewhere to the region of the calf and had about as much opening at the lapels as you see in a baseball catcher's chest-protector. But the revived version of this garment is something else again. Shoulders are broad but natural, and the coat has been shortened to about knee length with a wide flare to the skirt. The chest-protector type of front opening has been lowered, pockets have been lowered and, reminiscent of coaching days, they are roomy and flapped. A long center vent provides maximum comfort when walking. Collar, lapel, front of coat and pockets carry welt seams, and the sleeves have three rows of stitching at the cuffs. The suit, a hard finish worsted, is in the new granite blue color with subdued spaced stripes. The muffler is a silk foulard square with coin spots and the yeoman bowler, with full crown and flat narrow brim, is the currently fashionable style in derbies. The blucher shoes, of black box calf with plain toe cap, testify to the sports influence on the town scene. The umbrella, with leather handle, gold band and pencil in handle, originally intended for racing, is equally convenient for jotting down good numbers in town.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Evening in Paris

Continued from page 80

ler's, and she said she would like to have a pernod. He ordered one for himself, also. The waiter went away.

George's French was not bad, but she could tell from his accent that he was an American. He admitted it. She said that his accent, in addition to being American, was of the Midi. He knew it was considered the worst accent in France, but she hastened to tell him that he spoke very well indeed, as every Frenchwoman will tell you no matter how badly you speak.

She looked at the sky. "It makes beautiful," she said. There was a delicacy and grace about her French that he liked. They were two friends sitting there with their drinks.

"It makes beautiful, at this moment," said George.

She agreed. "When I quitted my house I said to myself, 'Louise, it goes to rain tonight.'"

"You had reason," said George.

"You must know, it is not droll to walk for hours in the rain," she said.

"It is not droll," said George. "But it makes beautiful now."

The drinks came, and George filled her glass from the blue siphon bottle. Then he filled his own. They drank to each other. After a few swallows he really began to feel that he was sitting on the terrasse at Wepler's with Talma and that, for once in his life, he was master of the situation. He was able to say what he wanted to say, within the language limitations, and while it was true that the talk had to be rather one-dimensional, this was because of his companion's lack of scope. It was doing a great deal for him, he felt. After awhile they had another drink.

Her name, as she had indicated, was Louise, and she was the daughter of a teinturier in Grenoble, where she had been born. She had found the work too hard, and you never get anywhere working for your father. Her mother had died some years before, and a couple of years after that she had come to Paris. Working in a teinturerie was just as hard in Paris as it had been in Grenoble, and now here she was. She hoped sometime to marry some nice boy and keep herself solely for him. In the meantime, one must live, was it not so?

He admitted that it was so, and liked her sentimental simplicity. Two small Chinese boys stopped in front of their table and juggled dull kitchen knives badly. Louise must have seen them a thousand times, but she was interested and pleased and said that the little one was truly *mignon*. George gave them each a franc and Louise was pleased. After they went away an Oriental rug dealer, draped in cheap rugs, tried George first with rugs and then with indestructible pearls. To prove they were actually indestructible he placed a string of them on the pavement

and stamped on them. They were indestructible.

George admitted they were, but he decided against the transaction. The Oriental gathered them up from the sidewalk and shuffled on to another café where, perhaps, he might find a patron of the arts. During the indestructible pearl episode Louise looked appropriately disinterested in order that George might not think she wanted him to buy them for her. After the dealer had walked on Louise said, "I do not love such *bon marché* pearls," so that George would know she had not expected him to purchase them for her.

"You do not love pearls?" asked George.

"But yes, if they are veritable," she replied in that husky voice that made it worth George's time.

He felt that it was time to make some sort of move. "You are, perhaps, a little pressed?" he suggested.

Not at all, she assured him, as one who says imagine being in a hurry to get away when one can be with you. In fact, by a fortunate chance, she had nothing at all to do but be with him. But if he desired to go now, nothing could give her more exquisite pleasure. He looked around for the waiter, but he had gone inside the café, so he turned back to the girl, feeling that there was still a formality to be decided.

He came directly to the point, feeling that coyness on such a subject would have been hypocritical.

"In the matter of the money for you—" he began.

"Oh, my little present?" she cut in vivaciously. "It is not worthy to discuss."

He thought, however, that he had better.

"But yes," he insisted. "You have your living to make. How much—?"

"What you wish," she told him.

"Will a hundred and fifty francs be satisfactory?" he asked. He knew it would. It was a large amount to a girl in Montmartre. But then, Talma was expensive. It was not too much for her.

The girl made no pretenses. "You are very amiable," she said.

"But no," he said, "it is you who are *gentille*."

He paid the waiter and they walked in the direction of the rue Lepic.

* * *

The entrance was right off the rue Lepic, in an alley, one of the countless little hotels with which Paris is studded. It was named *Hotel d'Algerie et de Pays Basque*, and the sign said that it had all comforts, which meant that if you found it comfortable to walk down to the next flight for running water, and two flights up for the W.C., it had all the comforts you needed, including the ubiquitous bidet, the red carpet and the red plush chairs, and a wooden bed, made up very high. On the back of the door was a row of hooks to hang one's

Continued on page 168



FOR MEN OF

Action!

Berg Introduces

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hit the country in years!

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EVER had trouble telescoping your hat properly? Well, now Berg has ended that problem for you! Berg moulds the smart PORK PIE shape right into the hat . . . to stay.

There'll be rows and rows of these good-looking Berg Hats in the stadiums this year! Why not wear one yourself?



Berg
CAMPUS CLUB

with contrasting light-
tone felt binding —
over and under brim.

\$5

With Sturdy Luggage Box



Berg **HATS**

FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK

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for men of action

QUIET • PERFECT GROOMING

THREE MUSKETEERS

New "Hunt" Presentation
Pinch-bottle each of men's Eau
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tion, and Eau de Quinine or
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YOUR SHOPPING DAYS ARE OVER!



**CITY
CLUB**



with stout fore sole and the famous "Velvet Step" feature as illustrated in detail above. Your choice of straight toe or perforated wing tip. A real discovery in super-value.

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Club Styles
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PETERS SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

Evening in Paris

Continued from pages 80-167

clothes, and the window looked out on a blank wall that could not have been more than three feet away.

George paused with the proprietor in the open door of the room while Louise, not interested in affairs of commerce, went inside. The proprietor, short, a bit fat, and sleepy-looking, stroked a bushy mustache and said that it would be fifteen francs, and George passed over fifteen francs. There was also, the proprietor mentioned, a two-franc tax, and after George had paid that—the luxury tax, the proprietor called it—he lingered for a moment, and George gave him two francs for himself. As he turned to go, hoping that monsieur and madame would be comfortable, the maid came with towels, which she placed on the edge of the bidet, and George gave her two francs. She left, and George closed the door.

Louise was sitting on the edge of the bed and she looked so much like Talma that for an instant George caught his breath and the old inane, halting speeches he used to make to her came back to him, but it was only for a moment. He gave her a cigarette, for he knew that never under any pressure would she exhibit a package of her own cigarettes if there was a man present. He sat down next to her and she put her arms around him affectionately. He turned to her, and she held him off playfully.

"And now, my friend . . ." she suggested.

He regarded her blankly.

She explained herself quite simply. "My little present. Have you, perhaps, overlooked it?"

"In advance?" he asked.

She nodded. "It is the custom," she said. She put her face quite close to his.

He gave her the money and for a few moments he had difficulty in remembering that this was Talma. But that passed, too. . . .

Back in America, it was nearly two months before George saw Talma again. "Again" was the word he used in his mind, with full understanding of its implication.

It had done a great deal for him. For one thing, he had finally put her out of his mind as something that had passed, something accomplished, finished.

It was at one of Kent's large parties, and George had been his old self.

He had said, "If you marry a woman who will support you, she may herself become insupportable," which sounded like an old Smart Set epigram—the kind Mencken and Nathan used to pay fifty cents for—but went well at a party. He had also given a sentence with the word "insurmountable" in it that had knocked them into the aisles. And when someone asked what a certain girl was now doing, he had replied that

she was making a mouth-to-mouth living. He said that Moussorgsky needed Rimsky-Korsakoff to edit him, and so did Rimsky-Korsakoff. He said he liked to listen to a Sibelius symphony because it acquainted him with the music of all the great masters.

There was a great deal more that he said, and all along Talma was in the room, although far over on the other side, in another group. But he had never had such self-possession when she was present, even though out of hearing, and now he sat on the piano bench for a few moments talking to Stacy Walker, who adored him, and looking over at Talma with a pleasant feeling.

Stacy said: "If someone would only write down the things you say, George!"

George said: "Someone did."

To Talma he said in his mind: Remember that big night just off the rue Lepic? When we parted you said you were well content of men, don't you remember? But really, I wasn't well content of you. But I'm much obliged to you, Talma, for your trouble that night. It was worth the money and a great deal more. As a matter of fact, I always thought your underwear might be a little too pink, and it was. So now I'm cured. Here you are, in the same room with me, and it doesn't bother me in the least. I can talk any way I please. There isn't that funny obstruction in my throat that I always had when you're around. I guess it wasn't love after all. That's what I wanted to find out. Just good healthy lust, at francs one hundred and fifty a throw.

He had never felt so at ease, never so able to be dull, if he was so inclined, without feeling that he didn't have to be dull if he did not want to be. One day, he thought, he might write an article on the virtues of voluntary dullness. It gave you a feeling of reserve power, of strength stored up. He was free once more, and he liked the feeling. A man is free when he can regard his severed chains without emotion.

After awhile Stacy went away, and Talma detached herself from her group and walked over to him. He saw her coming. He was free.

"Hello, George," said Talma. "Give me a cigarette, will you?"

He handed her his case in silence. She took a cigarette and he lighted it for her. "How've you been, George?" she asked. "Been in Paris, haven't you?"

He would have spoken, but there was that old tightness in his throat and for a moment he could think of no word to say, however banal. His breath came short, and there was a curious catch right under the heart as the color drained from his face.

And all at once it occurred to him that you cannot buy your freedom for a hundred and fifty francs and an American cigarette. ##

You'll Really Enjoy
Sleeping or Lounging



in
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Design in Plaster

Continued from page 51

trousers and with the help of a bellboy put on a shirt and coat.

"Don't you want me to come, Mr. Harris?" asked the bell boy.

"No thanks. Tell the taxi I'll be right down."

When the boy had gone he tripped on the slightly raised floor of the bathroom, swung about on one arm and cut his head against the wash bowl. It was not so much, but he did a clumsy repair job with the adhesive and, feeling ridiculous at his image in the mirror, sat down and called Mary's number a last time—for no answer. Then he went out, not because he wanted to go to Mary's but because he had to go somewhere toward the flame, and he didn't know any other place to go.

At ten-thirty Mary, in her nightgown, was at the phone.

"Thanks for calling. But, Joris, if you want to know the truth I have a splitting headache. I'm turning in."

"Mary, listen," Joris insisted. "It happens Marianne has a headache too and has turned in. This is the last night I'll have a chance to see you alone. Besides, you told me you'd never had a headache."

Mary laughed.

"That's true—but I am tired."

"I would promise to stay one-half hour—word of honor. I am only just around the corner."

"No," she said and a faint touch of annoyance gave firmness to the word. "Tomorrow I'll have either lunch or dinner if you like, but now I'm going to bed."

She stopped. She had heard a sound, a weight crunching against the outer door of her apartment. Then three odd, short bell rings.

"There's some one—call me in the morning," she said. Hurriedly hanging up the phone she got into a dressing gown.

By the door of her apartment she asked cautiously.

"Who's there?"

No answer—only a heavier sound—a human slipping to the floor.

"Who is it?"

She drew back and away from a frightening moan. There was a little shutter high in the door, like the peephole of a speakeasy, and feeling sure from the sound that whoever it was, wounded or drunk, was on the floor Mary reached up and peeped out. She could see only a hand covered with freshly ripening blood, and shut the trap hurriedly. After a shaken moment, she peered once more.

This time she recognized something—afterwards she could not have said what—a way the arm lay, a corner of the plaster cast—but it was enough to make her open the door quickly and duck down to Martin's side.

"Get doctor," he whispered. "Fell on the steps and broke."

His eyes closed as she ran for the phone.

Doctor and ambulance came at the same time. What Martin had done was simple enough, a little triumph of misfortune. On the

first flight of stairs that he had gone up for eight weeks, he had stumbled, tried to save himself with the arm that was no good for anything, then spun down catching and ripping on the stair rail. After that a five minute drag up to her door.

Mary wanted to exclaim "Why? Why?" but there was no one to hear. He came awake as the stretcher was put under him to carry him to the hospital, repair the new breakage with a new cast, start it over again. Seeing Mary he called quickly. "Don't you come. I don't like anyone around when—when—Promise on your word of honor not to come!"

The orthopedist said he would phone her in an hour. And five minutes later it was with the confused thought that he was already calling that Mary answered the phone.

"I can't talk, Joris," she said. "There was an awful accident—"

"Can I help?"

"It's gone now. It was my husband—"

Suddenly Mary knew she wanted to do anything but wait alone for word from the hospital.

"Come over then," she said. "You can take me up there if I'm needed."

She sat in place by the phone until he came—jumped to her feet with an exclamation at his ring.

"Why? Why?" she sobbed at last. "I offered to go see him at his hotel."

"Not drunk?"

"No, no—he almost never takes a drink. Will you wait right outside my door while I dress and get ready?"

The news came half an hour later that Martin's shoulder was set again, that he was sleeping under the ethylene gas and would sleep till morning. Joris Deglen was very gentle, swinging her feet up on the sofa, putting a pillow at her back, and answering her incessant "Why?" with a different response every time—Martin had been delirious; he was lonely; then at a certain moment telling the truth he had long guessed at: Martin was jealous.

"That was it," Mary said bitterly. "We were to be free—only I wasn't free. Only free to sneak about behind his back."

She was free now though, free as air. And later, when he said he wouldn't go just yet, but would sit in the living room reading until she quieted down, Mary went into her room with her head clear as morning. After she undressed for the second time that night she stayed for a few minutes before the mirror arranging her hair and keeping her mind free of all thoughts about Martin except that he was sleeping and at the moment felt no pain.

Then she opened her bedroom door and called down the corridor into the living room:

"Do you want to come and tell me good night?" #

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The Glasses You Can't See

Continued from page 89

them usually means success.

One patient wore the lenses for twenty-two hours at a stretch with no irritation. Another wore them eight hours the first day they were obtained. Most people can wear them only for an hour or two at first but build up a tolerance for longer periods of wearing within a week or a month or two. If the lenses can be worn for eight or ten hours during the day, they are considered most successful. Many people use them for four hours at a time several times a day with rest periods between. No one who knows contact lenses will promise any individual just how long he will be able to wear them. One hour to thirty hours are the limits to our knowledge.

There are ten different types of contact lenses available. Some are glass, some of a plastic material and others a combination of the two. They are all based on the same principle as far as giving vision is concerned. Each has its advantages and disadvantages. The most satisfactory type is the one made from castings of the individual eyes.

The history of the development of contact lenses is interesting. We think of them as a new and modern invention. However, this fact does not fit the case.

The first contact lens ever made could enter the United States duty free as an antique. It was during the year 1827 that the famous English astronomer, J. F. Hershell, first suggested the use of a glass shell to cover the front of the eye to protect it from a diseased lid.

While little is known of the outcome of this experiment, we do know that exactly sixty years later, in 1887, a blown contact lens was made by Muller in Germany for the same purpose. The patient wore this lens for several years. No attempt to make the patient see was made in either of these instances.

A mysterious diseased condition of the eye exists which is called conical cornea. The transparent, watch-crystal-like covering over the pupil and colored iris of the eye takes on the shape of the small end of a pear instead of a section of a ball which is the normal shape. The persons with this condition can usually see very little and are not helped very much by the use of spectacles.

In 1880 Dr. Fick, a German eye physician, conceived the idea that the rough protective lenses used by Muller might be adapted to give these patients vision if a liquid were placed in the lenses when they were placed on the eye.

Where the cornea is irregular, the contact lens, filled with saline solution to form a homogeneous connection between the glass and eye, establishes a perfect sphere. The liquid forms a lens which neutralizes the irregularities on the cornea. The perfect, even curves on the front and back of the contact lens, together with the saline

solution, refract the light rays as would the normal cornea and give normal vision.

Very little work was done for the next twenty years. The only cases helped were those with conical cornea. In 1909 blown contact lenses made by a glass-eye manufacturer in Germany appeared.

These blown Muller lenses, as they are called, appear very much like an artificial eye except that they are thinner and have a clear central corneal portion in place of the usual colored iris. The band about the corneal portion is opaque, of irregular shape, and resembles the natural white of the eye even to the tracery of five blood vessels. It is inconspicuous when worn.

Muller lenses are not used to any extent in the United States because they are blown and no accurate power can be ground on them. They are more fragile and less durable than other types.

Because the Muller type lenses are blown from "glass eye" glass, it is reasonable to expect them to react in a similar manner as glass eyes. The life of a glass eye is known to be about from eight to eighteen months. At the end of this time, the glass is so roughened and checked by reaction to the chemicals of the body and tears that it must be replaced.

This is understandable when consideration is given to the fact that the glass used has been developed for blowing quality and naturalness of appearance in the finished product. Wearing quality is a secondary consideration. There is no difference in the quality of any glass eye or blown contact lens because absolutely all the glass is obtained by the various manufacturers from one firm in the small German town of Lauscha. One family has held and jealously guarded for generations the secret of the manufacture of this unusual glass.

The next important contact lens was that first used and demonstrated by Stock in 1920. These lenses were made of chemically resistant glass, accurately ground and polished by the Carl Zeiss works in Jena, Germany.

In 1929 Professor Heine, an eye physician of Kiel, Germany, suggested and demonstrated the practical application of contact lenses for correcting near-sightedness, far-sightedness and astigmatism. Thus contact lenses were brought to the aid of the average person with the usual forms of defective vision. We were then ready to fit those persons with ordinary eye defects who preferred not to wear ordinary spectacle lenses.

A large number of the Zeiss ground and polished contact lenses were fitted with varying degrees of success. There were several types of eye which could wear them over long periods of time.

However, there was also a large number of persons who could not gain a tolerance for the ground lens. Those working with these



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patients were at a loss to explain why, in most instances. It must be explained that over half of the persons desiring contact lenses were told that they could not wear them because their eyes were not regular in shape. The ground lenses were regular in shape and would not adapt themselves to irregular-shaped eyes.

About 1936 an Austrian eye physician reported that he had been able to take a casting of the living human eye and had further made a molded contact lens to fit over this casting which was wearable with comfort. Dr. Dallos published the material he used for molding and the fact that he was using Muller lenses to cast under.

With this meager information at our disposal a half-dozen individuals began to experiment with making molds of the living eye, in the United States. These men worked independently for the most part, and the first published article appeared in 1936 in the *American Journal of Ophthalmology* by C. L. Stevens. She was studying the subject of conical corneas and made a series of twenty-five or thirty casts of the corneas of patients suffering from this disease. The method used here was not applicable to contact lenses but was of great interest.

The next published paper on molded lens was one by myself in June, 1937, in the *Archives of Ophthalmology*. This was a preliminary report on molded lenses, at the end of an article on the ground type lenses.

Another paper of mine followed in the same publication in May, 1938. In this paper I called attention to the size of human corneas as measured from the castings of two hundred eyes. Contrary to former textbook information corneas were much larger than former measurements had indicated. While there are five hundred of these measurements in my files at the present time, the average of each size remains approximately as first reported. We are now forced to accept the fact that the average human cornea is 12 x 13.6 m/m, that all corneas are oval and that about 5% measure 15 m/m horizontally.

The strange part of this subject of wide corneas lies in the fact that if attempts are made to measure corneas from the eye itself, with instruments, the smaller sizes once thought correct are still found.

This fact would lead one to expect that something in the molding caused a stretching of the cornea. This is not so, however, because an accidental discovery of my own about the time the last paper was published, which was subsequently published in the Fall of 1938, also in the *Archives of Ophthalmology*, makes it possible to demonstrate on the living eye that most corneas are over thirteen and a half millimeters wide.

Now let us reconsider for a moment. The Zeiss ground contact lens has a corneal portion of 12 m/m and by a special type of

grinding can clear 13 m/m. A contact lens cannot be worn with comfort if it touches the cornea. Therefore, is it any wonder that numerous patients could not establish a tolerance with the ground type lens when it rested inside the edge of the cornea in 90% of the total eyes fitted?

Carl Zeiss decided to experiment with molded lenses in the latter part of 1936 and have given us the utmost co-operation. Today after two years of effort we feel that we can say that the experimental period is past.

The many people who were refused contact lenses because they had irregular eyes and those with large corneas, can be fitted satisfactorily today. We do not have to refuse to fit anyone unless he has some diseased condition of the eye or the lids.

The molding process is not as disagreeable as might be thought. Without exception, each patient is surprised at the ease with which skillful hands do it.

The preparation used for making the negative cast is a special jelly which is imported from Switzerland. This is boiled to sterilize it and then cooled down to a temperature just above that of the body. It is poured into a casting shell which is placed on the eye, under the lid, for several minutes, much in the manner of a trial contact lens. No sensation of heat is felt.

At the end of several minutes the jelly has cooled to body temperature and is set. The casting shell and jelly mold are removed as one and dental stone is poured into the negative jelly cast.

Before any of this work is done, "drops" are put in the eyes to make the procedure easy for both the patient and the one making the cast. There is no pain at any time, but a moderate stinging sensation is often felt as the mold is removed. As drugs and expert attention are called for, this work must be done in the office of an eye physician who is responsible for the entire procedure.

After the casts are completed, they are sent to Germany to have the lenses made. These will conform to the exact shape of the white of the eye and will clear the largest cornea adequately. They are returned in about four months' time and are checked for vision and fit in the doctor's office. If by chance, any adjustment is needed, the lenses are returned to the makers. A good physical fit and satisfactory vision can be guaranteed.

All those working with contact lenses hope that in the near future one or more of the reliable optical manufacturers will make American contact lenses available to Americans. This situation seems soon to be realized as several organizations are now experimenting with this goal in mind. The growing importance of these newest aids to vision would seem to make this step imperative. ‡

Author's Note: Word has been received that both plastic and glass molded contact lenses are now being made in the United States.

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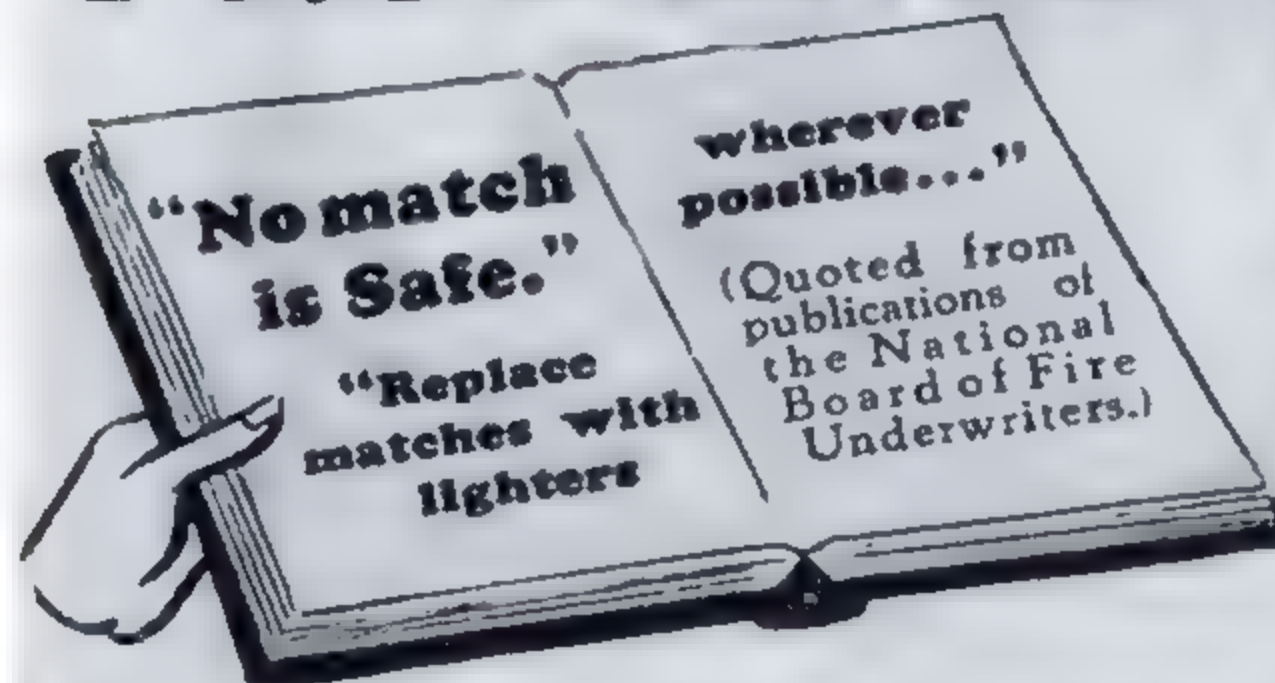
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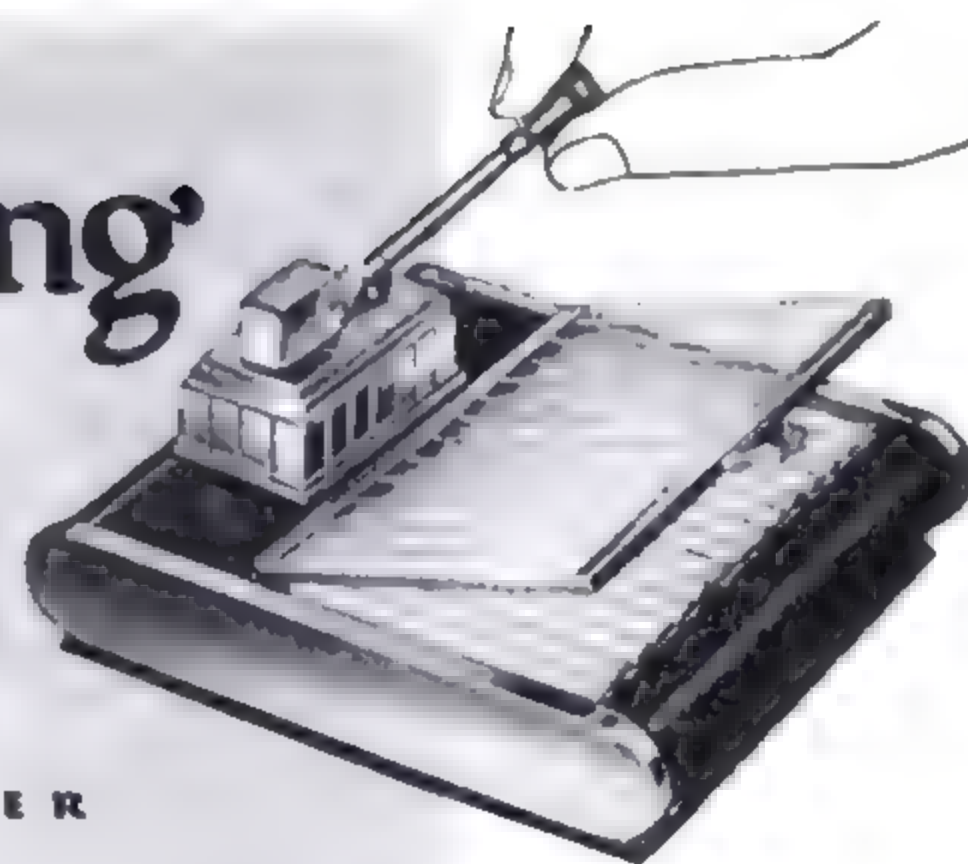


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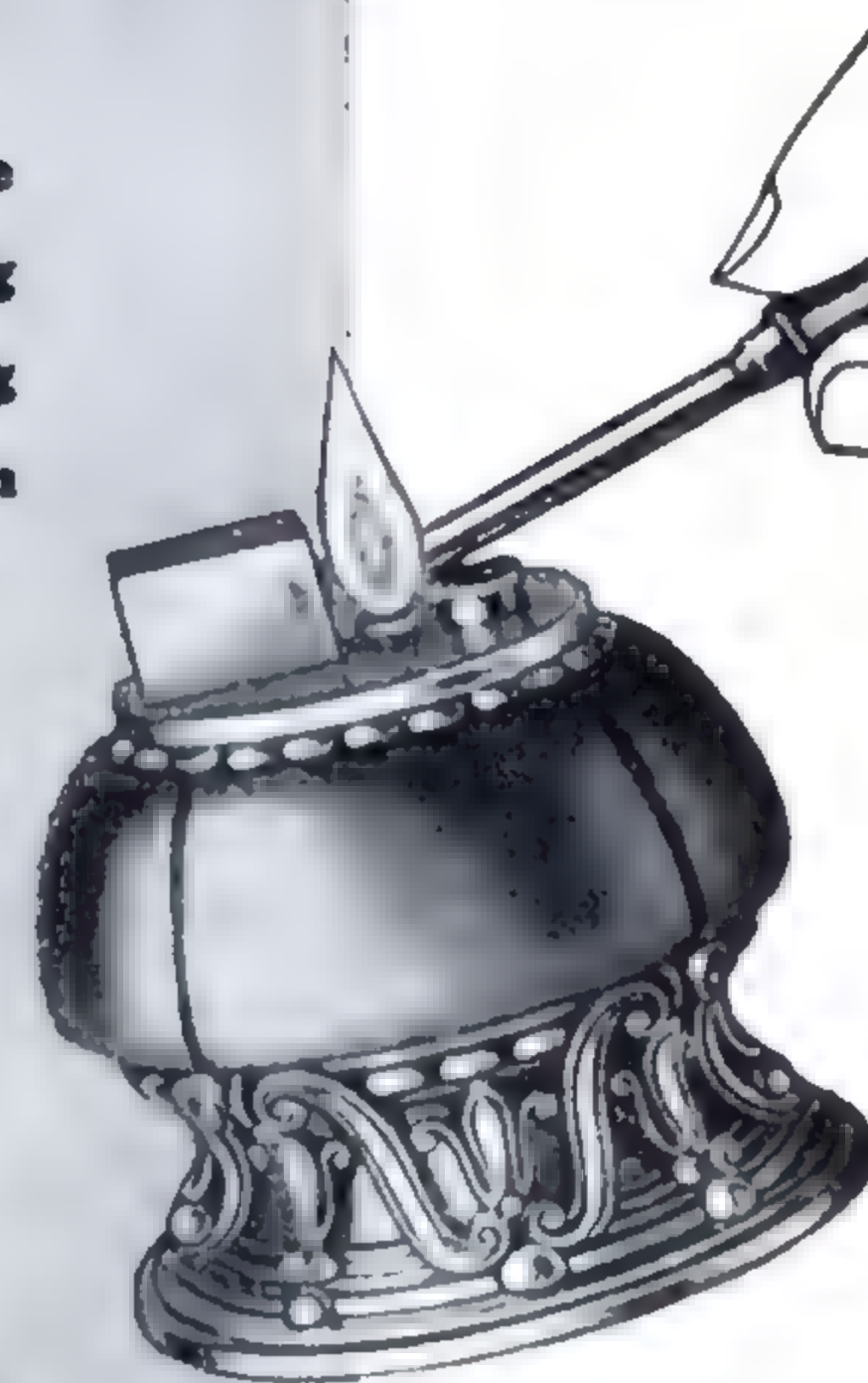
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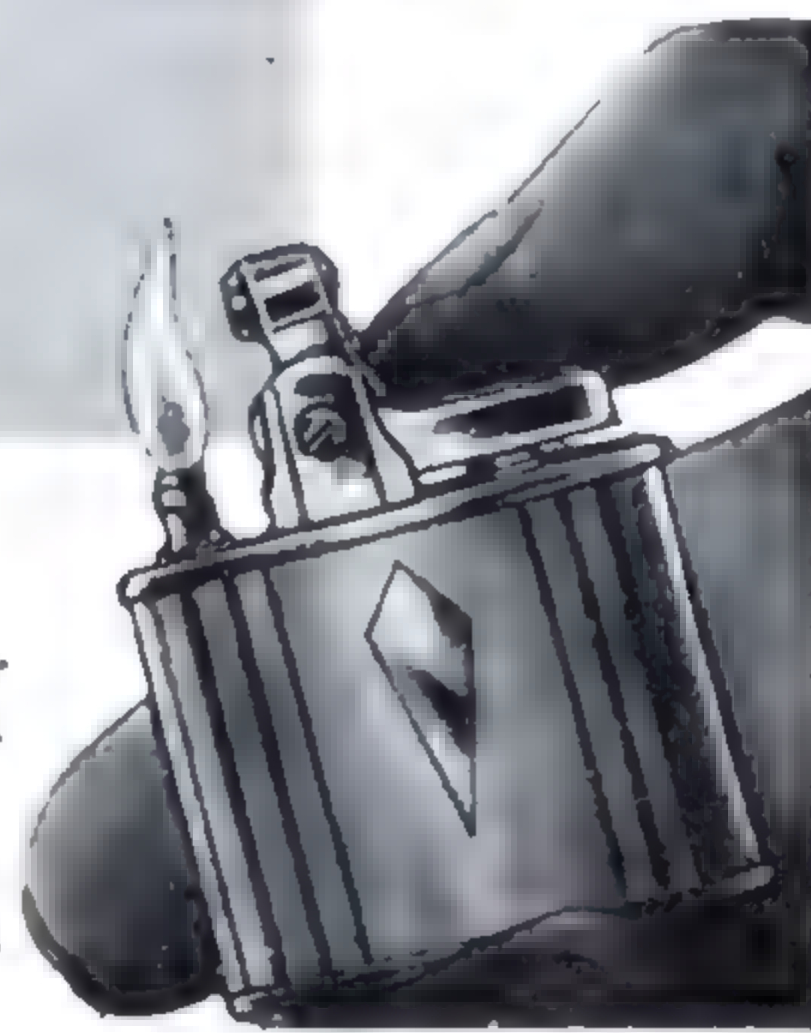
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"Damn that ventriloquist!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 92

always revolt against oppression and exploitation, and that their revolt will always die of internal dissension. This leaves you on a limb. Things are unbearably unjust, it tells you, but the alternative is worse.

When Herr Koestler shows the ex-slaves revolting against their own Sun City because they still have to work, he is certainly getting a long distance from today's workers, who seem to want nothing so much as a job. And as for revolutions always failing from dissension or because terrorism breeds its own downfall—well, of course no revolution of recent times, whether the American, French, or Russian, actually accomplished what it set out to do. But each certainly accomplished something.

The American revolt started radically on the lines of the Declaration of Independence and ended tamely with a Constitution all barbed-wired around to keep the masses from running amuck and hurting the rich and well-born. France certainly became a better land for the underdog even if the guillotine was followed by Napoleon. As for Russia, it is hardly the ultimate communistic paradise after three five-year plans, but if the Czar and Rasputin came back they'd hardly recognize the place. The truth is that most revolutions are surer of what they are out *against* than what they are for.

* * *

Some non-fictions of the month tie in neatly with these stormy tales. Either Koestler or William Blake could have used the picturesque banker-general Charles Gates Dawes, whose *Journal of Reparations* (with forewords by Lord Stamp and Dr. H. Bruning; Macmillan, \$5) tells the day by day story of the American committee of experts which saved Germany—for Hitler. That was in 1924. The French were in the Ruhr and refused to get out except in exchange for an iron-clad mortgage, and no mortgage was worth a damn unless they did get out and allowed the German economy to function.

Well, it is easy to throw bricks at these international trouble-shooters, and in a way they deserve bricks because it is *their* world that has been mismanaged by them in their unique way. On the other side, they undoubtedly performed an emergency operation efficiently, and it isn't their fault if the patient, having got out of bed, proceeded to get mad and bite most of Europe. As the author of the *Journal* says, the recommendations, when put into effect, "changed for the better, at least for a period of years, the condition of Europe."

Mr. Dawes shows up well. He works hard, he is modest, he is embarrassed when publicity picks him out for praise among so many hard-working colleagues, he is care-

ful to bestow bouquets. In fact, he is so careful that one is skeptical. Is this *Journal* the real low-down, written at the scene of the crime, or has it been doctored for later public consumption?

I was impressed by two things aside from the efficiency of the American experts: the number of lunches and dinners Dawes had with General Payot, and the absence of an epilogue in which the author could assess the value of the committee's salvage work in view of what has happened in Europe since.

Mr. Dawes, the man of finance, hates politicians. In the public mind he has always stood out (remember his vice-presidency under Coolidge) as a blunt, Hell-and-Maria, speak-my-mind man. This *Journal* is anything but blunt. It is a politician's diary, and I expect that historians of the period, who quite probably were looking for "revelations," will be disappointed.

A professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, Melvin Rader, has written a hard-hitting book on the philosophy back of fascism and what we "democrats" should do about it, in *No Compromise: The Conflict Between Two Worlds* (Macmillan, \$3.50). No temporizer is Professor Rader, but a fighting liberal, and he answers all the questions about fascism that you might have in mind. For the many people who would like to know what fascist doctrine is and who haven't the time or patience to plow through Spengler, Pareto, and other reactionary "thinkers," this book should be welcome. Maybe even more important is the final section in which the professor, discussing what attitude we should take toward an aggressive enemy, develops a four-point program.

Frank P. Chambers' *The War Behind the War* (Harcourt Brace, \$3.75) is concerned with how the populations stood the gaff between 1914 and 1918. The facts should give Hitler, Mussolini, and the Kwantung Army plenty of pause, because what happened in the rear was collapse. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, lost the war behind the lines, Russia went blotto, and the Allies themselves were groggy at the finish. Four empires died, along with 13,000,000 killed in battle and probably an equal number of non-combatants dead of disease, privation, and revolution. Mr. Chambers takes up the situation country by country, and carries along with it a resumé of developments on the various fronts.

W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood are two brilliant English radical writers who as a team have been getting themselves a reputation. Their latest is *Journey to a War* (Random House, \$3), the journal of a trip to China involving interviews with prominent Chinese, trips to the various fronts, photographs, and poems by Auden. It leaves me lukewarm. The best part

Continued on page 174



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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 92-173

is Auden's poetry. Better books have been written on China embattled—see the volumes by Nym Wales, Edgar Snow, and T. A. Bisson. Edgar Ansel Mowrer's recent report from the Chinese southwest in *The Dragon Wakes* was acuter reporting. The bulk of the book, written in diary form, tells many amusing and touching things, but on the whole it might have been done at least as well by any journalist supplied with enough letters to get him special privileges at headquarters.

* * *

John Gielgud takes time off at thirty-five to write his autobiography, *Early Stages* (Macmillan, \$3), an enterprise that will be panned by some wits. But why does a celebrity, or anyone who has lived through experiences that make him interesting to the world, have to wait until his arteries are petrified to deliver the final pages of his manuscript?

If you follow the theatre, you will find this candid story more than worth your trouble. Few autobiographies, and very few autobiographies of actors, reveal so modest and engaging a star, who sees his own faults and limitations and is liberal in handing out the credit to others. There is a lot about the famous Terry family, Ellen being but one of a galaxy—and John Gielgud is a Terry at one remove. There are glimpses of the troubles and triumphs of the stage, of the blossoming and folding of plays, of the legendary Old Vic in London. The book ends on Gielgud's visit to New York to play Hamlet. Curious effect the book had on me was to send me to Shakespeare for some re-reading.

Alaska sounds like a good place in which to get away from it all—see *A Guide to Alaska*, by Merle Colby (Macmillan, \$3), a Federal Writers' Project job and the latest in the American Guide series. Every one of these Federal Writers' Project books I've seen has given me renewed respect for the literary end of the WPA, and makes me feel like going out on a jihad against the congressional dopes who threw a monkey wrench into the machinery of the Writers, Theater, Music, and Arts projects.

This volume is a marvelous job. It has everything you'd want to know about Alaska, and a lot of things you'd never think of asking about. The history, the whites and natives, the government, natural wealth, commerce, transportation, communication, and national defense are all handled in the first part, and the second half surveys the country district by district. A 65-page introduction tells you everything about fun in Alaska—hunting, fishing, living expenses, commercial joy-places, museums, national parks, monuments, stores, trading posts, curio shops, how to get around, special vocabulary of Alaskan terms. A short section debunks the popular errors about our northern possession: "The far-

ther north you go the colder it gets;" "Alaska is a frigid land of ice and snow;" "Eskimos live in ice houses;"—and ten others.

There is nothing poky about the book. Fascinating facts crowd the pages, and the author writes of the people with humor and with the homely dramatic touch of one who loves them and the country. Mr. Colby is, by the way, author of two novels and several short stories. One hundred and twenty-five magnificent photos help, together with six maps, including a large one that folds into a pocket inside the back cover. This volume should do more than any other one thing to sell Alaska to the American sporting and travel public, and maybe to some neopioneers.

* * *

There is nothing wrong with my bile. I don't hate easily, and a book has to be bad to get the absolute thumbs-down from me. My thumbs-down of the month is *Uncle Lawrence*, by Oliver Warner (Random House, \$1.50), which is my idea of an insipid story trying to be sweet. A young Englishman visits his ne'er-do-well uncle on the little island of Pelee in Lake Erie. Uncle Lawrence's cottage is dirty and has the "air of irreparable decay." Irreparable decay is the keynote of Uncle's life. Uncle is half-starved, but shares what little he has with stray kittens. He works at something, but never tries to collect his bills. He doesn't care what he eats, so long as he can look, over the table, at photos of his relatives and of the old Lincolnshire rectory which was his home. He can hardly see, but he doesn't get his eyes examined. Five or six other English people on the island are his social world, and all they do is to talk about England, and long to get back.

There have been many ne'er-dowells in English fiction, among whom I remember most vividly Dick, the blowsy lawyer of Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*. In more sentimental times they have not been so hard to make sympathetic as in our hard-boiled era. I have never seen a less sympathetic failure than Uncle Lawrence. Yet Sean O'Faolain praised it to the skies in *John O'London's Weekly*. Maybe the English like to read nostalgic stuff; maybe they are hungry for books of the kind they call "anti-crisis."

And two detective stories: *A Well-Born Corpse*, by Edla Benjamin (Random House, \$2). Country estate, beautiful well-bred women, plenty of money. One corpse, one not very narrow escape. A good story for those who like to guess the villain at the end of Chapter Three, how he did it, and why—and even for such readers the triumph may be too easy.

The Laughing Loon, by Josiah E. Green (Morrow, \$2). Rich old James W. Wright brings a holiday party of eight on a fishing-tramping-camping trip in the Minnesota



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north woods. Everybody has something against everybody else and pretty soon somebody is found dead. It looks like an accident, but it isn't, as Anne Stanley discovers when she puts her mind to work on it. Things disappear from the camp—a clothes line, a butcher

knife—and clues turn up all over the north woods. There's a second murder almost a third and Anne Stanley Finds Herself. You'll like this one. It has good character, action, atmosphere. The loon in the title is part of the latter. He is not the murderer. ##

Reason Regained

Continued from page 94

their own betweenwhiles, picking pockets, breaking into homes, and peddling dope. And when they got into trouble with the authorities, he was put on the spot to help them out. A squint-eyed handler would come in to him with a palmful of sparklers, saying: "Boss, you can have these cheap." It was no use demurring at buying. The boss was in all these slimy sidelines, whether he wanted to be or not. His men had him. Ethics were out; you just couldn't be squeamish in this kind of business.

The liquor itself, except in poorer districts, was rarely poisonous enough to kill you outright, or even blind you. But it was brutal stuff, as rank as the consuming public, with palates becoming less and less critical, could be made to accept. Some of it was mountain or basement moonshine, some was imported Scotch or Canadian stretched three or four times with re-distilled, denatured alcohol, whose deadly elements were never entirely removed. The same sort of alcohol, with flavoring matter stirred into it, was consumed as "gin," its not too choosy partakers imagining the term "Bathtub" to be just a humorous fiction. Worst of all, not even the drug stores had reliable liquor for medicinal requirements. I could cite instances where people desperately ill with pneumonia, for whom doctors had prescribed whiskey, were given shameful hooch, because the pharmacists themselves were unable to supply anything genuine—the "prescription racket" having made a farce and a stretch of a once legitimate branch of their business, so that bootleggers treated them as routine outlets, to be content with run-of-the-cutting-plant. Neighborhood druggists who offered beverage analysis service found that callers with gats would drop hints as to the unwisdom of fault-finding. So any rotgut short of "block-fall" (specialty of our arid South) was let ride.

Then the crash of 1929 shook us awake. Sane sentiment began to crystallize amid the ruins. Finally our present President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, our Congress, and the sick and tired citizens of America, rose up on their hind legs and gave Old Corrupter the bum's rush. (Sweden, Russia, Norway, Finland, and eight provinces of Canada had previously tried and bounced him, with less patience than we showed. He was now a pariah the whole globe over, Mahatma!)

If he had paid his check when he left—for those thirteen years, ten months, etc.—it would have

amounted in taxes foregone and outlays for "Enforcement," to around fifteen billion dollars, which isn't exactly hay.

Glorified by his absence, we've done things. Let's look at the record:

Employment—One million new jobs. The distilling industry alone pays \$19,700,000 in wages and salaries annually. Breweries, \$70,000,000, not counting distributors and salesmen.

Plant Construction, Modernization and Equipment—Distillers, \$126,000,000 since Repeal. Brewers, over \$400,000,000.

Agriculture—Distillers consume \$38,134,000 of grain, molasses, and fruit a year. Beer's grain bill runs around \$110,000,000. Prohibition bilked the farmers out of one and a half billion dollars' worth of sales.

Barrels—\$86,000,000.

Bottles—Nearly \$200,000,000 of bottles, cans, cartons, cases, closures and labels purchased.

Motor Truck Fleets—\$45,000,000 worth purchased since Repeal. Nice for the gas and oil interests.

Malt—5,000,000 bushels a year consumed by the distillers.

Shipping—22,500,000 tons in shipping to and from distillers since Repeal, at a cost of \$116,400,000.

Fuel and Power—Distillers have consumed \$15,815,000 of coal, fuel, oil, gas, and electricity.

Distribution—Year's payroll of wholesale distribution of wine and liquor, \$45,830,000.

And here's the blinger:

Revenue—\$166,776,000 paid annually by wholesalers, retailers, and dispensers of alcoholic beverages.

\$4,300,000,000 in public revenue since Repeal—a sum sizable enough to give every man, woman, and child in this country approximately \$31.50; or take care of the U. S. Health Service for a period of 161 years; or build 300,000 miles of roads; or maintain the U. S. Army and Navy for four years.

Cheerful figures, you might say. Yet they represent only a banker's-eye view of the changes which Legality and Regulation have wrought in the American scene. To appreciate the transformation you'd have to take a look at our social life and the wide-open places we go to, especially the hotels, which have come into their own. Dining rooms where headwaiters once stood sentinel over drear sparcity are now thronged with glitter and gab. Drinks are the natural accompaniment, not the decoy. But they make all the difference in the world to the management. For, although constituting only one-third as much as room

Continued on page 176

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Sizes (small, medium, large) _____

Colors: (listed above) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Reason Regained

Continued from pages 94-175

sales, compared with food sales which nowadays represent two-thirds as much, they nevertheless stimulate food ordering and are handled at less cost. Besides, a distinguished wine list is a part of the hotel's prestige. In all, Messrs. Bacchus and Barleycorn bring in a gross of \$82,000,000 a year to bonifaces and their bondholders. And it is these sip receipts that subsidize the tunes: last year 282 representative hostelryes, scattered across the country, paid \$5,908,000 for orchestras, entertainment, and royalties to songsmiths. In contrast, down in San Antonio (where Texas law forbids serving), nary a maestro could be afforded by any hotel.

And think what Repeal has meant in increased purchases of stemware, napkins, and so forth. Not to mention the kings' ransoms spent on redoing the Rooms themselves, with dozens of crafts benefiting.

The independent restaurateur hasn't slumbered at the switch either. Rid of the snooper with the open palm, the blue-coated barfly, and the gangster—who announced: "I'm your new partner. Get me?"—he has blossomed out with complete up-to-datements, from scientifically hygienic dish-washing machine to handsome-muraled Bar. If he hasn't left his old location for a better one, he has improved the neighborhood by his change of front. Patrons who used to slip in like thieves in the night, to endure a Black Hole of Calcutta stuffiness souped with smoke and kitchen odors and the not-too-faint perfume of chemicals with which antiquated plumbing was alleviated (you couldn't blame the thrift of a proprietor who might be padlocked any minute), now swank in conspicuously to breathe the conditioned atmosphere in which food and drink enjoyment isn't up against competition.

The other day a very proper lady I know, of the type that bakes the best cake for the church supper, was taken to lunch at one of these places and afforded her first sight of a bartender in action. Amazingly, he had neither horns nor tail, and the things he was doing expertly were so interesting. Indeed, the whole place was agreeable, social, respectable. She didn't take a drink, but she had a thrillingly grand time, and an enlightening one.

Revelations of this sort have come, in large numbers, to teetotalers from the tall timbers visiting the foreign pavilions at the N. Y. World's Fair. Dumfounded, they have met superlative cuisines, with wines and liquors being served suavely and ladies and gentlemen remaining strictly ladies and gentlemen. Really, it's been disconcerting to bigotry. Paul Henkel, president of the Society of Restaurateurs, commenting on the work of these demonstration establishments—which Prohibition would have deprived us of, had it

survived (for how could there have been *any* Fair under the curse of the camel?)—says, "They've done wonders to speed up America's return from the wilderness. Countless folks who had never entered the door of a good restaurant, have now had that experience and found they like it. And they're taking their discovery home with them."

It is important that they are, because the Drys are still with us, still at their merry pranks. Now the scheme is to restore the Beulah Land of the Bootlegger by stealing America back, bit by bit. Local option strategy, it's called. The finger of organized finagery will be put on a small town which is "guilty" of being the business and diversion hub of a rural area. An election occurs, carried by the Drys by a slim margin. Henceforth the town is officially bone-arid; which means that its one package store and its six taverns are out of business, and its two small hotels have lost their licenses.

But something additional has happened that wasn't figured on; a large proportion of the cars that used to park on Main Street every Saturday are now to be found parked on the Main Street of some other town. For modern highways make all communities in a state close neighbors. And the advent of the inevitable blind tigers is poor compensation for the loss of legitimate business.

To date, such "Temperance" has made only sporadic progress, winning here and losing there. But it is active enough to merit that Vigilance which has ever been the price of liberty.

Fortunately the younger generation coming to the polls are not so easily hoodwinked as their parents. They know what Prohibition means, from the hooch flasks of high school to the plastered proms of college. Nobody's going to sell them *that* bill of goods for their sons and daughters.

A most encouraging factor in the picture is the intelligent attitude of the liquor industry itself. Recognizing that high-powered beverages, like high-powered cars, necessitate traffic safeguards and no tolerance of offenders, they not only accept Government regulation gladly but regard it as the basis of their business. Indeed, with a view to continuing in this business with the public's approval and confidence, they are quick to get after any scalawag retailer who brings them and their wares in disrepute by his personal ethics.

In short, we Americans are gradually regaining our reason in regard to alcohol control, and we hate to see your people lose theirs. Honestly, Mahatma, Uncle Sam could tell you, with tears in his eyes, that sooner than put up with Prohibition you'd be better off with a bumble bee in your breech-clout.

Respectfully yours,
An Occidental Well-Wisher.##



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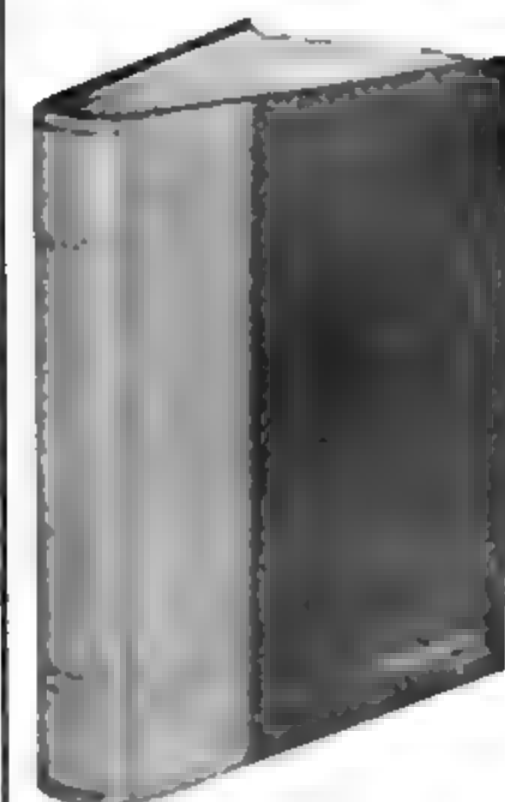
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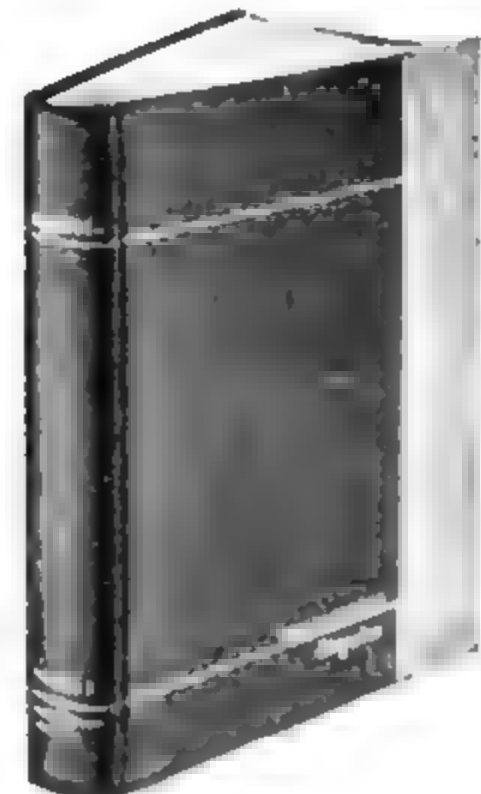
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 12-14

FOR INSTANCE?

You who devote much space in your magazine to the styles of men, please do something about this:

Do you and the rest of the men in this, our country, realize just how much we men carry around our necks, besides a millstone?

There are five layers of material in a coat, three in a necktie, four in a shirt and collar, making twelve in all, is it a wonder we get hot around the neck in summer when old Sol goes on a rampage at 90 in the shade, and this is called style, and we take it, but we don't like it.

You could do something about this if you would, please.

Yours truly,
Dayton, Ohio L. BOYER



HOPPING ON HOPSON

So You Want to Fly?

I had hoped this article would be interesting, as I have recently received my private pilot's license. However, there were several points which would most certainly misinform the public.

To begin with, the price of the cheapest new light plane is \$1098 and not \$950. This is the cost (F.A.F.) when flown from the field where it was manufactured.

As for instruction cost, the lowest rate in most Eastern states is \$8 dual, or higher, instead of \$5 as mentioned. Solo rates of less than \$6 per hour are hard to find.

The medical examination referred to did cost \$10, is now \$6.

And when you sit side by side there is one throttle, not two.

As for spins, no one should be casual about them under 1,500 feet; only aerobatic flyers of advanced training dare be "casual" about spins below this.

And, with 8 minutes to go, starting at 2,000 feet altitude, you have to go some to make 3 landings and 2 take-offs; they could hardly be according to Civil Aeronautics Authority regulations.

As for oiled surface runways: I hope that his are not too oily.

Sincerely yours,
Butler, N.J. P. S. RICHARDS

AND HOPPING RIGHT BACK

Thanks very much for passing along the letter of Mr. Paul S. Richards, who "recently received his private pilot's license."

Mr. Richards gets very frothy over what he feels are a few trivial inconsistencies in my article, *So You Want To Fly?* I'll be glad to set him straight.

He says: "The cheapest new light-plane is \$1098." I say: At the time I wrote the piece a good many months ago one new company had advertised a new ship at \$950, and then apparently folded.

He also howls that the lowest instruction cost in Eastern states is \$8 an hour, with \$6 for solo. I wonder if it ever occurred to the gentleman that there is any other section of America besides his home state of New Jersey? In California, for instance, \$8 an hour will get you instruction on Fleets, et al, and even on some Stinsons! You can get gobs of instruction on the putt-putts for \$5. Last year a fellow at Culver City, California, offered me solo time on his Cub for \$3.50 an hour, to pick up some extra money.

We continue: "The medical examination did cost \$10, is now \$6." It did cost \$10 when I wrote the article too, Mr. Richards. What do you think Eskey does? Print 'em overnight? As a matter of fact, Mr. Richards, Eskey hasn't printed one short story of mine that was bought over two years ago. It's about the old Jenny pilots, with whom I used to fly and jump chutes.

I hope you don't try to pick me up on that one too.

All right, the side by sides have but one throttle. But please remember, Mr. Richards, that the tandem jobs, which also were mentioned in the same class, have two, so I played safe and mentioned two. The reason is obvious: Had I mentioned that a lightplane has but one throttle, some gentleman like yourself, having just sprouted his pin feathers and eager to display his new knowledge, promptly would have written me an exact duplicate of your letter and began, "I learned to fly on a tandem job and I'll have you know it's a lightplane that has two throttles, etc., etc.," ad nauseum.

As for spins, I ought to know a little something about them. I pulled my first flying instructor out of the wreckage of a ship with his throat cut and his chest caved in when he got into one under 1500 feet. I never was very "casual" about spins after that. But a good instructor's job is to give his student confidence in himself and the plane. And the instructor who is anything but casual about spins—who frightens his student about spins—wouldn't last very long with any accredited flying school. He simply makes the fledgling understand that spins are something to avoid at all times, but that they are no longer of much consequence to these new type ships. How long has it been, Mr. Richards, since you've read in the papers of a ship of modern design spinning into the ground?

As for a man starting at 2000 feet and making three landings and two take-offs in eight minutes, I wouldn't want to bet any of the flying gentry that they couldn't do it! Of course an instructor such as my hypothetical one in the article would take possibly two or three minutes longer. Most of them I ever knew and know now don't mind giving an extra two or three minutes of time. They most always run over a bit on the first lesson.

And of course, Mr. Richards, in your eagerness to display your newly acquired knowledge, you disregarded the fact that I was attempting to crowd all or most of the manipulations of a plane into one article not lesson—knowing that no good instructor ever lets his student use the rudder on the first trip up. I fear that had I left that out there wouldn't have been a very complete picture of how a lightplane's controls operate.

And we come to the last of your letter, where you even grow sarcastic about oil surface runways, ending with, "I hope that his are not too oily." Since you apparently never were out of New Jersey, you'll probably be downright astounded to learn that many airport runways, especially in California, are surfaced with a mixture of oil, gravel, and other ingredients. And, to further your education, they also use the same material in building some of their roads. You should fly out sometime.

Good luck to you, Mr. Richards. May your pin feathers sprout!

Cordially,
New York, N. Y. W.L.H.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

After reading article of Mr. Dee Brown entitled *Night That Never Ends* I was wondering if the said Mr. Brown would like to meet some share-hands.

I have personally been engaged in the cotton planting business for thirty years.

It would be a pleasure to have Mr. Dee Brown make me a visit and interview share-hands on plantations in my neighborhood and then write another story about share-hands.

I think you owe the South this courtesy for you have quite a few subscribers in the South.

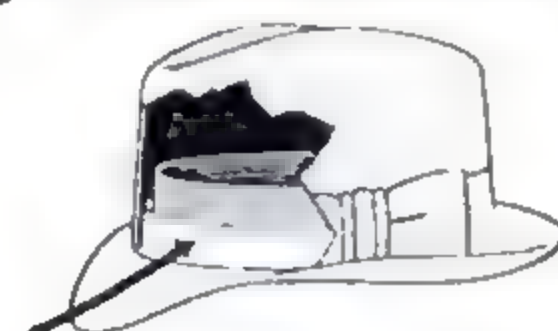
You may tell Mr. Brown I will personally see that he enjoys his visit.

Yours very truly,
Estill, Miss. W. D. ATTERBURY

Continued on page 178



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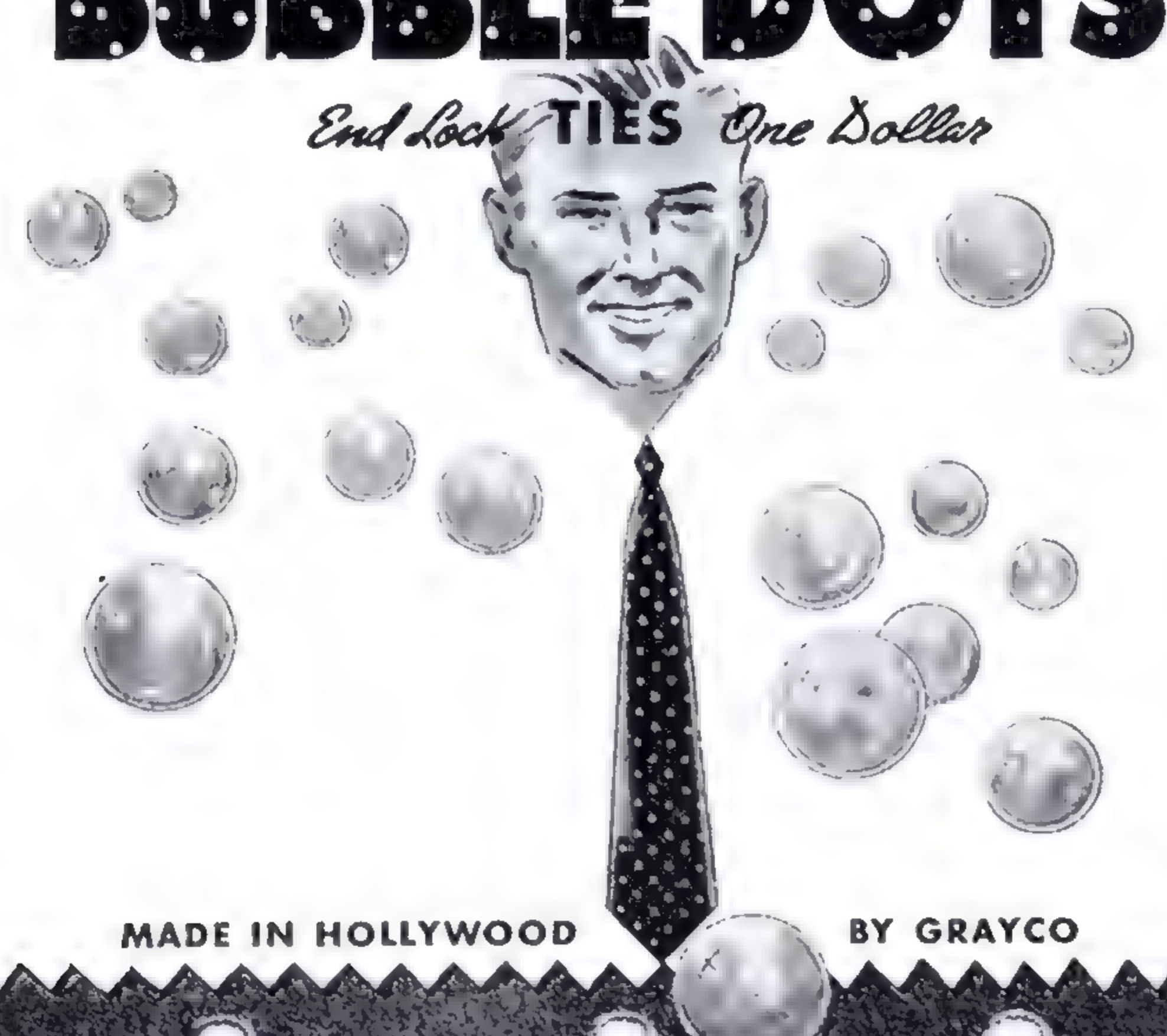
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 12-14-177

THE KNOWN TREASURE OF LT. WILLIAMS

My attention has been called to an article, *Known Treasure's Waiting for You*, by Frank G. Presnell, appearing in your September issue. Particular reference is made to comments appearing on page 152 relating to the alleged discoveries of buried treasure by one "Lieutenant" George Williams.

I have known "Lieutenant" Williams for ten years or more during his residence in the City of Panama, Republic of Panama, where he arrived on May 15, 1926. He capitalizes his scheme largely through articles which he himself writes about himself.

The article by Mr. Presnell makes a short reference to Mr. Charles B. Driscoll and his book *Doubloons*, which devotes one or more chapters to Williams' treasure-finding expeditions. Practically all of the information published by the author of *Doubloons* regarding Williams' discoveries in Panama and Central America was pure fiction supplied by Williams. However, the publication of articles in newspapers and magazines in the United States during former years enabled him to dispose of so many of his "one and only patented gold finding machines" that a fraud order was issued against him by the Postmaster General of the United States. Such order, issued under No. 3583 on May 15, 1933, is still in effect, and "Lieutenant" Williams is barred from the use of the United States mails.

It is a matter of common knowledge on the Isthmus that Williams has made no attempts to discover treasure for many years, particularly since the Post Office Department interfered with his lucrative source of income by the use of United States mails to promote sales of the worthless machine to "suckers" in the United States at exorbitant prices.

There is enclosed a clipping from the *Panama-American* of August 24 making reference to the article in question. It was written by a member of the editorial staff who likewise has known Williams for several years, and the remarks contained therein are sufficient to enable anyone to formulate an idea of Williams' reputation on the Isthmus. The information regarding Williams' large stable of horses, like his gold finding discoveries, is largely fictitious. Admittedly, he has had a stable of one to four ponies during the past five to eight years (I have been informed upon reliable authority that his stable at present consists of one horse), but his main vocation during the past few years has been that of radio announcer over several stations in the City of Panama.

You have my permission to forward a copy of this communication to Mr. Presnell and to give this letter or excerpts therefrom any publicity that may be desired.

Very truly yours,
Balboa Heights, C.Z. S. C. RUSSELL
Post Office Inspector

(Clipping)
INTERESTING IF TRUE
By Eduardo

You've got to hand it to Panama Radio Announcer George Williams for his ability to appear at the most unpredictable moment in the place where you'd least expect to find him. Now he's crashed the columns of a smooth-papered publication of the class of "ESQUIRE," which, in its September issue, gives George a very definite play.

In an article entitled *Known Treasure's Waiting for You*, which declares that "there's gold wrapped in glamor in tropical islands, or for ordinary digging, you might try Cincinnati," Frank G. Presnell refers to Williams as follows:

"The reader may object that these citations relate to single finds, indicate unusual luck rather than the possibility of deriving a stable income from the profession of treasure digging. If you share that objection, consider Lieutenant George Williams . . .

"At the close of the War, Williams

left the British Navy with little save a knowledge of history, a proficiency in electrical engineering, and an abundance of optimism. Somehow he scraped up funds for the construction of an electrical treasure detector, and for passage to Panama, where his detector promptly signaled the location of what turned out to be \$3,000 in gold. Since then, it has been disclosing treasure with such frequency that Williams has had to restrict operations to two months a year in order to give the rest of his time to the supervision of his large stable of remarkably slow and unprofitable horses."

Passing mention of Williams is made in other sections of this lengthy article which, in general, is quite a boost for the treasure-hunting industry.

Whatever opinion one may have of Williams' ability as a finder of pirates' loot, one has to admit that he tells a good treasure-hunt. Stories of his "finds" have appeared in books and other publications all over the world and now he is grinning at his Isthmian critics from the exclusive columns of "ESQUIRE."

Everybody has taken a crack at Williams from time to time. John Baxter and Nelson Rounsavell gave it to him with both barrels in 1927 during his treasure-hunting days and he has been on the receiving end on innumerable occasions since then.

On one occasion during the brief regime of "Little Petey" Miller as sports editor of this sheet, Williams was stuck for details on the Hindenburg disaster and asked Pete if he could "obtain" some United Press news for him—a procedure which is considered highly irregular in newspaper circles. A number of us conspired, therefore, to unload a fake news item onto Williams. He went for it hook, line, and sinker, announcing over his radio that Errol Flynn was feared dead in the crash of the big German zeppelin, and that fragments of an infernal machine—believed of French manufacture—had been found in the wreckage.

But Williams successfully laughed off the incident when we tried to make him look like a "burglar."

Williams is absolutely irrepressible and, like the "Unsinkable Mrs. Brown" of Denver, there just isn't any way of keeping him below the surface. As a matter of fact, after seeing him catch them on the chin for the past decade or so and still keep on coming, I, as one of "Leftenant" George Williams' original defamers, am forced to admit that even if he has no other virtues (which I do not assert), at least the guy can take it.

Now, on the authority of "ESQUIRE," the whole world knows that he is a whizz at locating buried treasure. Anyone who wants to find a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of doubloons of gold now has only to consult Lieutenant George Williams of Panama City and he will take them to the spot—for ten bucks.

BRODY ON THE REBOUND

In answer to a letter regarding Iles Brody, I say:

Iles Brody is one of America's finest horsemen. His method of training is certainly more modern and better planned than Rarey's. Rarey's and also the Baucker methods of horse-breaking and training date back to before 1890. Brody's method is also for breaking to the saddle, while Rarey's method is for taming horses. This country needs men like Iles Brody to break and train our pleasure horses, for they surely need the breaking on the "longe."

Iles Brody was also a cavalry-man and he has seen the inside of all our cavalry units. Hats off to Iles Brody.

Yours truly,
Brooklyn, N.Y. RALPH E. JARET

BELLYFUL OF BACK-TALK

In your Mr. Roger Treat's article *Bellyful of Bums*, I notice that you only pick out the bad spots of the former champions and do not mention all of their achievements. Max Schmeling seems to take the worst punishment from your pen.

I will skip Schmeling's record abroad. I know that he was knocked out by Daniels in one round, but he also holds a decision over the Gypsy. Your statement that Max went from his one round defeat to his title victory over Sharkey is ridiculous. He was the first man to knock out Johnny Risko and the first man to give Paulino a terrific beating over here. These victories gave him the title fight with Sharkey. Stribling may have been no world beater (*de mortuis nisi nihil bonum*) but he ranked third the year Schmeling defeated him, and he again was a man whom Schmeling handed the first knockout. Granted that the second Sharkey fight was pretty dull, let us not forget that Max lost the title in one of the worst decisions in championship history.

Also, why don't you tell your readers that Max was "jobbed" out of the chance of winning back the title, which has never been done? After knocking out Steve Hamas, ranked third and unable to fight since, and handing the present champion, Joe Louis, a terrific beating (Louis' only loss, so far), Max was signed to meet Jim Braddock for the title. Everybody knows but likes to forget that Braddock with the help of the great Mike Jacobs ran out of his title defense with Schmeling. Why? Max was an odds-on favorite to regain the championship and Mike Jacobs would have lost control of the title. So he was kept waiting another two years and, at 35 years of age, he naturally did not have a chance to repeat over the improved young negro, Joe Louis.

Of course, Schmeling does not rank with Dempsey or Tunney, but he and Max Baer rank far above the others you mentioned, Joe Louis excepted.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT E. SOMMERHOFF
New York, N.Y.

RECTIFYING CLEANLY DONE

Would you care to use your column to rectify a horrible misconception aroused by Mr. Fred C. Kelly's *To Find Dog Intelligence* in *ESQUIRE* for August?

It was like this:

"Certainly, women are more intelligent than men—far more."

These words paralyzed me and I almost fell through the skylight that I, a janitor, was cleaning.

Below, and not aware of my presence above, eighteen members of a sewing circle had entered their debating-room, bringing with them their sewing and the afore mentioned ideology.

Holy cats!

Surely, *Sound and Fury*, you will do something about that, won't you?

You see, while in another part of the building they had been discussing Mr. Kelly's article, wherein he states that female dogs are more intelligent than the male. And, woman-like, they had jumped to the conclusion that men, possessing many of the basic traits and characteristics of dogs, without doubt, could be placed in the same category.

But dogs are no criterion to judge humans and I wish you'd draw the attention of the female of the species to the following facts. You can boil it down or edit it any way you please. You may say you disagree with me (although I know you don't) and make me the goat. Here are a few of the things to ponder over:

Mr. Kelly, presumably, was referring to young dogs. With a few exceptions the young females of most species are more intelligent than the males—monkeys, rats, panthers. This applies to humans, too. The average school-girl of thirteen or so usually can make rings around the thirteen-year-old school-boy. She matures earlier and faster. But around nineteen the boy starts to catch up. At thirty they are

both about on a par. From thirty on the average man has an edge on the average woman. I'm quoting Professor Karumoto of Japan.

In the *Los Angeles Times* Sunday magazine for Sept. 5, 1937 a writer (a man with a vast experience with women) points out that a man, with a little training, can make rings around the intelligent housewife. His exact words are "They don't have the initiative and imagination of men."

Walter B. Pitkin, professor of psychology, and an authority on journalism, said, in a speech before a brilliant gathering "men can write women straight off the map. I am talking of women as great writers—not as commercial successes."

Presumably he meant the junk that brings in real dough—the stuff that appeals to the masses—but, that, nevertheless, is nothing but junk—the stuff women write.

And so on, ad infinitum—with all the arts and crafts and everything else that requires genius. Even Aristotle, Christ, Socrates, Kipling and Shakespeare said, directly or indirectly, that woman was not quite on a par with man, mentally.

Sincerely,

F. A. GRIFFITH

Los Angeles, Cal. Expert Housecleaner

CATCHING UP WITH ESQ.

In this small town *ESQUIRE* is practically unknown. Surprise! Surprise! It is unavailable at the local drug store and there are no other news stands in town, but, nevertheless, a friend (very dear now) gave me just stacks of old ones that he had read while going to college. I have never had quite so much pure enjoyment as I have had from reading *The Sound and Fury*. I have only one complaint to make; namely that there certainly should be more, lots more, letters printed. This department, the best in the mag, seems to be deleted. I really get a huge laugh from the letters of the cranks that seem to think the mag is putrid, smells, etc. If they don't like it, why the hell don't they put their measly fifty cents on the races and watch the nags *Seeing Nellie Home*. (Yes, I read Winchell, too.)

As soon as I can save up \$5 (what a fortune) I shall send in a subscription. If Santa is listening in, this is a strong hint.

It seems that *ESQUIRE* never dies. The copy that I am reading at present is dated June, 1935 and the reading material has lost none of its flavor so it is just as enjoyable now as any new issues could be. Several people here have been begging (it's against the law) for my copies when I am through with them. I shall let them read it on the condition that they be returned for there are several pictures (not cartoons) that I would like to frame. There is an especially good one that I am having framed on page 57 of the June '36 issue.

Is it true that Petty receives \$500 for his cartoons? I have heard this statement made several times and I do not doubt the veracity of the teller but it seems hardly plausible that such works of art can be had for so small a figure. All Petty cartoons are framed; the others forgotten after the usual laff.

I have been reading about the argument between Six at Princeton, Five at Smith, and Three at Dartmouth. How did it end. Who won? the ladies or the men.

Hoping that we shall see more of *Sound and Fury*.

Yours for the best of Luck,
R. W. KIRK-PATRICK

Aplington, Iowa

POINTING ISN'T NICE

Now I ask you, is it nice of a magazine of *ESQ*'s calibre to insult all us poor deluded fools who take the time to write to the *Sound & Fury* column to render constructive criticism, as the very name of the column *Sound & Fury* was taken from *Macbeth*, Act 5, Scene 6. "It is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

Very truly yours,
DAVID B. KAPLAN
Boston, Mass.

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"O. K.—shoot the works—what have I got to lose?"

"E" Is for Elephant

Continued from page 47

his mother, his mouth slightly open and his underlip stuck out.

"Then what did you see, boy?" Clem asked patiently. "Here, show us in the picture book."

He put the book on the table and the boy turned the pages. His eyes came only a few inches above the table's edge. Johnny found what he was looking for and smiled at Clem. "Elephant," he said.

"C is for Camel," Clem said, staring at the picture.

"Now by Gee," Joe cried. "He could be."

"A camel?" Clem shook his head. "It don't make sense. A camel out here on the desert?"

"Ship of the desert," Sam said. "That's what they call it, ship of the desert."

"That's the Sahara, you idiot," Clem said. "Not the Mojave."

"Whatever it is, you men get busy and catch it," Mrs. Edwards said. "Constable, that's your job."

"Don't you worry, we'll catch it," Clem said. "I'd like to be sure what we're hunting, though."

"He could be camel," Joe said. "He was big and his teeth was shine."

"That's pretty far from a lion," Sam said.

"Deputies, let's get goin'," Clem said. "Now, Mrs. Edwards, don't you fret about it. We'll catch the animal, whatever it is."

"You'd better," Mrs. Edwards snapped. "We voted you in for Constable and it's your sworn duty to protect our lives and property."

Clem didn't answer. He led the way outside, and when the woman had shut and bolted the door behind them he took a flashlight from his pocket and went over to the broken clothesline. He flashed the light on the ground and after a search he found the tracks.

"Take a look," he said. "A two-toed track. It sure ain't no elephant."

"It ain't no lion, neither," Sam said.

"He could be oostreech," Joe said excitedly.

"Ostrich!" Sam shouted. "Maybe it was a whole menagerie you seen, Joe."

"It looks like the kid was right," Clem said. "I tell you what I'm going to do. I've got some plaster of Paris in the office and I'm going to make an impression of these here tracks."

"Clem, maybe first we find this fella," Joe said.

"Yes, I reckon we better." Clem stood erect and stared off into the darkness. "Well, come on, boys."

* * *

The next day the whole town was excited about Old Jeff. He got the name Old Jeff in the afternoon at the Chinaman's, and by that time everybody knew that the Constable and his deputies hadn't been able to find the animal the night before. Clem said they followed the tracks back toward the desert and lost them on the mesa.

In the afternoon Clem came in-

to the Chinaman's carrying something wrapped up in a Phoenix newspaper. He put it on the lunch-counter with an air of mystery. Joe and Sam were at the Chinaman's, and there was a tall, thin man in a linen suit who was driving alone to California and had stopped for gasoline and a glass of beer. It was through him that Old Jeff got his name.

"Here it is, boys," Clem said. He folded back the newspaper and revealed plaster casts of the tracks. "There's your monster's footprints, Joe."

The man in the linen suit took a black case out of his pocket and removed spectacles from it. He peered at the plaster casts. "What are they?" he asked.

"Tracks, Mister," Clem said. "Monster tracks." He grinned at Joe. "It's maybe a elephant or a camel or a lion, and Joe says it could of been an ostrich."

"He got two toes like oostreech," Joe said.

"Camel tracks is the most likely," the man in the linen suit said.

"Camel tracks, is it?" Clem said. "You hear that, Joe? I think the little boy had it right. It was a camel."

"I don't know," Sam said. "You know anything about camel tracks, Mister?"

"Well, I'm no expert," the man smiled. "What's it all about? Where did the tracks come from?"

Clem's shoulders moved back in such a way that he seemed to take up more space as an assertion of his right to tell the story. He told it with enjoyment, remembering every detail, and when he had finished the man was intent, leaning forward on his stool. "Tell me," he began, "has there been a circus through here?"

"A circus? In the desert?" Clem laughed. "You must be new to this country, Mister. It's too hot for a circus through here."

"Yes, so it is." The man nodded. "But I'm not new here, Constable. Sanders is my name. Maybe you've heard of the Sanders Hotel in Tucson?"

"Why, sure, Mr. Sanders," Clem said.

Sanders picked up one of the casts and looked at it. "You know, it's just possible. It might be." He paused and shook his head. "It's plausible, but I doubt very much if..." He looked at Clem. "All the time you were telling me the story I was thinking it was just possible that it might be one of old Jeff Davis's camels."

Clem looked blank.

"It's quite a story, if it's true. Quite a story." Sanders pursed his lips. "You're quite sure this animal was seen here?"

"Well, you see the tracks, don't you?" Clem said shortly. "You're damn right he was here."

"But a camel only lives about forty to fifty years," Sanders said. "No, it's out of the question."

"What do you mean out of

Continued on page 182

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"E" Is for Elephant

Continued from pages 47-181

the question?" Clem demanded.

"Well, it's a fantastic story," Sanders nodded his head thoughtfully. "Of course it's all very familiar to me. My father was connected with the commission that ran the boundary line between the United States and Mexico in the nineties. He told me about it, and of course the story was pretty well known back in those days."

"All right," Clem said sourly. "Go ahead, Mister."

Sanders smiled. "Well, back in the fifties, Jefferson Davis, when he was Secretary of War, had the idea of using camels for army freighting in the west, and in 1857 the army brought over a load of camels to Texas from Egypt. Did you ever hear of that?"

Clem shook his head and glanced at the other men, looking in their faces for a cue to express his own disbelief. They were both staring at the hotel man.

"They brought over eighty-odd camels in two trips, and landed them at Indianola," Sanders said. "One of them had so big a hump that the story is they had to cut a hole in the deck so he could stand up. The army kept the camels in Texas and they sent a caravan through to California in 1857. Those camels were used to carry freight on the west coast for several years, until they were finally auctioned off. Most of them were bought by circuses."

Sanders turned the plaster cast over in his hands and gave his head a slight shake. "Those that were left in Texas were lost in the Civil War when the Confederates took over the camel station, and they wandered all through Texas and Arizona and New Mexico. A lot of them got off into the desert and they were seen there until about forty years ago."

"Then by golly this is one of them camels!" Clem said, slapping his fist on the counter.

"I suppose it's possible. I don't know," Sanders scratched his chin, and looked with amusement at Clem's gleaming eyes. "My father used to tell me about seeing them. The boundary commission ran on to some of them out in the desert. But that was back in the early nineties. Camels only live to be forty or fifty and it's hardly possible that they've reproduced themselves and survived. No, I guess it's out of the question."

"But this here track," Clem said. "You said this here was a camel track."

"Well, it appears to be a camel track."

"The first thing you said when you seen it was it was a camel track, Mister," Sam said.

"But I'm no zoölogist. I'm a hotel man. I do know it's closer to a camel than an elephant or a lion. He put the idea of a camel in my head," Sanders placed the plaster cast on the counter and stood up. "Just where did you find this track?"

"It was right on the edge of

the desert. About a mile from here."

"It might be chance, just chance . . . the wind."

"No, sir," Clem said positively. "We found dozens of them tracks."

"How about a practical joke, then?" Sanders suggested. "Look here, Jeff Davis's camels have been dead for years, and even if one of them were alive I doubt if it would suddenly wander into your town after all these years. No." He turned away. "Well, I've got to be on my way to Needles." He glanced back at the plaster cast, and smiled at Clem. "That's mighty interesting, and maybe if you ask around you'll find some circus that's lost a camel."

They watched him go, and after he had driven away Clem picked up one of the casts almost reverently. "Jefferson Davis," he said softly. "Boys, as soon as he spoke I knew that was the explanation of it."

Some people agreed with the Constable and some didn't. They used to argue about it at the Chinaman's, and Clem had one of the plaster casts put under glass and kept it in his office with the inscription: "Track of Old Jeff, Egyptian camel brought here in 1857 by President Jefferson Davis. Last seen on July 11, 1939."

As time went on Clem would lose his temper if anyone argued with him about it. And if anyone suggested that it was a circus camel, if a camel at all, he would stare them down with his cheeks puffed out by suppressed explosives. He wouldn't hear anything else but that Old Jeff landed in Texas in 1857 from a boat with a hole cut in the deck to accommodate his hump and was at least a hundred years old. And along toward the fall there came what Clem claimed to be proof absolute.

One September morning an old prospector named Ned James came in from the desert and pulled his burro up in front of the Chinaman's. Clem saw the burro from his office and recognized Ned. He went over to speak to the old man, and he paused to look over the dusty, pack-sore burro. The animal's back was protected by an unusual saddle-blanket, a hide covered with longish brown hair.

"Say," Clem said. "I never seen a saddle blanket like that before, Ned."

"I reckon you didn't," Ned said. "What is it, anyhow?"

"Why," said Ned. "It's camel."

"Camel!" Clem's eyes were popping. "Where in hell did you get it?"

"I tell you, Clem," the old man said. "I shot me a camel out yonder on the desert and I cured me his hide."

"You shot him?" Clem asked in a shaky voice. "Ned, you shot that camel?"

"That's right," Ned said. "You know, I et him and he tasted fine. Just like veal." #



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ESQ 11-19

Sideline Director

Continued from page 48

then as to breaks, as he plans his attack and defense, he banks on getting the breaks at least fifty per cent of the time, although there are coaches who won't be satisfied with less than seventy-five per cent of them.

There's the style of football the opponents play to be considered and the quality of the material. Are they big and powerful or small and speedy? What about specialists—passers, ball carriers, pass receivers, punters? Do they run plays fast or slow and do individual players have tell-tale habits that hint what plays to expect? How about defense? Does the defense function best against an open game or a power game?

Looking at it another way, this whole pre-game preparation might be likened to the working of a jigsaw puzzle, the pieces the weaknesses and strong points of the opposing teams. A coach tries to build strength to attack the enemy's weaknesses while at the same time bolstering his weaknesses against the known strength on the other side.

And then, much too soon and before he's half prepared, the coach finds himself on the bench the day of the game, his heart jitter-bugging all over his innards, while thousands of fans tower above and hem him in on all sides. In the seeming hour between the time the teams line up for the kick-off and the shrill of the whistle that sets them in motion, he can only keep his fingers crossed and hope that he's guessed it on the nose.

There goes the thud of leather against leather. From now on, except between halves, the coach can speak to the boys on the field only through the substitutes he sends into play. He has eyes to see with, however, and he keeps them glued on the action to see as much as he is able from his seat.

This brings up a point that has folks looking at coaches closely to see if they're joking every time it is discussed. It is simply that coaches have the worst seats possible from which to see a game. Fans imagine that the coach's perch on the fifty-yard line leaves nothing to be desired as a vantage point from which to see the give and take out front. The fact is, most any fan has a better seat. They can look down from above and get a bird's-eye view of things. The coach has to take an X-ray glimpse through a dozen or more surging bodies time and again if he's going to get the picture. No wonder he misses them once in awhile.

In the early days of the game, the coach could walk up and down the side lines and keep an eagle eye on the fortunes of his team. Often he directed the play through pre-arranged signals with his quarterback. But the rules have long banished the side-line wandering mentor and he now has his seat and has to like it.

To those naïve souls who ex-

press wonder that coaches—and sportswriters—catch everything that goes on as twenty-two men mill around in a frantic contest, any football expert will answer that they don't. It isn't humanly possible. No coach or sportswriter in history has even begun to capture the full picture and never will. And that's just another reason why the game remains so interesting and why the best of teams are fooled now and then by seemingly simple maneuvers. They've been taken in by build-ups to certain plays.

Why even the camera man who takes the motion pictures of our games misses them once in awhile.

There was our 1937 game with Michigan at Ann Arbor. At one point, Vic Spadacinni, who full-backed with the power of an artillery piece that day, snagged a difficult forward pass with his fingertips and ran into and out of the arms of a half-dozen would-be Michigan tacklers in a dazzling jaunt for a touchdown.

On the train back to Minneapolis, Phil Brain, our tennis coach who doubles for the love of it as our picture taker, told Spad he missed that certain play. Something went wrong with the camera or there was a change of film. Spad's jaw dropped and his brow wrinkled. After a moment, he popped:

"There's only one thing to do, Phil. Let's go back to Ann Arbor and I'll run it over for you."

Most coaches start games with their strongest lineups. The principal exceptions are the students of the great Rockne who, in the days when he carried the Notre Dame banner to dizzy heights, devised the "shock-troop" method. Under the plan, the regulars sit on the bench under the expert advice of the coach and size up the situation on the field while the second team, or "shock troops," test out the strength of the opposition. The "shockers" usually are rugged and strong defensively and can take it, and even give it a bit, while the first stringers get an eyeful.

I might as well take down my hair and confess that I don't favor the Notre Dame method—because I haven't the nerve to use it. As I'm trying to convey, it's enough of a panic to sit on the bench and go through the normal process of guiding a contest without adding to the grief by taking chances on a second team holding the fort while the first stringers get a lesson on how the game should be played.

I frequently do start a game, however, with some substitutes in the lineup. I feel I get the same results as the Notre Dame disciples do in sending out an entire team of substitutes to greet the enemy. Not as spectacular perhaps, but a lot easier on the constitution.

There's a lot of excitement to starting a big game. The players and coaches both are keyed to a high pitch. But this initial excite-

Continued on page 184

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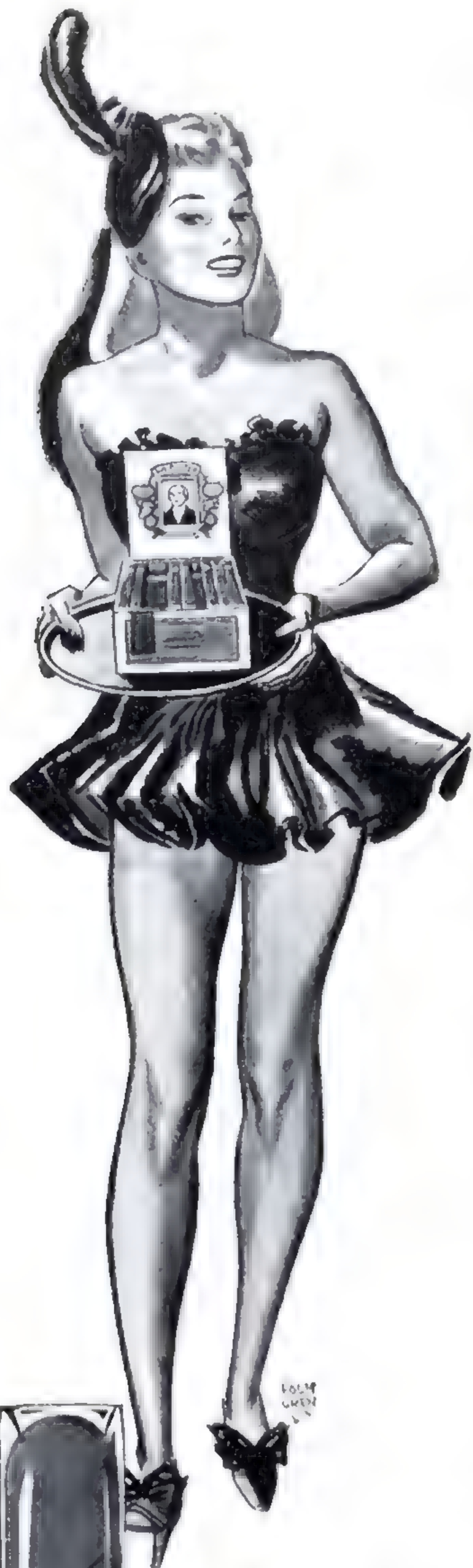
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First in the Social Register

Sideline Director

Continued from pages 48-183

ment is over almost before the first tackle and the coach finds himself with his job pressing in on him. First, there are a number of things to check—and check in a hurry.

The coach is anxious right off to see if the opponent's offensive and defensive formations are in accordance with information brought back by the scouts. Teams have been known to work out an entirely new offense for a certain contest. If the formations are not as expected, adjustments are in order without delay.

A smart team will make the fundamental necessary adjustments itself. And most of the lads who play big time football today are smart. Firmly grounded in the essentials of the game, they know when a new situation or some change in play on the other side calls for a different technique.

Take the same Spadacinni I mentioned before. It was the same game, the Michigan-Minnesota fray of 1937. The down was the third for Minnesota with the ball on Michigan's five-yard line, goal to go. Rudy Gmitro was given the ball for a shot at the Michigan right tackle and end, and was pulled down without a gain.

Back in the huddle again, Gmitro was called for a line buck. But Spad had been keeping his eyes open. He noticed that the Michigan right side was dashing in fast. He called the quarterback's attention to the fact and suggested that a reverse back at this side might work.

It was the same story. The Michigan right end and tackle came pounding in and the secondary rushed up with the snap of the ball. Behind perfect blocking, Gmitro took the ball on the far side and came sailing around the outside for an easy touchdown.

Your coach finds himself with many other things to consider in the early stages of the game. He observes closely to note how his quarterback is calling plays. He wants to know why certain plays are being stopped while others are succeeding. He tries to figure out what enables his defense to stop some plays while others go through. A guard or a tackle may be out of position to halt certain plays or a halfback may be too close to the line to be effective against that pet forward pass the opposing quarterback may spring any second.

Take a concrete example. A few years back in an Indiana game, the timing of plays, for no apparent reason, was just a fraction of a second off. Play after play that might have clicked failed. It was just one of those things. The boys were having an off day. A brisk talk and a few suggestions between halves brought some cohesion again—but it was a tough fight winning the ball game.

Eventually, as the coach discovers more and more errors, some minor, some major, that need correction, comes the time for sub-

stitutes—and what a headache that can be.

Contrary to belief in some quarters, a coach doesn't have a brain storm every so often in a game and send in a flock of substitutes. In the first place, he has the rules to consider. New men may enter the game only when time is out or when the ball is dead. In the latter case, time out must be called to permit the substitution.

When three times out have come and gone, each additional breather brings down a penalty unless the captain calls a halt to permit substitution for an injured player who must be removed from the game. Under the rules, too, a player who has been taken from the game during any one quarter cannot be used again until the next quarter.

Every football fan has seen his game in which the substitute has made the error that meant defeat. I recall a case some years ago. A coach needed a pile driver to pound the ball the last few inches for a much needed score. He rushed just such a lad onto the field.

The lad took the ball and drove for the line. There was a teeming mass of humanity and suddenly the ball was seen to pop through the air. It landed in the arms of a surprised opponent back who stepped deftly around the pileup and legged it a mere 102 yards for the only touchdown of the contest.

And then we have instances where the substitute gives the much needed push. Minnesota was in a crucial game against Iowa at Iowa City in 1935. In what was to be an easy game for the Gophers, headed toward a second successive national title, Iowa left the field at the end of the first half leading 7 to 0. A sturdy Iowa defense combined with brilliant punting kept the Minnesota lads back on their heels.

Glenn Seidel, a great quarterback, was on the bench with a broken collarbone. As the second half got to going, he wanted to go in.

"Let me in there," he begged. "I think I've found the combination."

I merely shook my head. "Babe LeVoor out there has the combination, too," I answered, "If only he can get into position to use what he knows."

Finally, it got to the stage for gambling. I called Mal Eiken and told him the game probably depended upon what he could contribute. Mal was a first-rate halfback, but he never had been asked before to accept the main responsibility.

His service was brief, but it did the stuff. He drove first on a play inside tackle that Iowa had been stopping with sickening regularity—and made it work. It was a first down. He was called again and picked up more substantial yardage. It was the first time the Gophers had made thrusts that tempted Iowa to throw its set de-



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fense a little out of balance. Those tackle plays had to be stopped.

There were a few more plays and then Eiken was forced out with a sprained ankle. At this moment, with time out, the public address system blared forth the news that Ohio State, also on top, had been beaten.

LeVoor turned to Sheldon Beise at fullback and said, "Hear that, Shelly? If we take this one, we win the Conference championship."

"O.K." Shelly shot back, "What the hell are we waiting for?"

The success that Eiken had had in his thrusts at the line gave LeVoor position and at the same time pulled the Hawkeye secondary defense in closer. So LeVoor called a forward pass. It worked. He called another and that worked. That was the combination. The passes made it easier for Beise's thrusts at the line and soon he scored. Not long before the final gun, there was another score, and a tough hurdle was out of the way.

At Minnesota, we don't like to weaken our team early in a game. We aim to score as soon as we can. So if it does become necessary to substitute, we send in the best boys we have on the bench. It's no time for a substitute who, in his excitement or inexperience, might forget the information entrusted to him or twist it around or talk before the first play and thus bring a penalty to the team. One substitute may be the means of correcting the mistakes of a number of men on the field.

Difficult at the start of the game, the problem of substitution becomes increasingly difficult as the game progresses. In a tight game especially, it bears down heavily and more than anything else makes for jitters and jumps. Every coach knows from long experience that a fresh substitute ordinarily is better than a tired regular, but it's so tempting to sit tight at the tag end of a hectic battle.

At the start of the game, the first stringer has all of the ruggedness, stamina, speed, hustle and split-second mental reaction that adds up to make him a regular in the first place. After a period or two of grueling play, his edge is bound to be nicked in spots. He isn't as fast any more, and he can't hit as hard or take it as well. But try to argue that to a coach, especially if the score is knotted or there's a one-touchdown difference either way. He'll fall back on the solace that the lads on the other side are just as tired and banged up.

If there's an injury, that's a different matter. The coach has no way of knowing what's wrong when a man goes down. All he can do is await the report of the trainer while he orders a substitute to warm up—and hope again for the best.

The trainer already is on the field. The injured man gets up, shakes his head, gestures the trainer away and puts on his head-gear. A cheer goes up as tribute to a lad who won't quit.

The trainer reports that the lad is shaken up a bit. But that doesn't

end the incident. The coach must decide whether to substitute for the lad or not—and the decision can be vital.

If the lad really is capable of going on and the situation is such that he'd be missed, he'll probably remain in play. The old buck fever again. But if the chance of removing him can be taken, the substitute is waved onto the field.

Let's make this clear, however. And it's an axiom so far as football at Minnesota is concerned. If a scrap of doubt remains about the ability of the boy to continue, there is no alternative. He is taken from the game forthwith.

There are good reasons for this. First, the boy with an injury that handicaps him can't play scrappy football. Second, after all, football is just a game. Usually an injured boy is prey to further injury. Opponents see in him a weakness to take advantage of and they'll shoot play after play in his direction. You can't blame them. That's the game as she's played, and they have a right to take advantage of any hole in the other fellow's armor. The fault is with the boy's coach. No coach is justified in subjecting an injured boy to the chance of further injury.

The coach finds boys coming out of the game a gold mine of information. That's one of the bright spots of the substituting business. After straightening them out concerning errors they may have been committing, the coach pumps the boys for their observations of weak spots in the offense and defense of the other team and for their ideas concerning the play of their own team.

So also with the trainer. Many a game has been saved by the picture this valuable individual has presented of conditions on the field. The trainer can't carry information to the players, but he can bring information back. He can check the mental and physical condition of the men and note other details of great value. He can also size up the mental and physical condition of the players on the other side.

It's usually the practice to send in a few subs as the game courses toward half time in order to give the key men, at least, a chance for extra rest. If the team is on a touchdown march, however, the coach won't disturb it. Neither will he take chances if the other team is threatening.

I think more football games are won in story books than in actual practice by flaming appeals of coaches between halves. As the fiction writer sees it, all coaches on Virtue's side have a magnetic power that between halves can be turned on to raise boys above and beyond themselves.

There are some coaches of the inspirational type who can apply psychology in such a manner as to give boys a lift during the rest period. Rockne was deemed a master at this.

But even Rockne, I'll wager, pointed out mistakes individuals were making in their assignments

Continued on page 186

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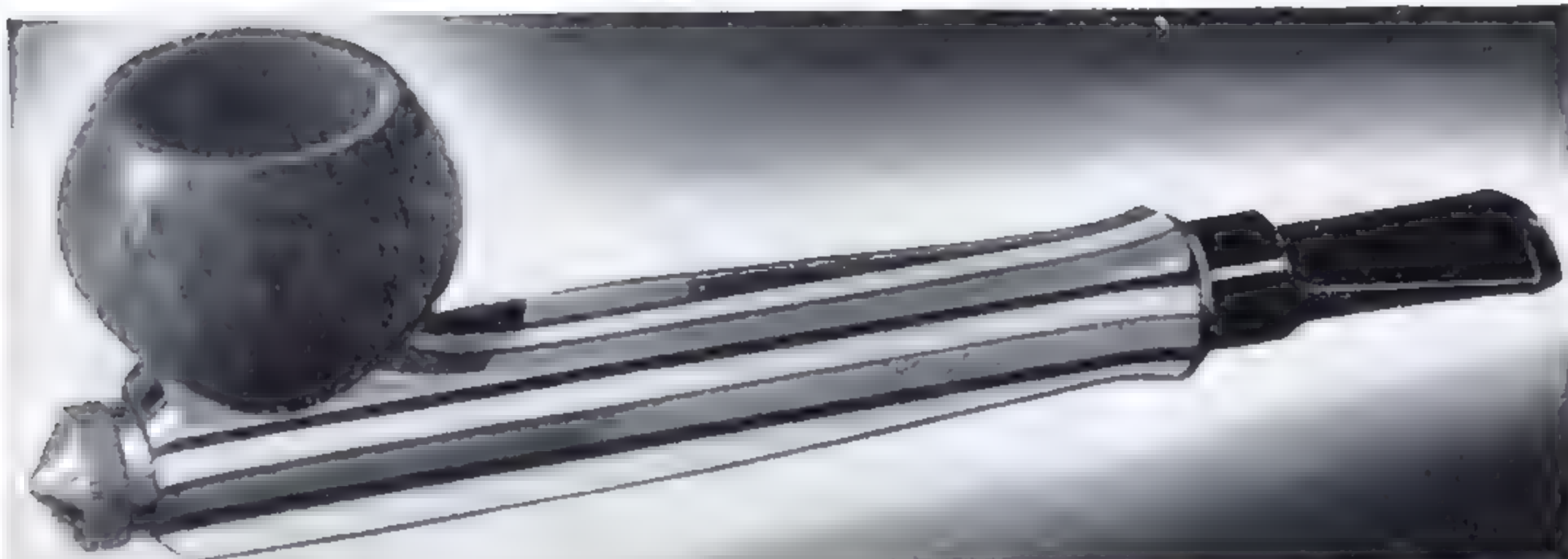
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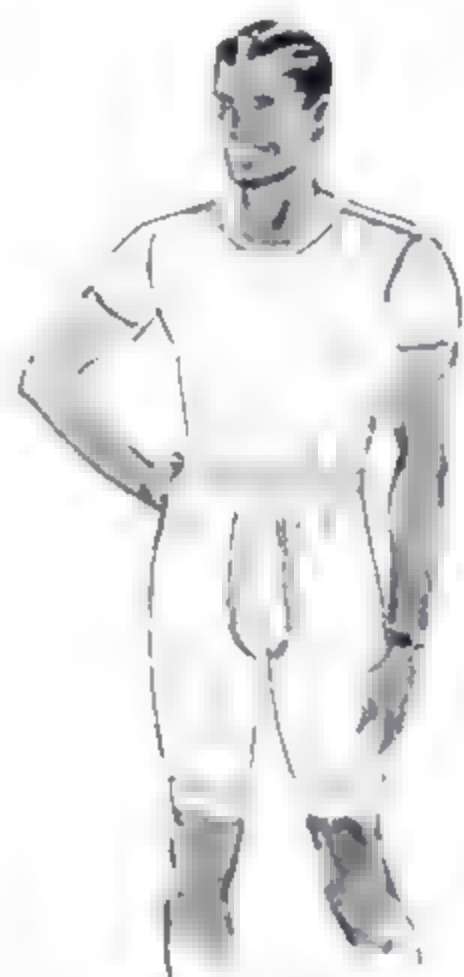
—in service, in satisfaction, in freedom... And yet, for all their excellence, you'll find that it really costs no more to say "CARTER'S FOR COMFORT."



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Sideline Director

Continued from pages 48-183-185

before he launched on the course of inspiration that made Notre Dame teams come out for second halves with new glint in their collective eyes. If he didn't personally, his assistants did.

At Minnesota, rest is the principal consideration between battle periods. Everything possible is done to make the players comfortable and to ease their bumps and bruises. Faces are bathed and wiped, bandages are readjusted, clothing is loosened.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the game is given consideration. The coach wants definite information to confirm or disaffirm his observations of the play the first half. He consults individual players on details. He has pointers for other players. As a matter of fact, he makes it his business to have a brief word with each lad. Only after this necessary chore does he turn attention to the attitude of his team as a whole and outline his plans for the second half.

A blackboard comes in handy at this time. Rapidly sketched diagrams get across ideas much more vividly than do mere words. Explanations are interspersed with frank statements about how play as a whole can be improved. You don't take time to tell the players how terrible they are if they are trailing or to go around back-slapping them if they are leading. Teams coached by mentors who waste time on mere praise or condemnation between halves rarely make strong second-half come-backs.

Sometimes, during this period, you find your lads away ahead of you. That was the case during the Michigan game of 1934. The difficulty was with the Michigan defense. It had held us scoreless the first half. Harry Kipke, then Michigan's coach, in a tricky mood, had his defense where it wasn't supposed to be. The two front men in the secondary, instead of being placed four or five yards behind the scrimmage line as men coached in the etiquette of the game then should have been, were drawn up outside the tackles, almost on a line with the tackles and the end.

The whole line, in turn, was spaced closer than one had reason to expect. It was, to all appearances, an eight-man line with only three men in the secondary to cover a wide territory for forwards, laterals and quick kicks.

In the dressing room, putting on my best oratorical manner, I started to call attention to the then unorthodox defense. One of my youngsters cut in.

"We know, coach, we know," he said. "They're hugging the line. All we need do is heave a couple of forwards to open them up and start things moving. We just wanted them to think we hadn't caught on so they'd come back with more of that same defense the second half."

It's the mental attitude of teams

that plagues coaches most between halves. They find it next to impossible to tell how a team is going to react to a certain situation. And they never can tell what cause may lead to a certain effect.

There was the 1938 Minnesota game at Northwestern, and what I'm about to say is in no sense an alibi for the 6 to 3 shellacking Lynn Waldorf's boys gave us that afternoon. That contest comes forcibly to mind because you seldom see a game take such a sudden turn.

I might hedge a bit on that statement and say that you seldom see a game, outside of a Northwestern-Minnesota game, take such a sudden turn. The fact is, you never know what's going to happen in a Northwestern-Minnesota game—and that's been the fact for more than a decade.

At the end of the first half, by virtue of a field goal from Horace Bell's toe, Minnesota led 3 to 0. Not much of a margin, but our line seemed to have things well in hand, and other factors were working out satisfactorily. There was a hint of disaster in some nice returns Northwestern made of our punts and they were successful in a couple of nifty passes, but these particulars didn't seem serious at the moment.

Then came the second half and the mountain toppled over.

Using wide reverses and delayed sweeps, the Waldorf boys outflanked our ends and the rest of the game was written in dashing Northwestern threats and heroic Minnesota defensive stands. Each thrust, however, was a bit closer to the pay line than the one before, and finally, near the dying minutes of the contest, Bernie Jefferson took the ball on the Minnesota nine-yard line and when heard from next was nestling over the line that counted.

I got the feeling after the contest—good old second guessing—that what contributed most to our downfall was Bell's field goal in the first half. Coming from the field for the rest period with a lead and buttressed by the knowledge that the line was playing such a hang-up game, the boys suffered a mental letdown from which the coaches couldn't pull them up.

At any rate, that's my rationalization. Perhaps the true story is that Lynn Waldorf and his assistants did a better job of between-halves doctoring than did Bernie Bierman and his assistants.

So far as handling the players and meeting the tactical situations as they arise are concerned, the coach sits on needles just as uncomfortable the second half as the first. And if he gets a second half like the one against Northwestern, he gets to thinking of the comparative calm and rest from nerves of a boiler factory or an artillery range.

He continues to gather what data he can from his own observations, from the trainer, and from



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the men coming from the game, and he uses the information to the best possible advantage to keep his team in fighting trim.

Nothing but intuition, bolstered by experience, can help here. And he'd better not get too cocky and fall into the heresy of believing that his judgment has become infallible. More than one coach has taken it on the chin while wrapped in such a mental state.

In addition to other burdens, the coach, if he wants a renewal of his contract, must keep his thoughts to the future while he plays in the present. He can't continue to use his best man to the exclusion of others. The day most certainly will come when injury will cut down regulars and he'll have no experienced substitutes to fill in with.

Besides, there's the matter of keeping the boys happy and in

good mental spirits. The average boy, if he comes out to practice regularly and is continued on the squad, feels he is entitled to get into a game occasionally. Otherwise, he becomes disgruntled and his mental state may affect the entire squad.

More important still, the lads who are substitutes today may become the mainstays of the team of next year or the year following. They must have seasoning. Many a lad has gone into a game a mediocre player and emerged a star.

Something clicked that gave him confidence, courage, bearing, or whatever it is that makes one player stand out over others, and he finds himself on the dizzy heights of sound accomplishment — accompanied by the full flare of newspaper publicity.

I've yet to see the coach who rues such a day. ##

The Red Giant

Continued from page 57

war is not popular. We hear all kinds of things but anyway there have been orders sent. The workers and soldiers are gathering together and they have a committee. And so we made a committee also to come to you. The others were let out this morning but the warden said he was afraid to send his men down here for you have threatened them so... Afraid he said. You know excuses. And so he gave us the key to unlock your door—you are free."

The sight before them was horrible. They could only see part of this human creature for he was high up on the iron bed that was suspended by chains within two feet of the roof of the stone chamber. He was pressed into the ceiling. The floor was filled with water and through the bars of an iron door beyond you could see the river. The surface of this great expanse of water with its floating ice and wreckage was the same as the surface in the dungeon. A pot bobbed up and down and scraped lightly against the stone wall. There were no toilet arrangements. The river was expected to take care of such matters. Twice each day the tide entered and brought in with it bits of wood and other floating rubbish. And twice each day it receded and left a slime on the floor, a soft slippery carpet. A green light seemed to fall on the surface of the water but high up toward the ceiling it was dark.

The giant stirred slowly. He removed his great mud clotted shoes. He pulled off his socks and tucked them under his jacket into his armpits. And then he removed his trousers and rolled the shoes into them. Slowly he lowered his long bare legs and stepped down into the water. His shirt and coat were rolled up and the water came almost to his waist.

For a moment he stood and looked about. Could it be possible that this would be his last glance at the stone and liquid horror that he had lived with for so long? He

reached to the bed above and brought down the bundle and holding it high and dry made his way slowly over the slippery bottom and through the water towards the narrow stone steps that led to the place where his comrades stood rattling the keys and trying to unlock the door.

At last the gate was open and the dripping giant emerged. He did not trouble to dry himself but leaning on the wall put on his clothes and stood erect.

"You are free. You understand?"

He nodded. He understood.

But when you are free then what is it? You are not confined. That is simple—too simple.

* * *

A sudden light has rushed into places that were dark. It is strong and you blink. Your mind has grown slow and dull from constantly seeing the shadows as though you were one of the slaves that Plato describes sitting in that cave with your back to the sun. What was once real had become a dim image, a memory, a shadow. And the life that sustained you was only made of segments of a dream... A dream induced by an opiate which that strange unbelievable apothecary that rum-mages about in every prisoner's heart has labeled "hope." And now it is all true—too true.

You are free! But can you walk without the chains?

* * *

The giant took each step cautiously as though the floor were slippery. In his mind he was thinking of something he wanted to ask. But he asked no questions. These were only phrases that floated through his mind. His mouth could not shape the words. His lips were unaccustomed to such difficult tricks. He walked on with unsteady step. The three other prisoners led the way.

And every now and then they wanted to make sure that the silent giant understood.

"You understand! You are

Continued on page 188

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The Red Giant

Continued from pages 57-187

free!" they virtually shouted. He nodded his head. "Yes," he understood.

* * *

There was a yellow turnkey in the office. The ochre-headed wretch was yellow inside and out. He quickly dropped behind one of the desks when he saw the giant enter. The others also in the office were slightly nervous.

The warden however stood his ground.

One member of the committee spoke up.

"The men want their money and the other things that belong to them."

"Everything is in order. Everything, gentlemen, that belongs to you will be given to you. We are fixing up the envelopes. An accounting must be accurate. It must be checked and approved and . . ."

"The men are impatient to go."

"Of course. Understandable, most understandable. Do I hold them? Be reasonable, gentlemen. In a few minutes everything . . . Why could we not have had proper notice? Always things are expected in a hurry. And the burden of it naturally falls on us."

"Burden!" called out the giant and his eyes flashed.

"So to speak, you know. Everything in this world is comparative. In nature . . ."

He did not allow him to finish.

"The money!" The giant held out his hand.

"Oh, yes, yes. It is all intact and . . . The Bank of England could not have done a better job in keeping this for you. Yes, yes. But I must have a receipt from you. We will draw it up and you will sign it. Here you over there . . . Yes you." He called to one of the office scribblers and ordered him to draw up the paper. "Yes, let me see. There are four names under which you have been tried and, excuse me, convicted—so to speak—and which of these . . ."

"All!" shouted the giant.

"All? Well, yes. That is best. Then there can be no mistake. Just a moment. The receipt is being drawn. You will sign. We must have a record for our files."

He got his keys and unlocked an iron chest that stood behind his desk. He rummaged about in this for a little while and soon drew out the yellow envelope containing the large bank notes. He unfolded them on his desk and counted aloud as he snapped the edge of each bill the sum of 15,000 roubles.

The giant signed the receipt with a heavy scrawl. The prison warden was not quite satisfied with this simple signature but feared to say anything about it.

* * *

All this time the yellow-headed turnkey was hiding under the desk. He believed he had not been seen.

But as soon as the giant had placed the money inside his jacket

he moved over slowly in the direction of the desk and tapped his big muddy shoe on the side. "Come out," he called with a husky whispering voice. "Out!"

The turnkey crawled out from under the desk and made a dash for the door.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" called the warden. "Please! Gentlemen! No violence please. We are doing our best for you and . . ."

The yellow turnkey ran out of the office and down the corridor. Although the pig had not yet been stuck he cried out with a shrill nervous call. The giant walked unsteadily after him with long heavy strides. His face showed no anger or emotion. Only his under lip seemed to protrude a bit as evidence of determination.

The turnkey was anxious to get to the end of the corridor where he knew there was an empty cell. In fact he even got into this cell and would have succeeded in locking himself in were it not for the fact that the key worked the lock from the outside only and after closing the door he found it quite awkward to put his hand through the grille and bend his wrist to insert the key in its hole. But this feat he almost accomplished before the giant arrived. He even locked the door but he did not have time to withdraw the key. A great heavy hand was upon it, and in another moment the door was open.

The yellow turnkey gave a piercing yell and threw himself headlong on the floor of the corridor and slipped out between the feet of the giant. He ran down a flight of stairs. But the giant walked heavily after him.

All this time the committee of three were calling weakly. "Comrade, he is only a bit of prison filth. Comrade, it is unworthy of us. Listen to us, comrade. There is other work to do—better work. Why bother with that piece of manure!"

And the warden also was in the corridor calling out: "Gentlemen, I beseech you as the lawfully appointed committee. No violence please! He is only part of a large institution. Be reasonable and understanding. No violence please! Gentlemen!"

But the giant paid no attention to any of this quacking. He followed the yellow turnkey down one flight and down another and he forced him into the dark stone hall that was damp and slippery until they came finally to the hole which he himself had occupied. The door was open but the turnkey did not want to enter. And the key was still in the lock.

"No, no! Don't hurt me. I didn't do anything. They told me I had to do it. It's not me. No, honest. I cross myself. I swear it. Not me. It was they. The office. They made me do it. I didn't want to but they forced me. I swear it. Have mercy. Don't hurt me."

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ward slowly inch by inch. The yellow rascal was ugly and at this moment his face was twisted and resembled hot rubber. This slimy thing in human clothes seemed so repulsive that the giant could not reach out to touch him. And the turnkey keeping himself at a safe distance backed into the cell and down one of the steps but as he reached for the second step he slipped on the green stuff the tide had brought in and he fell backwards with a great splash and startled cry into the water. He splashed in his blue uniform until his feet found a hold on the slippery bottom.

The giant closed the door and locking it threw the key at the lackey. "There fish for it and let yourself out. And you may be grateful for you know very well what you deserve. A little stink in your nose will not hurt you. One day is not four years! Remember that you low yellow louse!"

The giant lumbered out of the corridor and mounting the stair he could again hear the warden beseeching the committee of three. "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please, no violence."

* * *

The prisoners stood shivering in the yard. They were impatient to leave the weary grey walls about them. But they waited for their committee to return.

At last the three men emerged with the giant. Some wanted to shout out, "Hurray," or in some manner express their joy in seeing this great fellow whom they knew only as a legend rescued from the stinking water hole below. But they did not know how to welcome in a time like this. Some went forward with outstretched arms to put greeting hands on him and others only bowed their heads in respect for this six-six of living bone and flesh who for so long had held on to life and daily had fought off water, stench, disease, madness.

There he was before them walking on his own feet, delivered into the cool bracing air. Delivered with a blue sky over him. His eyes squinted for they could not so quickly accustom themselves to so much light.

In their hearts all called out: "Hurray! Hurray!" But their lips were silent.

The committee reported briefly that they brought out only the envelopes of a few; the rest would take ages to compute and these contained such a pittance that... "What do you say? The hell with it? Let's take what we got and go. Or those who want to wait, let them wait!"

"No we go. Divide what we have."

The giant reached his hand into his coat and was about to draw out the envelope. "Not a penny!" called one of the committee men. "We could not dream of it. Put it away. We have plenty between us." He held the giant's arm and would not allow the envelope to be drawn out.

"Come we go," called some.

The small group of men in cotton grey with clipped heads moved slowly across the yard. The guards at the gate were ready and one of the great doors was slowly opened. And one by one, without a word, without a glance behind they filed out into the little park beside the prison wall. They walked in groups of two's and three's in the direction of the station.

* * *

But hardly had they gone a single block when a carriage with a driver in livery on the box cracking his whip at the two fine spanking horses before him turned into the street.

A young woman with a pale face and dark eyes suddenly stood up in the open carriage and cried: "Stop!" She pounded with her fists on the great padded back of the coachman. "Stop! Stop! Don't you hear me!"

In her hand she held a folded paper which was soon crushed by her constant pounding to get the attention of the dull driver.

A few seconds later the horses came to a halt. She stood motionless and placed her hand to her mouth.

Some of the prisoners stopped to see what the young woman could want and they soon discovered that she had fixed her attention upon the giant.

"Peter, it is you?" Her voice was soft.

The giant stopped. His face showed no emotion at all only his mouth opened slightly because he needed to take in more air.

"It is you, Peter?" she said in almost a whisper.

The silent giant nodded his head and he forced himself to smile but the smile was only a convulsion and drew painful lines across a tortured face.

The young woman stepped out of the carriage and in a moment was beside him. "Peter," she called and threw her arms about him. But she was small and could not reach and the giant looked into the sky and with partly opened mouth breathed rapidly. He could not believe the moment had arrived.

"Peter, Peter my darling," she cried and tears rolled down her cheeks as she clutched his arms.

Slowly the great creature bent his head and his long arms raised her up as though she were a child. He pressed her tight and kissed her lips. But not a word did he say. He held her for two full minutes and only one word issued from his panting breath as he kissed the tears on her cheeks: "God!" And then he lowered her slowly to the ground.

* * *

If the men had had caps they would have removed them but they merely stood about and looked on. A red Lazarus has come out of the grave and someone he loves and who loves him has come for him.

With hollow eyes the prisoners looked on as they stood shivering in their coarse cotton clothes. And one of the men—his name does

Continued on page 190

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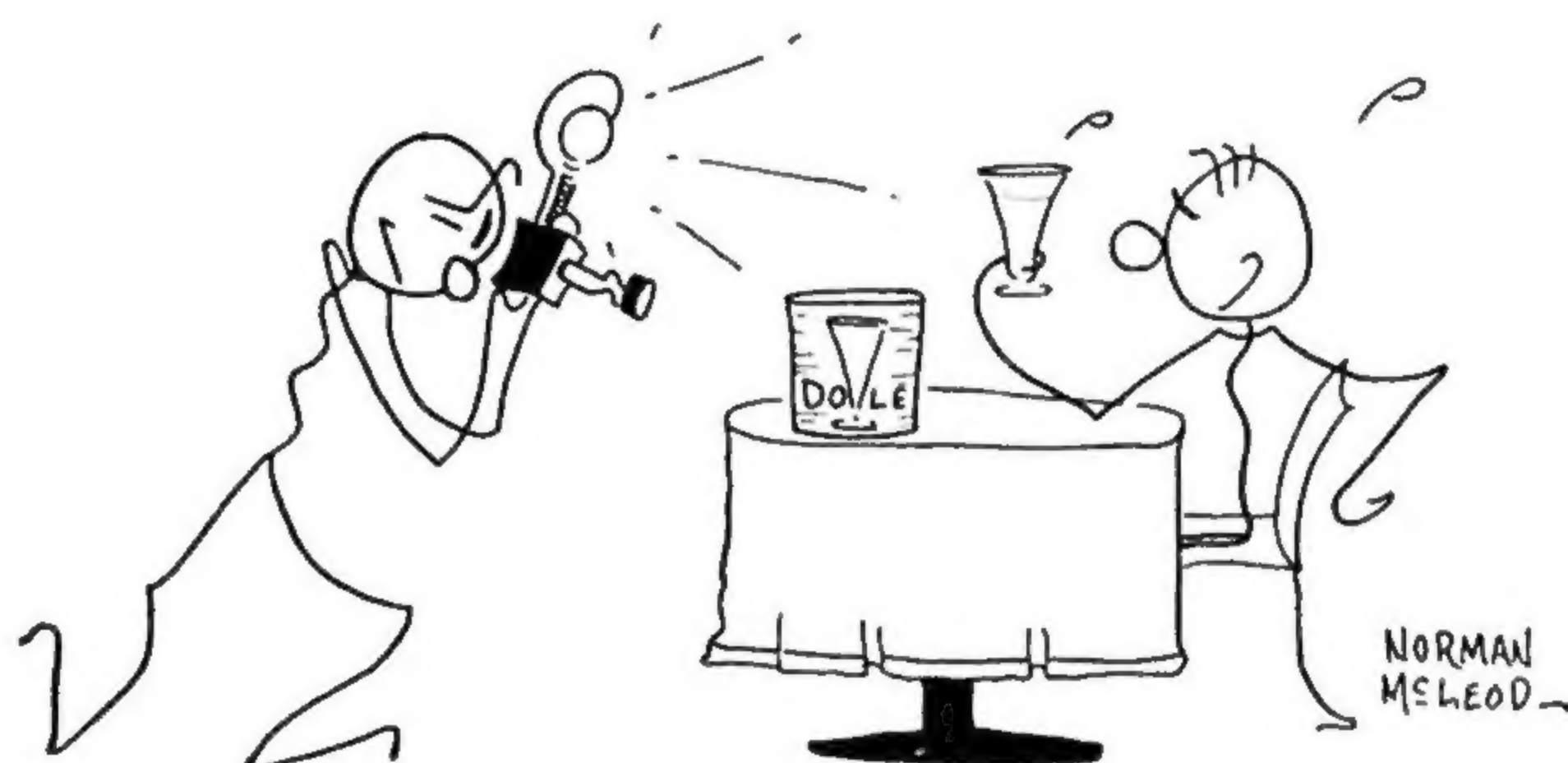
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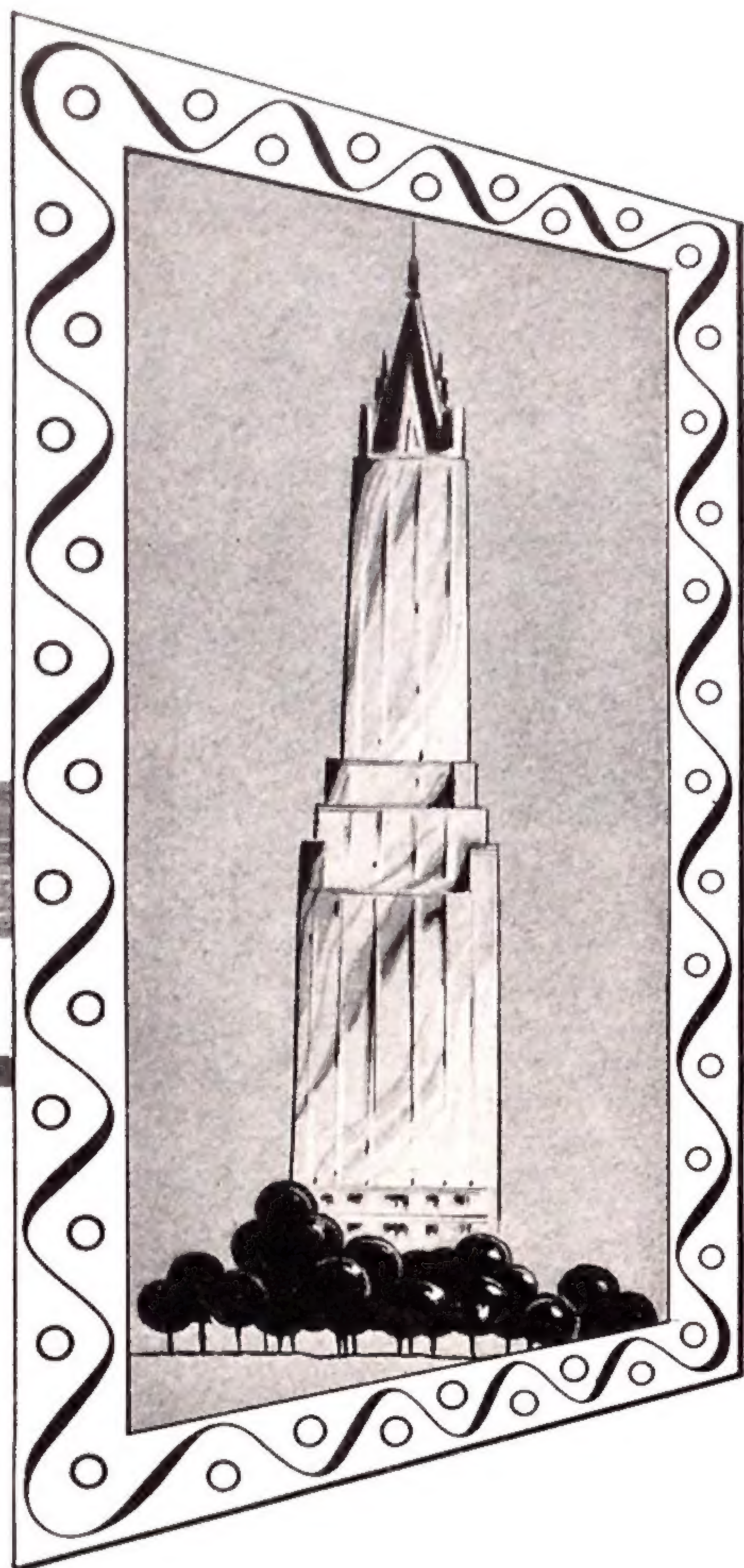
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The Red Giant

Continued from pages 57-187-189

not matter now—wanted to go forward and smile at the young woman and say: "He is a big Lazarus and it is a miracle. The others did not live. He is the only one. Made of iron. Be good to him, child. You can never know. Yes, Lazarus, the true one, he was also dead but that was long ago. And here he is now. Be kind to him."

These words were on the prisoner's lips and in fact he took a step forward and was about to speak but something held him up. His words were full of meaning and yet somehow they were meaningless.

"Oh, it is fortunate!" exclaimed the young woman. "Here I have a paper for your release. I tried to get it yesterday but I couldn't. And now it is lucky I found you for how would you have known where to go?"

Once more she put her arms about him and drew his head down to her cheek. "Would you have known how to find me?"

The giant shook his head. No, he did not know.

"You never got a single letter I sent you?"

Again he shook his head. No.

"And the money? I thought perhaps... You could buy things that you needed and... The money? They promised faithfully. I have a receipt."

He nodded. Yes, he had received the money. And he drew the envelope from inside his coat to show that it was all intact... To show that it was kept for him, that he could make no use of a single rouble. Not a penny for even a cigarette!

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Six years of nights were all compressed in that one tragic "Oh."

She led him to the carriage and, unfolding a light woolen shawl, she put it about his shoulders and then she settled in beside him and drew the carriage robe over them. The driver let loose his reins and swished his whip lightly. The carriage wheels turned and soon they were gone.

The men watched their departure, blew on their cold fingers and then continued toward the station. They too were going to seek the ones who loved them. The cold did not matter much for each was going toward the thing that was warm. They were free.

* * *

From time to time it was whispered that the Red Giant would suddenly emerge and take an active role in the revolution. But he never appeared. It was also rumored that he was a Prince of an old and aristocratic family and that he had in him something of the spirit of the great romantic revolutionary leader Bakunin. Also it was whispered that he was a good friend of Prince Kropotkin and as soon as this beloved liberal spirit would arrive from England the great Red Giant would join him. But this proved only a rumor

for he did not join Kropotkin after his arrival.

For a time there were many stories—mostly invented—about the Red Giant and then suddenly not a single word was heard about him. For one brief period the Red Giant symbolized the spirit of revolution but that was before the July and November revolutions which raised up leaders of a new economic order. But the romantic Red Giant did not see this day. He died some weeks before.

Some said he died as the result of the prison hardships. He had to fight for his existence in prison and his will power kept him going but the moment he was free his whole frame collapsed. Others reported that he could not understand the strange economic twist that the revolution had suddenly taken and that these theories of wages and money were quite outside of the ideals that he and his comrades had lived and died for. It was said that he cried out against these professors of economics and that he was not alone, for other old revolutionists also felt they had been betrayed. Some after suffering the tortures of prison emerged free only to kill themselves. At any rate it was reported that grief killed the Red Giant. The new day that promised so much took on a sad twilight.

The slight cold he contracted brought him to bed and in less than a week he gave out his last breath. He died in the arms of the woman who drove to the prison in a carriage. She waited long for that brief moment of happiness and as soon as he died she disappeared without revealing the true name and identity of the Red Giant.

Once many years later on the sandy shore of a distant land I thought I saw a woman who resembled her. She held a wreath of flowers in her hand and waited for the tide to turn. It was early in the morning—a day in February. A faint mist was in the air. I saw her bend down and place the wreath on the surface of the water. Then she gave it a slight movement and sent it floating out with the tide.

I walked toward her and wanted to speak to her. I had something I wanted her to know. I wanted her to know that I had seen him emerge from that deep dungeon grave and I had seen how she came for him and how they drove off. And some day I am sure his spirit will return. Yes, I know. I was there. I was one of those who shivered in the yard. No one brought us home. And now, after many years we are still wandering. Oh, it is hard to be free!

All these things were on my lips to say to her but I noticed as I got closer that there were tears in her eyes as she watched the flowers bobbing on the water. She wanted to speak with no one and she ran away. ‡



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